VOLUME 54
No. 11

McCLURE'S
MAGAZINE
S. S. McCLURE, *Editor*

JANUARY
1923

Her eyes were more words than any words could have been

Man in You

By Dixie Willson

Illustrations by Oscar F. Schmidt

I SELL fresh vegetables in my market. One day a girl came to buy rutabaga and garlic and cabbage. I couldn't finish looking at her—such a beautiful face.

"I want the best there is," she laughed. "I am a bride to-day."

"Oh, that's it!" I said, and I pinched her cheeks. "Well, then—I only hope you don't marry too quick. Love is the best when you wait for it."

She didn't answer for a minute; then tears came up in her eyes.

"*I* know," she said. "*I* waited."

"Oh, *chérie!* Tears for a bride!" I was sorry. "God help me I should make tears for a bride! Wait a minute! We'll have a glass of red wine for your wedding."

So I brought red wine down. I took off her tears with my apron. I sighed for myself, once young too, with flowers in my hands.

THE night before Dan Carrol started to Kormasân', he sold his brother's fiddle for a hundred dollars; and when he saw a yellow-haired girl on the corner by Tully's he said: "Come on, baby. Let's go in and spend my money."

She looked up at him quick and surprised, and brushed short curls away from her forehead, then half-smiled at him.

"Come on," he said again, and went down the steps and opened the door.

She wore a short blue dress with the sleeves cut off. She was very little, only as big as under his arm. When he opened the door, she put her hands in her pockets like a boy and went downstairs after him.

On Tully's walls were girls and roses behind dusty streaks and cracks and ragged palm-trees. Blue-light moonlight came down from the ceiling. It was twelve. It was busy. A man playing some loud thing on a piano sounded above everybody's noise. Money clinked on the floor for two Creole dancing-girls to shuffle under the soles of their shoes. The air was thick with smoke and breath.

The little girl followed Dan Carrol past crowded tables to an empty one, and slid into the inside chair. Dan hung up his white sailor hat and sat across from her.

"Now, baby," he said, "come on; sing out for anything you want."

She rested her fingers on the edge of the table and watched him—not asking anything, nor supposing; just watching him—smiling a little, maybe curious a little.

Her hair was thick, in half-curled boylike curls. Her eyes were deep and dark and blue. Her lips

made a man feel like they had kissed him sometime and left him waiting.

Now, in this thick old place, she looked like a white flower. Dan wondered if she had ever been in Tully's before. He wondered if she had ever been anywhere at all before—out in a night. Then she surprised him.

"Yo're Dan Carrol," she said, and her fingers came across his hand. "I saw you once with Mickey Dorn. Mickey Dorn came here last night. Big tall men with black hair are nice," she said.

Her voice was warm, drawling a little.

Dan laughed at her saying that to him. *He* had no black hair, and *he* wasn't tall. It was Mickey Dorn who was six feet two and dark as black hair could make him.

Dan told her about this Kormasân'.

"I don' know where it is," he said, "but I been waitin' to get there all my life. I been dreamin' a' this and a-dreamin' a' that, and waitin' to find it in Kormasân'. So now that Mickey's headin' fer there, I gets on his crew—see?"

She listened like a boy, straight into his eyes. They ate some, and talked some, and dropped money for the Creole girls; and then, when it was four o'clock, they went out into Pell Street.

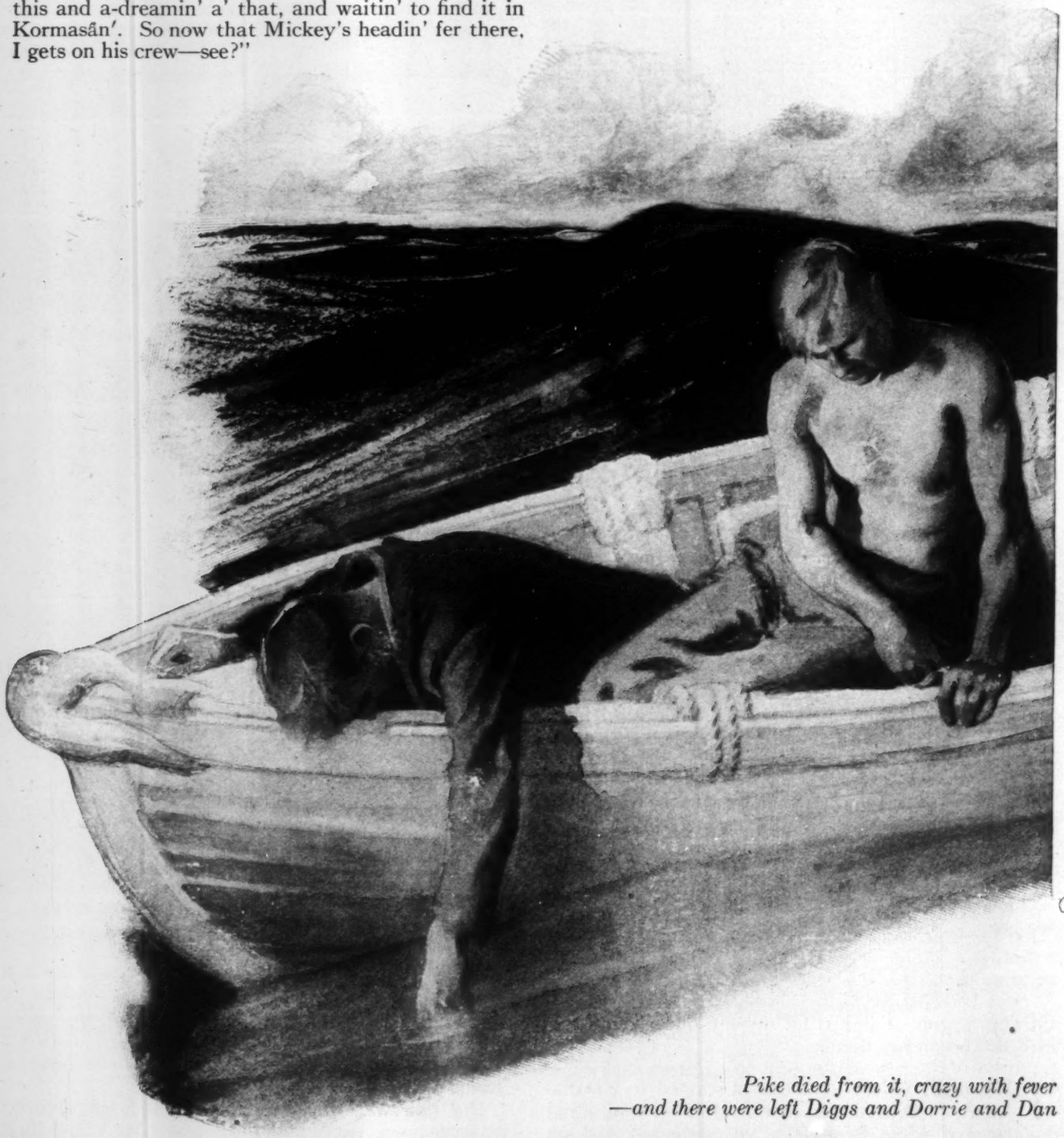
BEHIND dark roofs the sky was just coming gray —a sullen gray that had put out the stars. The girl shivered.

"I'll stay with you a while," she said. "There's time to go home after that."

"All right; wait for me, then," Dan told her.

A stairway was by Tully's, and a step down the shadow. He put her in there, went across the block and upstairs, and let himself in over his father's store.

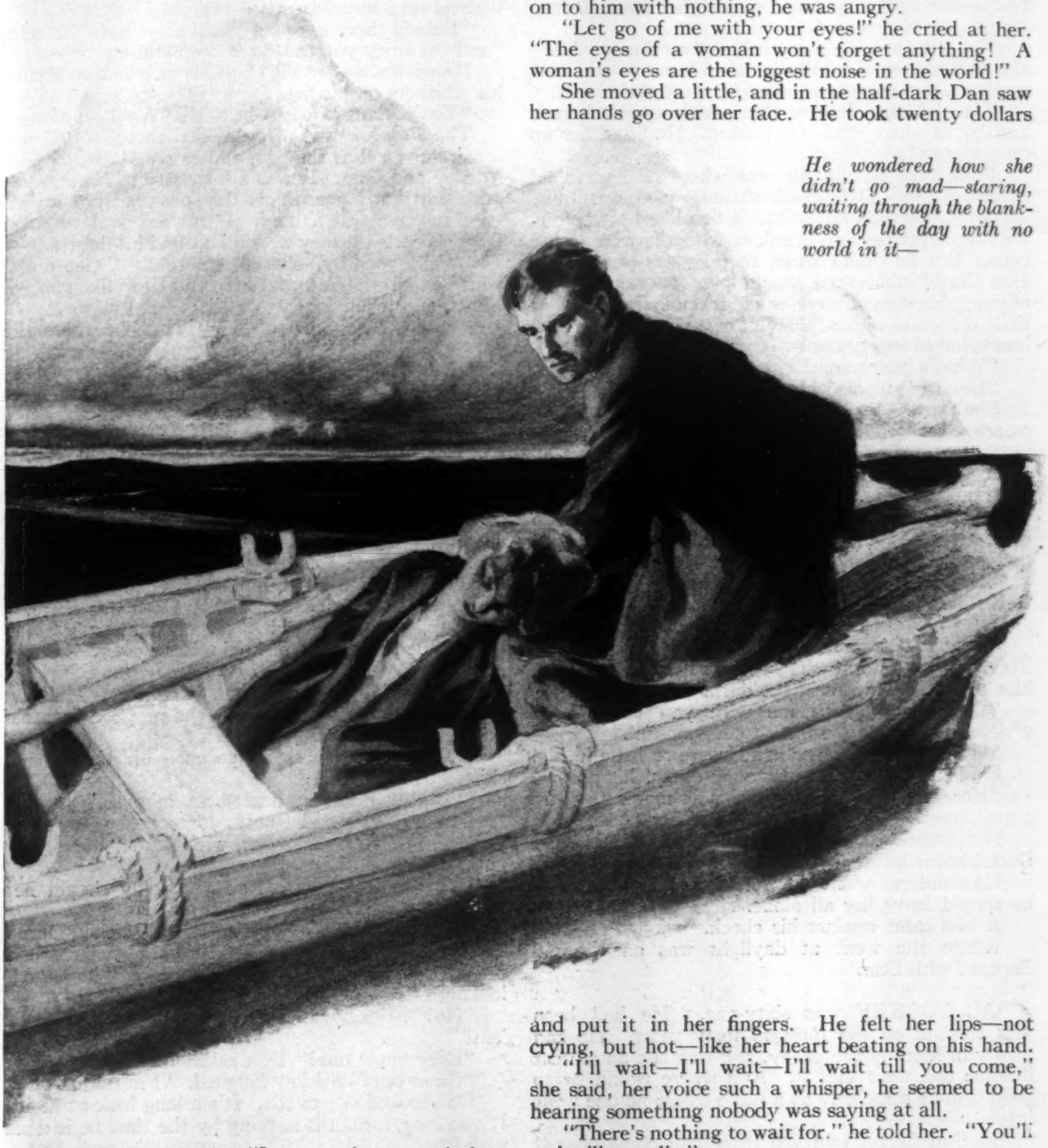
Across the hall he thought Madelon would be in bed—but she was sitting up, waiting. She opened her door when Dan opened his, and stood there in the half-dark—slim, young, with black hair straight



Pike died from it, crazy with fever —and there were left Diggs and Dorrie and Dan

away from her face. A thick candle was burning in the window behind her.

She said nothing, but her eyes were more words than any words *could* have been.



He wondered how she didn't go mad—staring, waiting through the blankness of the day with no world in it—

"Hello!" Dan said. "I came after my clothes. I'm going to Kormasân' this morning."

"To-day!" she said—and shut her fingers white against her dress.

Dan went to get his sea-bag from under his bed.

"Well," he said, "one day is as good as any other." He heard her come into his room behind him. She put her face on his shoulder. He felt her breath against him, trembling.

"Madelon, you're too easy," he said. "Love is only fever that burns you up for nothing. If you waste yourself lovin', *I* can't help it! I got to find Kormasân' just the same."

He went away from her and got his pipe off the shelf. He didn't want her fussing. He wanted to leave the place! He thought she would come to him and beg him. But she didn't. She only stood by the wall and looked at him; and because she was holding on to him with nothing, he was angry.

"Let go of me with your eyes!" he cried at her. "The eyes of a woman won't forget anything! A woman's eyes are the biggest noise in the world!"

She moved a little, and in the half-dark Dan saw her hands go over her face. He took twenty dollars and put it in her fingers. He felt her lips—not crying, but hot—like her heart beating on his hand.

"I'll wait—I'll wait—I'll wait till you come," she said, her voice such a whisper, he seemed to be hearing something nobody was saying at all.

"There's nothing to wait for," he told her. "You'll wait till you die."

"Then I will," she said; "but I'll wait till you come."

Well, what was there to say?

Her hair, her dress, and the room were so dark—her face looked out white like the soul of something.

THROUGH a window over Tully's one gas-light flickered against a bare wall. He found the girl by that.

Fog-whistles wailed on the river. An old woman scuffed past with a pail and a smell of coffee. From down by the wharf came the clopping of truck-horse feet and heavy wheels on cobble-stones. They went

along by dark doors and windows—past St. Andrew's penny coffee-stand, where a man was asleep on the sidewalk, and over the crossing to the soggy pier, where the river came up against slime-green posts—the old Kay Slip, where the *Borngall* was loading for Kormasân'.

The shed was night-black and river-damp. Along the side, a row of smoky lanterns hung to the wall, and sweating negroes shuffled by with their loads.

The girl kept close to Dan—back against barrels and boxes where stuff was packed. He lifted her up on a gunny-bale thing.

Well, here on the slip was where he had found Madelon once. Dark-eyed, white-skinned, warm like a poppy. He had never kissed lips like hers before. He had never been so drunk as with the wine of her eyes. But he didn't mean to take *love* out of her. Dan Carrol said no one should love. He said the two of you, whoever you were, would tremble through poor little days and nights, then all of a sudden find your hands full of empty shells.

"What's your name?" he asked this little girl.

"Dorrie," she told him. "One name is all."

She watched the men in past the gate. Dan wondered where she lived. He wondered where she would go at daylight, when he should leave her all alone. With her hands on her knees, she leaned forward and watched the men—at first just curious, just watching. Then suddenly she turned to Dan with her eyes half closed, as if a dare of a thought had just come into them.

"Kormasân'," she whispered sharply—"you said to Kormasân'?"

"Yes," he told her; "that's where I said."

So she laughed and clucked her tongue in her lips. Then after a minute she brought her face close to him to see in his eyes in the dark.

"Dan Carrol, take me with you there," she whispered. "Hide me back to Kormasân'."

She was so little—her hands were so little in his!

He laughed and pulled money out of his pocket.

"Here," he said—"spend this to-morrow. Buy a new dress."

Her breath was close to him—warm. But Dan Carrol never loved—

He wondered where she would go at daylight when he should leave her all alone.

A kiss came against his cheek.

Where she went at daylight was on the old *Borngall* with Dan.

CAL TOOKEY was sixty-one. He had been steward on the *Borngall* forty years. He had plenty of room in the galley, and was like an old cat if some one went into it. And where would be so good to hide somebody as a place where no one went into?

So Dan Carrol told Cal what had come aboard with him. She was nothing to *him*, he told Cal—not to *him;* but now he'd brought her—here she was.

In the night he took her down—a little thing with short yellow hair and her little short dress with the sleeves cut off.

Old Cal sniffed under his whiskers.

"Her name's Dorrie," Dan said.

Cal was slicing ham. He gave Dorrie a piece and she put it in her pocket.

"I got rats down here bigger than her," he laughed, looking up and down at the size of her. "If she don't get sick on me—"

She pushed back her hair—all tangled now.

"I won't get sick; please let me stay," she said, straight to him like a boy. "I'll work doing anything."

Cal kicked the spud-box, where he'd put his blanket and some canvas sacks.

"Behind there is where you'll stay, kid," he said, "and the work you can do is keep still on me—see?"

He winked at her with half his face, and scratched his whiskers on his fist.

"You're dang pretty," he said. "We'll get along."

The *Borngall* was a flat-bellied thing, rotted out some, but good as they go, and thirty aboard besides Mickey and Dan. It was a long way to Kormasân'; but a day is no longer than a day, one place or another.

Dan gave Cal a hunk of tobacco, and rumpled Dorrie's curls till they were all around his fingers.

"Well, good-by, sister," he said. "Get under your bunk now. Eat your ham and sleep like you got what you wished for."

And Dan went outside—up on deck, where the crew was stretched out, sleeping or singing or swearing this and that.

Someway, it made him laugh that he had a yellow-haired girl hid on all of them.

THE ocean and sky were just alike—blue with streaks of white, and stars, and the colored tails of the *Borngall* lights waggling into the dark.

Dan pulled off his blouse and stretched out to calk off.

"Well, where *you* been, Dan?" somebody asked him. "Didn't see you call aboard, even."

Dan raised his head. Mickey Dorn was there.

"Say," Dan told him, "can't a man stay alone long enough to sew up his old clothes even?" he told him.

"Gol, what you got that sweetheart Madelon for?" Mickey laughed. "Ain't she no good futher'n hauntin' a man with them black eyes?"

He pushed down his pipe with his thumb and shifted one side over.

"Gol, but them are heart-breakin' eyes," he said. "I seen her once, and I never forgot 'em yet! What you huntin' Kormasân' for, with *her* at home, has got *me* sold!"

Dan didn't say a yes or no. Why should he? Madelon was his, anyway.

Then he thought of Dorrie saying "Mickey Dorn" once in Tully's, and he wondered did Mickey know her.

"Don't you like 'em curly yellow?" he asked, looking sideways at Mickey.

"No!" Mickey said. "The blonde ones—I choke 'em!"

"Ever know one?" Dan asked him.

"*Know* one!" Mickey laughed. "I'm full of 'em."

Dan looked out to sea. It's a long look at night. It's so long, a man is nothing by the time he is done with it.

The little flat *Borngall* and thirty-two men! Just a rocking little world like one hand could finish. A ship at sea had never seemed so little against so *much* before—but someway, now, that girl down with Cal Tookey seemed holding on to him, so when he tried to sleep he had to stare at the sea instead, because *it* was deep—and *she* was on it!

So all night long it was Dorrie and Dorrie, till by morning he wished he had never seen her at all.

He thought: "It's forty days to Kormasân', and maybe forever inside of it—and her holding on to me all the time like now!" When it was late day again, he went down to see her.

She had Cal's brown apron pinned up on herself, a nest made in the spud-box, and her curls tied into a topknot.

He sat on a keg, and she sat on his knee, and Cal filled bean-jars and roared an old sailor song with no sense to it.

Dorrie looked at Dan in that straight boy way.

"Do people marry in Kormasân'?" she asked him.

Dan started to tell her "no"; but when he looked at her to say it—he told her "yes" instead.

"Do they marry for a little while," she asked again, "or to keep?"

Dan thought of the cream-white Spanish girls, and the stray English girls waiting for ships to come back—of fat round babies belonging to no one; but when he looked at her to answer, he only told her: "Why, sure—that's all right. Sure they marry to keep!"

She lifted her shoulders in a smiling little way.

"I'll have the window of my house look out on Yongos Bay," she said.

Cal planked down bean-jars in the oven, to his own foolish music:

"Par-tem quart-em pic-a-ror-ie centem—
Perr-i merr-i dictum domineeeee."

When the beans were in, Cal said it was ten o'clock; Dan should go.

Dan didn't think he had to leave Dorrie if he didn't want to. He said he *wouldn't* go.

"Won't go!" thundered Cal. "You won't go! Well, I'm blubbered!"

And he put him out and locked the door.

Dan heard Dorrie laughing at him.

He went to the bridge on watch. Well, one yellow-haired girl was only nothing to him, he said. He buttoned his pea-coat and faced into the wind. Then he began to wonder how this was, anyway—her going to Kormasân' with him. Kormasân', for Dan, meant finding all his dreams, so now he began to wonder how it fitted that *she* was along!

"Well, *she* won't make me love," he said. "*She* won't, nor nobody. I love like I sit in the sun," he said. "Let it warm me—but leave it in the sky."

AT mess next day he went and he ate and he left—that was all. He kept off seeing Cal Tookey, so as to keep off seeing that girl if he could. Any girl in the world should be only "to-day" to him—never "to-morrow."

But how is it, who knows, when a man wants to leave them, they are after and after him more than before? How is it, who knows, when curls come around a man's finger once they never leave go? A week, and he had to go down there again!

"Hello, Dan Carrol," was all Dorrie said, but she smiled.

Cal went away to the captain for orders. The sea had come rough, and the old boat was rocking. Dorrie had a blouse of Cal's over her dress, and her curls in his cap.

Dan pulled off the cap. A streak of sun came through the port-hole, and made her hair gold like gold money. He wondered how was it she could have left everything behind her like this in one minute. It somehow seemed to make her his, whether he wanted her or not.

"Come here," he said.

She looked at him quick; then she laughed and pushed away his hand that reached for her.

"You think you have to keep me because you brought me," she laughed—"but you don't."

Dan didn't know what she meant. He sat on the rolling bulkhead and watched the sunshine on her hair. He didn't know what to say to her.

"Is it all right here?" he asked at last. "Is Cal all right—and everything?"

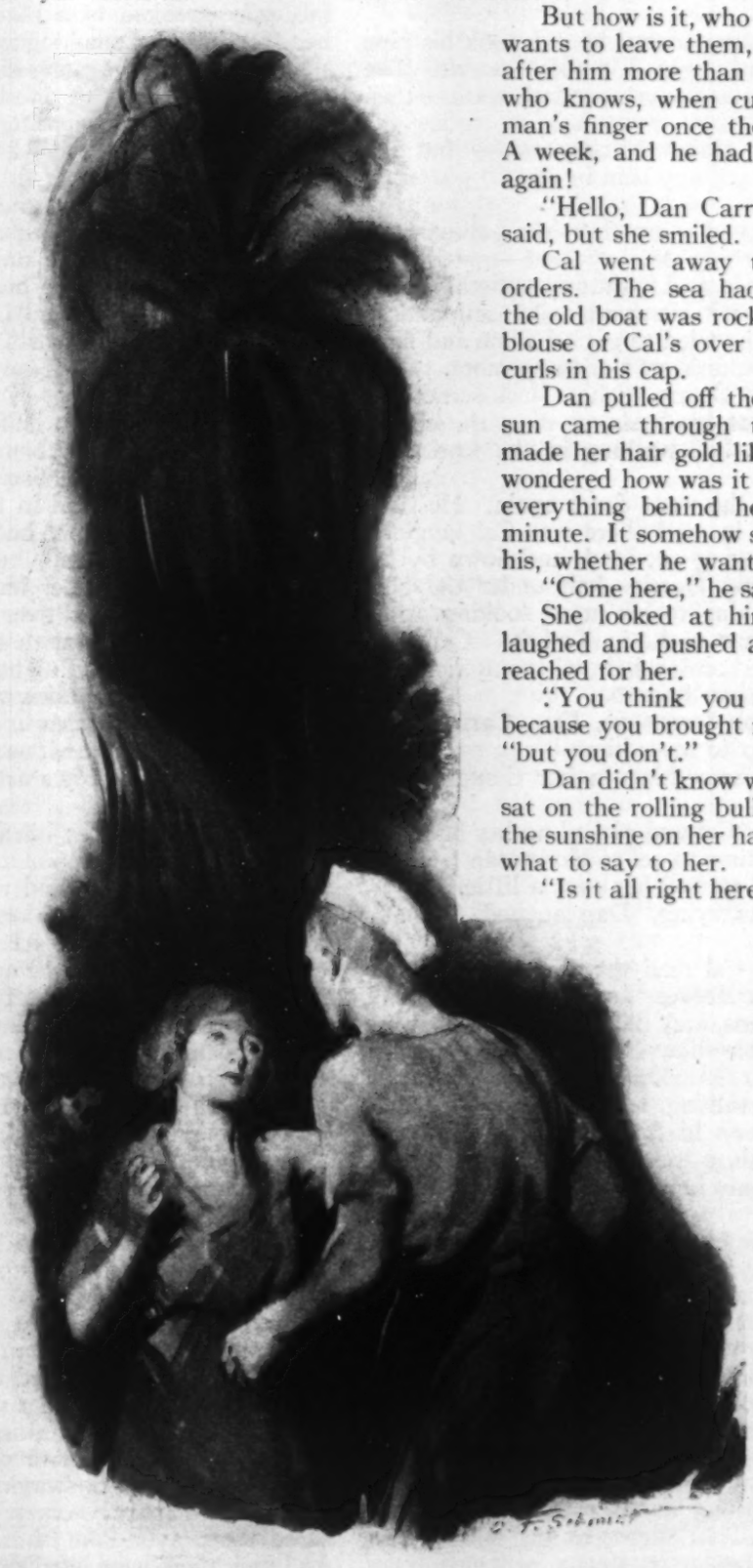
She patted Cal's coat that he had left on the table.

"He mended holes in my stockings last night," she said; and she slipped off her shoe and hopped over to Dan, and held up one foot to show a patch like a blister.

Dan caught her two hands, but she stopped him and looked straight in his face.

"Dan," she said, "love ain't a weed. It's a flower. On a ship in a galley don't make it no different."

Dan was glad Cal came back



"Dorrie, I want to know the truth: did you beg your way to Kormasân' for him or for me?"

then, so he could go. He didn't know what she meant when she looked at him like that.

On deck he met Mickey Dorn.

"Dan," Mickey said, "what you got in that galley?"

Dan laughed and showed him a hunk of bread.

Mickey shoved off his hat, and looked at Dan sharp. He looked at him so Dan knew he'd found out on him.

"Well, all right, then," Dan said. "*You* know. But a man can't help everything he does. Is it a lot to you?"

Mickey, like he forgot what he did, took his pipe out of his mouth and dropped it over the side. The bright ashes came up—a speck on dark water—then went out.

"No, I guess it ain't," Mickey said—"but it's a lot to *you*—if you got any *man* in you."

WELL, Dan stayed away from the galley then. Not for anything Mickey said—no—but to keep away from Dorrie, and to shut up something that had him. What was it? He swore at himself, and he lied to himself, and he tried to get off alone and fight out of it—but he couldn't *get* alone any more.

It wasn't always Dorrie, either—just something at him like a trap at his heels, so even the empty ocean crowded him, like nothing in the world *can* crowd but thoughts.

Then, one night, he went down again. He gave the sign to let him in, and there was Cal laughing and crowing and singing out loud, and down by his feet like a kitten was Dorrie—half under the box, half out of it—listening to his noise, looking up at him like at Dan that night in Tully's. Cal's red handkerchief was tied on her hair, with only her curls coming out where they had to.

"We thought you forgot us, Dan Carrol," she said, and jumped up to meet him.

She was happy; something in her thoughts was making her happy.

Dan sat down by Cal and picked up her hands.

"It takes a long time to get to Kormasân', doesn't it?" she asked—and fretted her eyes a little.

"I'm twenty years trying," Dan laughed. "What's been going on?"

So she told how Cal read the almanac while she made him new shirt sleeves; how she looked out of the spud-box at mess and picked which feet were Dan's under the table; how she'd made the biscuits that night they were flat. Dan fussed her curls, and when she was done talking, trailed the way to Kormasân' to show her on his knee.

She was up against him—little—close—straight into his eyes. God only knows what comes up behind a man!

Suddenly Dan caught her off the floor, and held her—held her like a man waits all his life for—till old Cal Tookey came into the thing.

"Carrol, you liar!" he roared. "You swore she weren't nothing to you but a passenger!"

Cal cuffed Dan's head. Dorrie slipped out of his arms, and rubbed one hand over her lips.

"I'm not," she said. "I don't know why he kissed me."

SOMETIMES nothing at all wakes you sharper than a sound. That night, in the dead night, with the old boat drogging on steady as always, Dan Carrol sat up as suddenly as if his sleep had struck him. It took him a second to think; then along the bulkhead he saw fire crawling—sneaking close to the wood like a live thing! He snatched his trousers, dropped out of his hammock, and ran out on deck, shouting the lookout. Then up the companionway came smoke—like no man could stop it!

Dorrie!

He shut his eyes and stumbled down!

By the time he made the galley, Cal, with a towel on his face, was pouring cans of food into buckets, Dorrie, barefoot in her short little dress, keeping fire back from him with a piece of wet canvas. Her face was streaked with black—her dress scorched—her feet bare on smoking wood.

The boat was logging sideways now. Up above creaked the ropes of life-boats going over—sharp commands, and the snarling of fire in wood.

"Come on, you two!" Dan cried. "We're gone! Come on!"

He caught Dorrie in one arm, and buckets in the other, and pushed Cal out ahead of him.

When the sun came up, gold streaks over gray cold water and sky, one boat—with Diggs, Tookey, Bergen, Pike, Dorrie, and Dan—floated like a speck of nothing where the masts of the *Borngall* stuck up black and crooked like scars on the sky.

DIGGS and Bergen, half dressed, had the oars—Bergen big and blond, Diggs dark, with a ratty little face. Cal Tookey, like the only home of his life had gone, sat in the stern with his face to the sea. In the bow, between Dan's knees, was Dorrie—quiet, no tears, her hand in his, her eyes full of the distance, her hair loose in the wind, an old sou'wester buckled over her half-burned dress.

The other boats, with the other men, had got lost somewhere in the night, somehow.

With sun-up they knew which was east and where by south was Kormasân'. It didn't matter. They couldn't get there: but it seemed more that it wasn't just—the end—if they started for something besides just to keep afloat.

All day their eyes burned for a sail or a sign; but the sun and the sea and that handful of men went on and went on and went on until night, with that emptiness of dead-long sea, so even a voice doesn't dare speak into it!

Pike and Dan kept the oars while the others slept. When the first gray light began to break, Pike, his hair rough, his face streaked, his body bare to the waist, touched Dan's arm and jerked his head toward Tookey. In the stern, there, Cal Tookey was dead. Together they lifted him. Pike said the only prayer he knew, and they dropped him over before Dorrie should wake.

So hours again—going on and on. So men wake—sleep—live—die, like hours.

In the next night, with the moon ghost-white, Bergen suddenly stood up, stared at Pike—then jumped at his throat.

"You burned that boat, you rat!" he cried—but Pike got him instead. Dan held Dorrie's face away till Bergen was gone—and until day came.

He wondered how she didn't go mad. Staring, waiting through the blankness of day with no world in it—the awfulest horror of all—that wide nothing—and the boat's sick swaying.

Pike died from it, crazy with fever. Dan remembered the prayer Pike himself had said for Tookey. And then there were left Diggs and Dorrie and Dan—and half a bottle of water, a box of bread, and a can of corn.

Dorrie and Dan had said almost nothing—only stayed together. Sometimes a hand in your own is a world to hold on to.

THEN, the night after Pike went, Dan heard Diggs mumbling, and there, with all the water drunk, he was stuffing the last bread into his mouth. Dan swore and struck at his head. Diggs got his wire fingers on Dan's neck.

"It's my share!" he shrilled. "You got your woman eatin' what ought to be mine!"

He hunched like an animal in the bow. Dan let him go. In the stern Dorrie was dead asleep on Cal Tookey's old coat—her cheeks gray-white, her hands over her eyes, her hair matted, tangled around her head.

Dan Carrol, his belly clamped from hunger, the strength of him almost out, looked from one to the other of all that were left of them.

It came back to him: Mickey's pipe on the waves that time—their little boat now, just the same—the same to an ocean, the spark of a pipe or the spark of a life.

He remembered how like nothing that pipe had gone down!

The water licked against the boat. On the sea were blots of foam like dead faces. Well, what was there to wait for? Why shouldn't he just take Dorrie and save them both from being thirsty when the sun came up?

It was gray, like that night out of Tully's. Dorrie lay on Cal's coat, her hands over her face. Dan saw which way he could lift her the quickest. He bent down to take her; but—Cal's coat and the night and the boat were so dark—her face looked out white like the soul of something!

Dark and a white face, dark and a white face—bringing back days to him—eyes that were holding him. Suddenly Dan Carrol *knew* what there was to wait for—one thing that he could *never* leave—one port he *had* to make again!

He moved his hand from Dorrie's head, and like a rocket sent a prayer:

"God—take me back to Madelon!"

The first yellow light of morning was breaking when Dan, still awake, saw Diggs come to his feet, tear open his shirt, and throw both oars into the sea.

"Curse it! *Ho'ray!*" he cried, and went headlong in where the oars were floating.

The boat quavered sideways. Diggs came up and went down—but in his dying face was a crazy triumph that made Dan look where Diggs' eyes had seen—the India schooner to Kormasân'!

Dorrie didn't know when they took her on. They put her to bed, and Dan had a meal.

There were three days yet to go.

NOON was white on Yongos Bay. Up from shore the 'dobes of the village were like blisters raised on mud.

Kormasân' was a mongrel dog of a place—Englishmen, half-native from tropic sun, native men half-English from sailors coming and going. One street with market holes of mud and reeds and canvas, flat roofs, no windows, awnings sagged over bamboo poles, patches of hot shadow where old women squatted selling beans. Behind the shops, mud houses with roofs of every sort of thing. And here was where Dan Carrol brought Dorrie.

He carried her to Ben Goot's.

All the sailors came up from the beach, and pulled off blouses and shoes and socks in the street. They fought for water from warm goat-skins.

The sailors all knew Ben Goot from forever. He sold tobacco. They told Dan to go there—Ben would tell him what to do.

Dan put Dorrie on the floor, and traded a box of matches for water to put on her face and lips.

"Mr. Kuari went away," Ben Goot told Dan, looking at Dorrie on his floor. "You and her can live in *that* house. It's mine."

Well—what else? Here was Dorrie. So Dan took her to that house of Ben Goot's, and put her to bed on a canvas shelf.

He stood in the door all afternoon and watched the sailors in the street laughing and fighting for this one or that of the creamy-white girls who were watching them.

Palm-tree shadows on the sand; the warm sweet nothing of Yongos Bay; and, trailing like a streak on the desert, a pack-train of mules from the diamond-mines—inside the hut, Dorrie sleeping past sleep, her breath only fever.

Dan smiled at the fate of it. Kormasân', the end of his dreams—with Madelon, the only thing in his life that was true, Madelon left behind; and Dorrie here because he had brought her. He remembered the way Mickey Dorn had looked at him on the deck that night.

"If you got any *man* in you!"

IT'S a funny thing how life comes at us—love for Madelon to put "man" in him now, with the first duty out of it faith to another.

Well, love is the grace of God in man—"when you've got any man in you—"

Next morning, while he sat drinking goat's milk, he suddenly felt Dorrie looking at him—weak, thin, a little white shadow, her hair damp and hot, a sheet held around her—looking at him across the table like that night in Tully's. Not asking anything, nor supposing anything; just smiling a little—maybe curious a little.

"Hello," she said. "Who are you? Where is this?"

"I'm Dan," he told her. "It's Kormasân'."

Her eyes didn't seem to hear, for a minute.

"I thought we died," she said. "*I* died."

"I guess we did," Dan laughed; "but we're back."

Now that sense had come out of her fever, Dan went away and combed his hair. He brought a yellow fruit. She shut her thin fingers around it, and watched him. Ben Goot's fat brown baby came playing in the door. Dan lifted him by Dorrie. She smiled and folded up his sticky fingers.

All day Dan watched her—better, stronger—watched her and thought—well, how is it the world goes? Fate with a mask on—a mask with no eye-holes.

When dark came, she got up and found what rags were left of the little blue dress. He cooked her some *kavit*, and they sat in the door and ate, and watched the sun go down over Yongos Bay—and blue-white night come up to meet it. It was so quiet! Water touched the sand like a whisper.

Now and then came some one singing, a *bong* string playing, or men clacking stones in a game of *samourie*. And it was in the midst of this that there came something happening.

When men ran by the door, with quick voices, and people got out of their houses, with a flare of torches up the street, Dan looked out.

Shops were opening as if it were morning—women hanging mush-pots, *seng* and *kavit* cooking. Down to the bay was a line of lights stuck in the sand, and bare-legged men around them.

THEN Dan saw why all of it was. Out on the bay, with shadows of long light streaking down the water, was a ship—small boats coming in, and already a hundred sailors laughing and swearing up the beach. They were calling for ale, and for old friends and food. Then, breaking ahead of them, hunting Dan Carrol, came old Jimmy Neebo, who'd started Dan to sea.

When Dan ran out to meet him, Jimmy almost broke his fingers.

"Well, you young cuss!" Jimmy cried. "When we picked up three men from that rotten old *Borngall*, I says, 'I'll get Dan if I go plumb to hell!' So we're goin' back home now together, thank God!"

Dan had the old man's hand like iron.

"Jimmy," he said, "don't say 'goin' back home.' I ain't darin' to think of it, Jimmy, no more. I'll be throwin' away life like a drunken man's money if I stay, but if I got any man in me I *got* to stay, Jimmy, with *her*."

And there by the house, he pointed out Dorrie, her hair gold in the torch-light, her dress scorched and ragged, the sleeves cut off short. She was watching them—curious.

Jim looked at her sharp.

"Say," he said—"there's a girl that I seen once! Now, where was it—"

Suddenly Dorrie's eyes, looking over their shoulders, grew wide—startled. Dan turned to see what it was.

Across the street, in rags of sailor clothes, came—Mickey Dorn!

"Mickey!" Dan cried—and reached out for him.

But Mickey didn't see Dan at all. He passed him like nothing, and went straight to Dorrie.

"Dorrie, I want to know the truth," he said bluntly—like a man with only one thought. "Did you beg your way to Kormasân' for Carrol or for me?"

She held out her hands to him.

"For you, Mickey Dorn," she said—"only for you!"

"Why, say," Jim broke in—"that's the sweetheart Mickey lost in Paris!"

Dan smiled, and hooked his arm in old Jim Neebo's, and looked past the torch-lights—out to sea.

"RUTABAGA and garlic and cabbage," the girl counted, and gave me twenty cents.

Such a beautiful face! I can see it forever.

"Good-by," she said. "I must be going."

So I opened my door for the bride.

"God give you joy," I said. "Good-by, Madelon."

Two Poems by M. St. Clare Byrne

(*Reprinted from "Aldebaran"*)

In the Garden

YOU and I in the garden,
Walking up and down,
All in the chill December,
And the trees so bare and brown.

Talking in jest and earnest,
While the mist hung low and gray:—
Long ago in our youth-time
Such was our youthful way.

Now in the after days,
In the bleak winter weather,
Crouching over the fire
I think how we walked together;

Roamed and talked in a garden
On a day in drear December;—
But this is the deepest joy,
To know you too remember.

Devachan

THE bells of Magdalen ringing, and the dusk
Creeping in filmy veils about the trees,
A winter sunset fading in the sky;

These things I shall remember when I die;
Your hair, just stirring in the cool night breeze,
By the open window; the crackle of a husk

In the glowing fire, flaring yellow-white
For one brief instant; beech trees in November
That fringe some sloping ploughland, Elsfield way·

The white and crimson splendor of the May
O'er shadowed waters: these I shall remember:
And all the starry wonder of the night.

Dr. Coué and Children

An Account of the Work of Mlle. Kaufmant Under Coué at Nancy

By Ruth Danenhower Wilson

WHILE all America is momentarily occupied with M. Coué's cures of adult ills by suggestion and autosuggestion, it is not generally known that his methods have been applied to children's diseases with results that seem even more astounding than his cures of grown people. Tuberculosis, infantile paralysis, even moral defects, are alleged to have been eradicated in a few treatments of child patients.

The gist of M. Coué's simple method is to teach each patient to use the force of his unconscious mind in curing himself. According to his belief, the unconsciousness controls the digestive processes, the circulation of the blood, and all other muscular movements which the mind does not consciously will. If a patient can impress on his unconscious mind that all these processes will be perfectly done, such will become the case in actual fact. Accordingly his illness will disappear. M. Coué affirms that the conscious will is ordinarily used so strenuously in desiring to get well that the imagination seizes upon the possibility of not getting well, and dire results follow through what he calls "the law of reversed effort."

An example of the working of this law is the ease with which almost any one can walk a narrow plank if it is lying on the ground, while if the same plank is used to bridge a deep chasm the average person's imagination becomes obsessed with the awful possibility of falling. However he may consciously will to walk the plank, he knows he will fall. His muscular movements will obey his imagination instead of his will.

In applying his method, M. Coué realizes that the unconscious mind is most easily influenced just before and just after sleeping, when the consciousness is less alert. So, just before falling asleep and just after waking, he advises the repetition of his now famous phrase, "Day by day in every way I am getting better and better," saying it quickly without letting the possibility of any other outcome of illness enter the mind. Such is the method that Luther Burbank calls M. Coué's "wonderful emancipation proclamation," which has met with the indorsement of Henry Ford, Dr. Frank Crane, and many others.

Children Easily Reached by Suggestion

THERE have been persistent rumors of remarkable cures of children through the Coué method; but heretofore it has been virtually impossible to secure authentic details in this country. M. Coué himself does not treat children under the age of four years, yet he has repeatedly said that children and peasants are the most easily reached by suggestion of any of his patients. His firm belief in the possibilities of using his method in curing children led him to delegate this part of his work to an assistant who has had startling success in the last ten years. This assistant is a Frenchwoman, Mlle. Marie Kaufmant, who, like M. Coué himself, accepts no fees for her clinical treatments.

Mlle. Kaufmant's clinic for children is carried on at Nancy in the same little house at the rear of M. Coué's garden where his own patients gather. For ten years this unpretentious little cottage has been a Mecca for the French people in and near Nancy, who may be seen on almost any clinic day bringing their ailing and crippled children to Mlle. Kaufmant for treatment. The astonishing thing is that this work had not been generally known outside the immediate locality of Nancy. Mlle. Kaufmant has not sought publicity and has not been easily accessible to visitors outside the medical profession. For the first time in America, her photograph, pictures of her patients, and brief résumés of some of her more interesting cures are here presented.

Mlle. Kaufmant, Coué's first collaborator, whose patients are the children

Little Madeleine Béninger, successfully treated for Pott's disease

Ida Toussaint, thirteen and a half years old. Her right arm had been paralyzed since an attack of infantile paralysis when she was nineteen months old. The doctors had said nothing could be done for it. Mlle. Kaufmant gave her suggestion for about five minutes, then told her to lift her arm to her head. But when she tried she could only bend her whole body in the effort. After a little more suggestion and encouragement Mlle. Kaufmant said: "Now, make no effort, but just lift your arm as if it were your well arm." The child succeeded not only in raising her arm but in taking off her hat. She comes twice a week for treatment, and improvement is seen each time. When she raised her arm the first time, her mother burst into tears of joy.

Jeanne Grosjean was treated in 1920, and is now twenty-one years old. Her side was dilated and her heart out of place. She had an abscess of the liver, ulcers of the stomach, and an abscess on her head. She was a constant sufferer. The doctors gave her up, and one of them asked Mlle. Kaufmant to come to the hospital to ease the girl's pain if she could. Jeanne had not slept, except fitfully, for six months from May to November. She had been in bed a year, apparently dying. The doctor continued to come to see her once a week, but said not to give her any medicine. When Mlle. Kaufmant was called in, Jeanne could not retain even a drop of water.

After Mlle. Kaufmant had seen her twice a week for eight months, she was completely cured. She was rather nervous when she repeated the story of her illness to some English visitors at the clinic and was being examined by doctors who said her heart and pulse were strong. When one of the visitors asked why she did not stay and have some suggestion to cure her nervousness, she said: "Oh, I haven't need of *any* treatment; I have been perfectly well since Mlle. Kaufmant cured me."

Jean Germa. This boy had been delicate from infancy, and had been diagnosed as tubercular. His face was always covered with a rash. When he was fourteen an enormous abscess on one of his legs was operated on. At that time he was in a hospital six months. A year later he had another abscess. The doctors said he must stay in the hospital another six months. After he had been there four weeks his mother came to Mlle. Kaufmant, to tell her the boy was suffering terribly, and to ask if she would treat him if he were brought home. After Mlle. Kaufmant's first treatment Jean's pain ceased. In a month his abscess was entirely healed. After three months he was riding a bicycle. After six months he was able to work and earn his living, and he has continued to do so ever since. He is now a strong, healthy boy, but the terrible scar on his leg shows what he went through.

Madeleine Béninger was first treated in May, 1921, when she was eleven. She had been in a hospital with Pott's disease. She had been in a plaster cast, and had suffered so severely in her back that for four

months she had lain on her stomach. Then the plaster casts were taken off, but the doctors said she would have to be put into another for two years. Her parents refused, and called on Mlle. Kaufmant. After she had given one treatment Madeleine's pain was eased. After the third treatment her suffering ceased altogether; she ate and drank with no distress, and was happy instead of crying all day. After a month's treatment she walked with a slight limp. Now both her legs are of equal size and she is healthy in every respect.

Andreé Schmidt was first treated in October, 1920. She had been unable to move from the time she was two and a half till she was four years old. She had been a year in the hospital. The doctors said nothing could be done for her, as her tubercular condition was too far advanced. She had a fever of 102° every night. She could not talk. After one treatment from Mlle. Kaufmant she began to talk, and after the second treatment her fever lessened. In one month she was cured.

The châlet at Nancy where M. Coué holds his clinics

Alice Mercul, ten years old. Her tonsils and adenoids were very large and she had great difficulty in breathing. Four years before she came to the children's clinic she had an operation, but still she was not relieved and could not breathe with her mouth closed. After her first treatment from Mlle. Kaufmant she breathed without opening her mouth, and now, after six weeks, she is breathing with perfect ease.

Jean L'Hermione of Lille, sixteen years old. Jean had had asthma since he was eight. His mother took him for two years to Mount Doré. He was better in that climate, but always with a change of the weather or on a train trip he grew much worse. The doctors said he would have to continue going to Mount Doré to get relief. He was treated by M. Coué himself.

At first Jean looked very scornful when M. Coué told him he would surely be cured in a few days. But one week later he went away cured. The mother said she came because another boy from Lille had been cured the year before by M. Coué's method, and had remained absolutely well ever since.

Marie Thérèse Wagner. Marie's father was tubercular and died before her birth. From the time she was born Marie had abscess after abscess on her head and neck. For eight months before her treatments by Mlle. Kaufmant she was totally blind. She had been in the hospital for three months and had hypodermics three times a day with no amelioration of her trouble. She was brought to Mlle. Kaufmant for the first time in May, 1914, with running abscesses. After the first treatment the abscesses stopped running. After the third treatment she opened her left eye. In five weeks she was completely cured. Now she is ten years old and is in a class at school with children thirteen years old. She also studies the violin.

Emile Coué

A Letter from a Mother

ON the back of the post-card picture of Georges Eisen with his toy lamb (see page 22) his mother has written this account of his illness, with a tribute to Mlle. Kaufmant:

"September 30, 1922.

"*Mademoiselle:*

"I thank you very sincerely for your goodness in treating my little Georges, for now he is well on the road to health. Having done everything possible, and consulted all the doctors, still he was condemned not to walk for many years, apparently from infantile paralysis. I went to you the 24th of July for the first time, and at the second treatment on the 28th of the same month he took his first steps. Now he walks very well and is in good general health. I do not know how to express to you all my thanks, for I did not think he would walk so soon. Accept, Mademoiselle, all my gratitude."

In addition to these accounts of cures of physical ills, there comes from Nancy this description of children treated for troubles of a moral or intellectual nature.

In May, 1921, there was brought to Mlle. Kaufmant a boy of seven who by all accounts had been as one possessed, like a cruel, violent little demon, seeming to know nothing but evil and unable to speak. When first taken to the clinic he gave Mlle. Kaufmant a severe kick. After a few treatments he walked into the room quietly with his mother, saying, "*Bon!*" the only word he knew and which he had learned at the clinic. He was perfectly gentle, and accepted a kiss from Mlle. Kaufmant, who afterward coaxed him to kiss a cross she wore around her neck. He gently did this, after a little hesitation. While waiting his turn he sat quietly on his mother's knee and gave no trouble at all.

(This case was reported by an English observer who left Nancy before the treatments were ended, so the

data is incomplete. It merely serves to illustrate one type of trouble that is brought to Mlle. Kaufmant for aid. There was also a little boy who was treated for being naughty to his sister and using bad words!)

A still different type of childish trouble helped at Nancy is a case of a boy who was very dull in mathematics, though he was at the top of his class in every other subject. M. Coué himself gave him one treatment to teach him how to use autosuggestion. After a few weeks of suggesting to himself that he would enjoy mathematics and be successful in it, he returned to tell M. Coué that he was at the top of his form in that subject.

So much for accounts that come from Nancy of Mlle. Kaufmant's clinic. They naturally arouse curiosity as to the personality of Mlle. Kaufmant herself and as to her way of dealing with her little patients.

Jean Germa, a tubercular patient, is now strong and well and able to earn his own living

She Is Coué's First Collaborator

In some interesting letters Mlle. Kaufmant tells of her work. She writes that in some cases of rachitic and tubercular children she has had success where M. Coué himself had told her there was nothing to be done. Of herself she writes in characteristic French phraseology:

"I am M. Coué's first collaborator in his work. Ten years ago, when he was doing his work alone and had more to do than one person had time for, he asked my aid. At first I believed myself incapable of doing it; but God had put in my heart such love for unhappy ones, for all who suffer, that I felt myself attracted by all human miseries, physical and moral. To cure them I sacrificed my future with enthusiasm, and gave up all earthly happiness to consecrate myself to practise M. Coué's method with him.

"Together we have been able to receive up to a hundred and eighty patients a day, for I did not work with children only, but also with women and girls.

"Since you are a woman, you know that the spirit of man and woman are different. A man looks at things, and his thought changes itself into light; a woman feels things, and her thought changes itself into love.

"It is, then, through love that I have succeeded, above all with children, in obtaining unhoped-for results where M. Coué judged it was impossible.

"Also formerly, when he worked alone, he never wanted to treat children younger than four years old. Now he intrusts them to me when they are only a few months old.

"Since, thanks to God and to the maternal tenderness which abides in every woman's heart, I have been able to bring about such cures in children who were believed incurable, you will understand my immense desire to make known this method of doing good in such a way that all children, all youth, may profit by it.

"Up to now I have never published anything. I have worked in the shadow of M. Coué in the most humble fashion. Even at Nancy my name was not known. I was simply called 'Mlle. Marie.' But my dear country has suffered too much from the war. We have overwhelming need of a strong, vigorous, healthy race. I therefore want my work to spread out, to take immense proportions. For that I should need a large, special clinic, where with good fortune I should also be able to teach my dear American friends. . . .

"Just a few words as to my method.

"'Love—all by love.' Children are extremely suggestible; that is why it is so important to give them good suggestions from the earliest age. A child is like soft wax on which one may stamp impressions which may become ineffaceable. It is therefore most important that these impressions should be good and wholesome as well from the moral as the physical point of view. Hardness and injustice repel children, but they are always attracted by good will.

"Children can feel who loves them. And, as I have always deeply loved children, I give to each little being who is brought to me all my tenderness, I consecrate to him all my heart with the immense desire to succor him and to bring him cure.

Georges Eisen, crippled by infantile paralysis, began to walk after the second Coué treatment

Four-year-old Andrée Schmidt responded instantly to suggestion

And the little sufferers who have mostly been given up in the hospitals, who have suffered much, come as a rule fearfully. At once they feel themselves won over by sweet words and kind caresses. And feeling themselves so quickly comforted, they give all their confidence with their affection. And moral transformations are produced, and cures begin, grow, and become lasting.

"And of these poor little sufferers, condemned for the most part to a life of pain and a premature death, there are made gay, healthy, vigorous people, able to earn their livings and to be happy in life.

"In consideration of the numerous cures obtained during the ten years that I have consecrated my life here, I wish that all children all over the world could profit by this good method. All the Americans and

English people who are good enough to surround me with their sympathy repeat to me unceasingly that they find this work among children very touching.

"This work grips my heart in all its fibers, and if your publication of it makes it better known—for too few children are profiting by it—I shall bless you."

Couéism and Psychology

INCREDIBLE as it seems that children's ills can be cured by M. Coué's method, to deny the possibility offhand is as unscientific as to accept it without due investigation. As Dr. George Draper of the New York Presbyterian Hospital said in an interview after a visit to Nancy, we should examine these startling new methods open-mindedly, not accepting or condemning them till careful diagnoses have been made of patients before their treatments, and so-called cures have been carefully observed for a long time after treatment. Perhaps when M. Coué visits this country some such investigations as to curing children may be made.

Meanwhile, it is well to note that orthodox psychology has long contended that children are the most readily suggestible of beings. There is evidence from good authority of the ease with which young people may be made to understand M. Coué's own particular method of suggestion and autosuggestion. Mr. Hugh MacNaghton, Vice-Provost of Eton College, Cambridge, who declares himself cured of insomnia at Nancy, describes the great interest of the boys at Eton in M. Coué's visit there. At his lecture and in more informal talks with smaller groups of boys it was evident that his method was easily comprehended by young people.

Mlle. Kaufmant and one of her patients, Jeanne Adrian

Marie Wagner was cured of blindness

Many hold that this easily understood method is useful only in curing ills that are caused in the mind. Of late years more and more physical symptoms of disease have been recognized to be caused by mental maladjustments capable of cure by suggestion in some cases, in others by psychoanalysis or hypnotism. Before deciding rashly that such cases are the only ones that autosuggestion can cure, we must recall a possibility that Dr. Draper noticed when he said that perhaps the medical profession had been so occupied in seeking the causes of disease that it had not fully realized the mind's own curative power over both physical and mental ills.

The following picturesque way of presenting the Coué method in story form has been originated by Miss Alice Baird, an English believer in Couéism, and author of "The Garden of Happiness," from which I quote:

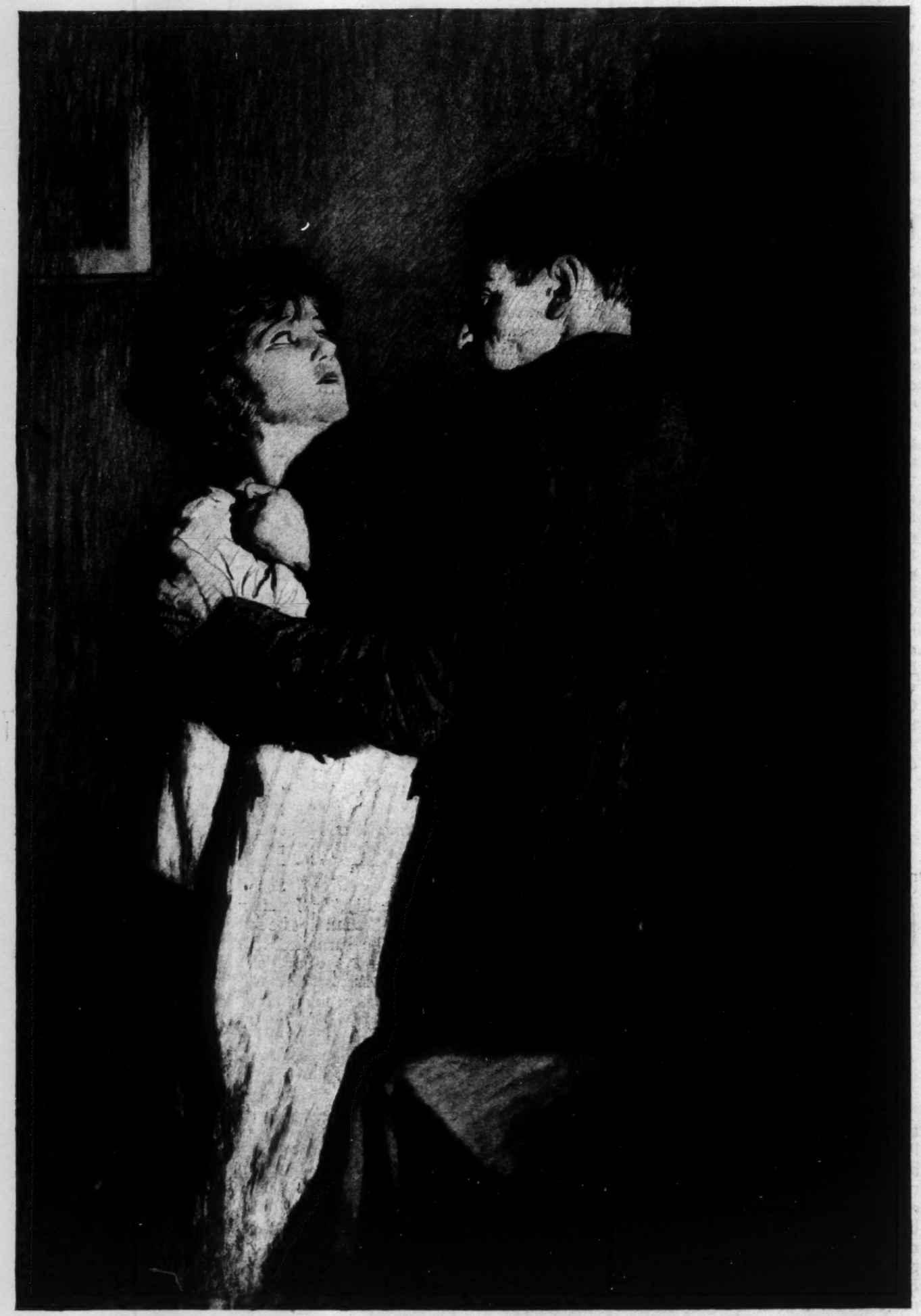
"In the little understood House that is our life—not in the cellar, as some people have thought, but in the rooms we rarely visit—there exists a mysterious being, half genie, for he can accomplish marvels, and half slave, for without opposition he carries out each of the directions we give him. He is our Second Self. . . . This Second Self never sleeps; he is always on duty; he busies himself with all that our First Self sends to him, and he is the Guardian of Memory. . . . It has been discovered that the best time to get in touch with him is when our First Self is not on duty, the moment when we are going to bed and also immediately after we wake up. It is at these times that the Second Self is most ready to listen. . . .

Jeanne Grosjean, whose doctor had despaired of helping her, was treated by autosuggestion for eight months before she was pronounced well

"This Genie is a little eccentric at times, but that is often the case with genii. One of his eccentricities is that he does not appear to understand the word 'not.' If you said to your Second Me, 'I am not going to sleep so badly,' or 'I shall not be afraid of the water today,' or, 'I shall not be seasick in the boat,' you would perhaps be surprised to discover that he had only remembered the words, 'sleep so badly,' 'be afraid of the water,' 'seasickness.' And you would see all these disagreeable things come about. Therefore you should say to him, 'This evening I shall sleep more and more.' 'I shall enjoy going bathing.' 'I shall have a fine crossing.'

"M. Coué tells us still another thing. It is that the Second Self loves to hear a repetition of words and consequently of the thoughts that are behind the words. He loves to hear them repeated many times, even twenty times. In order to be sure of going in the Door of the Garden of Happiness, you have only to take a simple piece of string and to make twenty knots in it: this piece of string with its knots helps us in repeating the pass-word:

"'Every day in every way I am getting better and better.' And at the end of every little while the latch will lift and we can go into the Garden of Happiness. It is just like the story of Little Red Riding Hood. 'Lift the latch and the door will open.'"



"Quit lookin' at me like that!" She tried, suddenly and violently, to get past him to the door

Fifteen Dollars

By Mildred Cram

Illustrations by J. Henry

JASCHA or "Johnny" Karnowski crossed Grand Street one rainy evening in November. He stepped lightly through the puddles, breasting the wind as if the world belonged to him. His black eyes, full and polished, swung sideways at lighted shop windows, at girls hurrying along beneath drenched umbrellas.

He was happy. His new overcoat (fifteen dollars at Rothenberg's cash store) fitted his thin body like a skin. He was chanting:

"Dollar tips to-day. Gese. Dollar tips."

He rattled the coins in his pocket. Whenever a shop window beckoned him, he stopped, stared, jingled the coins, shrugged his shoulders, and went on. He could buy anything—he could buy *anything*.

"Gotta be patient, tha's all. Dollar tips to-day. Seven a week. Twenty-eight. Gese. Twenty-eight and twenty-five, fifty-three. Soon I'll be millionaire. Can't stop me. In this country any fella can go clean to the top. You betcha!"

"You laff," he said darkly. "One day perhaps no. In Russia they kill my mother—I got blood on me"

HE was on his way to Sara Olsen. And the arc of the story springs from Third Avenue and finds its base in Pitt Street, where Sara Olsen lived. A brief span. But Johnny Karnowski was on his way to love, and that meant more than it means to you or me or the other fellow.

It meant the difference between good and bad, life and death. His great-grandfather, his grandfather, and his father all had loved in this monumental, overwhelming, terrible way.

"'Lo, Johnny!"

A mechanical piano brayed sudden syncopation through an open window.

"Hello."

"Com' 'n up."

"Can't. Gotta date."

"Aw, cut it. The bunch is here."

Johnny Karnowski's smile softened the sharp hunger of his face.

"Nix."

The window slammed, and some one behind it said: "Karnowski's a fool. He's after Sara Olsen."

Johnny splashed on. The smile remained. Then you who passed him knew him for a Russian Jew—flat-tipped nose, eyes deep-lidded and suspicious, shock of black hair. And something walked with him. The shadow of a persecution—dim, half forgotten. His habitual shrinking was stiffened by his new overcoat into a sort of

swagger. He was happy. Yet happiness is not a derrick to lift such burdens.

Johnny Karnowski had inherited memories.

His great-grandfather, his grandfather, his father—

We go too fast.

SARA OLSEN was cashier in the restaurant where Johnny first learned to juggle crockery as waiter No. 12.

Between you and me, Sara was no good. Her hair had been dyed and redyed, bleached until the thick strands were as brittle as straw. To Johnny, fumbling with his first check at the cashier's window, she seemed a blonde goddess. He dropped the change.

"You'se a star, a' right," she said, jabbing the register with a manicured forefinger.

She laughed at him.

And at that moment love entered into his heart full-fledged. He bore the visible marks of pogrom and flight, starvation, rebuff. But he was proud. He knew when he loved.

"Beat it," she said. "You'll get me fired. Staring."

But she was flattered, too. During the slack hours of mid-afternoon she angled for him through the cage.

"Say, wha's your name? You new fella? Karnowski? Tha's a mouthful, ain't it?"

She had a beautiful voice. It caressed Johnny's senses like the murmur of a stream. He listened, entranced, trying to remember where and how he had felt this delight—just this delight—before. He sought in his memory for trace of the illusion. A recollection haunted and eluded him as the ears of the spirit are tormented by a half-forgotten melody.

She wore a black satin dress with frayed fringe, glass ear-rings, high-heeled shoes. She laughed at him in his greasy dress-suit inherited from a dozen predecessors.

"Wha's eatin' you?" she demanded, one eye on the manager, who was already stalking the new romance.

Johnny touched his breast with both hands. "You eat my heart."

"Aw, cut it! This ain't Russia; this is America."

Johnny nodded eagerly. "Yeh. Now I got job. I go along. *Far*. Why not?"

"Yeh. Why not? Tha's the idea."

A goddess and a priestess of progress! His love expanded in him.

THEN, one day, Johnny saw her home.

The traverse was a path of glory. Her voice, her smile, her arm brushing his—

"You're a queer guy," she said. "Where'd you get that lid?"

His hand flew to the brim of his hat.

"It makes me laff. Honest!"

Johnny felt the familiar whip of ridicule, and his shoulders sagged. This country, too, was pitiless. Always it scoffed at you—beckoned you on and thrust you back.

"You laff," he said darkly. "One day perhaps no. In Russia they kill my mother. Me no. I hide. Afterwards I come this place, this country, this America. I got blood on me. My memory—"

"Sure, Johnny. You're a good kid. You'll learn. Only—gee! you oughtta see yourself once."

She lived in a tenement—one room, tawdry and mysteriously seductive, like herself. She beckoned to Johnny to follow her, and he crossed the threshold, his senses acute to the odor of patchouli and cheap sachet. Again there was the play of lost, erratic sensation, as if he remembered.

Sara's bed sagged behind a screen. The window opened upon a wilderness of billowing clothes-lines. Sara's red kimono across a chair; a pair of Turkish slippers; a mirror framed in pink tissue-paper; a wash-stand littered with powder, bleach, soap, rouge, and perfume.

"Ain't this nice? Home for me, kiddo!"

Johnny sank luxuriously into a chair, while she unpinned her hat and ran her fingers through the thick loops of hair and smiled at him. She was as white as wax; blue veins threaded her wrists and temples. The look in her eyes was malicious, mocking, sad. It went to Johnny's heart, inflicting bitter pleasure.

"I gotta phonygraph. I'll spin you a jazz."

She wound the machine, and the disk spun a web of music that made her sway from her hips.

Suddenly she sighed. "Gee, I'm tired!"

She came close to Johnny and put her hand under his chin.

"You're a funny guy. But I like you. Honest!"

He smiled, closing his eyes. Again he sought to remember—

It seemed to him that the room slipped into an unrecognizable difference. He sensed the coolness of tiled floors, a tinkle of water in a shallow basin, a warm odor of spiced leaves. A light fell across his consciousness, poignantly. Sara's hand recalled an old seduction. He turned his head, suffering a memory bequeathed to him, and kissed Sara's hand.

JOHNNY'S great-grandfather had sought a woman when, like Johnny, he was young and proud. This woman was a courtezan, famous in Madrid and Seville, grown stale, glad, at last, to give herself to a Jew.

See for yourself.

She is small, broad, with short feet and round hips; her skirt is full, ruffled at the bottom; her skin is white, her eyes dull, her brows heavy. She sits on a balcony, waving a fan. You can hear the *tap-tap-tap* of her foot on the tiles. And her eyes slant down at the street.

A young man walks away swiftly, like a flung spear. He is a lover of her more glamourous days returned to her magic. His ardor justifies her vanity and restores her priceless gaiety. She is desired by other than a Jew.

Behind her, Johnny Karnowski's great-grandfather is waiting in the shadow of the *sala*. He has seen the parting; he has heard her laughter.

Tap-tap-tap—her slipper on the tiles.

To the Jew, mute and motionless, the sound is like the driving of sharp spikes into his heart.

Tap-tap-tap.

He speaks her name: "Ysabel."

Her head turns sharply, and he sees the startled flash of her round eyes. Her smile twists into a welcome. The sky behind her is a deep, flat blue.

She comes in, and he seizes her with a sort of blind and despairing greed. Interminably he holds her until she pushes him away.

Now he is sure.

He loves her, but his intention comes into his eyes. Afterward there will be lean years of wandering and ugly longing for this woman.

"Jew!" she says sharply, beginning to tremble.

Then, frightened, she puts her hand against his lips.

He kisses it, and with a groan seizes her throat, pushing her down, backward, until her head touches the floor—until, beyond a doubt, she is dead.

SPLASHING across Grand Street, Johnny Karnowski remembered.

"Funny, I felt—gese—shivery. Like I'd kissed her hand before—somewhere—"

Is there an imperturbable, undeviating law? Johnny was a good boy; but there were times when he was not himself, when strange thoughts obsessed him.

There were times when life seemed oppressive, the obstacles gigantic, himself small and helpless. The city—New York. Great buildings rising up, and deep, cold streets where people hurried, faces down, shoulders hunched, unseeing, unrecognizable. Nothing warming to his heart. In Russia, before the red horror, there had been candle-light and fire-light, people who huddled together and lived and died. But here he was alone. In Russia the snow was vast and white. Wheels sang and screeched in it, sledge-rails hummed like violin strings. In New York the gray sky shed wet feathers and the gutters streamed. No; he was alone.

He sweated and strained at his job, stumbling beneath tall heaps of crockery through a baize door that swung into the heat and stench of the kitchen, out again to the dazzling clatter of the restaurant.

"Say, young fella, ham 'n' eggs—and beat it."

He thought of dishes his mother had cooked for him. *Blinee*—pancakes, hot and sweet. *Borsch*—that fragrant soup made of beets. *Kascha.* Here? Pork and beans. Steak with onions. Mince-pie. Pig's food! He choked on the strange diet, eager to put America into his stomach and into his soul.

SLOWLY at first, like the miracle of the coming spring, he began to thrust aside oppression and restraint. Jascha suffered a change and became Johnny. He chewed gum; he shaved his neck and plastered down his thick black hair; he twisted his jaw into the idiom of Grand Street. The day came when he bought a straw hat.

The day came when he took Sara Olsen to Coney. A summer day—Sat'day, in the afternoon. Dust and noise in the street, and a reek of push-carts along the littered curbs. Then a steamboat dropping down a white wake toward Bagdad made of papier-mâché. Coney.

Sara nestled against him. They wandered through a maze of streets while twilight gathered mystery and a prismatic confusion of electric bulbs drove back the stars. Bursts of music tickled their ears. Strange odors tickled their noses.

"Gee, it's grand!" Sara said.

"Ain't it just?"

"You've said it. It's easy to be happy if you know how."

"I ain't learned yet."

Suddenly he drew her aside into the shadow of a gilded tent.

"Love me, Sara," he said.

She leaned away from him. "*Lemme go.*"

Abject, he followed her again into the stream of jostling, shuffling humanity. And his heart was like ice, squeezed cold, squeezed lifeless. Everywhere the same. Your heart urging you up, the hand of life pushing you down. She had taken his strength. He loved her—he hated her.

They went into a dance-hall and circled a waxed floor to the tune of "Ain't We Got Fun." This creeping and sliding was strange to him. He wanted to kick wide and free, to swing her by the waist, to shout, to caper, to bring his heels down flat on the earth.

She laughed at him.

"I *ain't learned*," he insisted.

"I'll say you ain't, kiddo."

They went to the board-walk, and Johnny led her down into the cool sand. The hum of voices receded, and now they could hear a more intricate pattern of little melodies—the bubble and hiss of foam, the rhythmic down-curling of the waves.

Sara ran her fingers through the loops of taffy-colored hair over her ears. Her prettiness, cheap and tawdry, was transformed for him.

"What you want, Sara?"

Something fierce and elemental seemed to penetrate her languor. "I wantta live. The sky's the limit. See them stars? I could grab 'em down."

"It ain't stars you want?"

"No, you boob. Life, and plenty of it, before I'm too old to care." She stretched up her arms with a syncopated wriggle of her thin body. "Money, you boob."

"I'll get it."

"You?"

She laughed and slipped her arm through his. "What you know about life, anyway? It's fierce. It's hard. *Hard.* I'm only waiting for my chance."

"You wouldn't be bad, Sara?"

"Bad? You poor kid." She leaned against him. "You poor kid!"

They sat on the rim of the surf away from the crowd, while behind them the minarets and towers of the city glowed like molten peaks.

"Ain't you got love in you?" he pleaded.

Her eyes slanted sideways at him. She was tender. "Is that it, Johnny? Sure I have."

So easily could Sara offer her lips!

Kissing them, Johnny Karnowski was assailed by another memory, an image, faint, sickening, atrocious, like a dream carried from sleep into waking.

KARNOWSKI'S grandfather had been blind. The shadow of an old vengeance had driven him out of Spain to Italy, to Sicily, to Greece, to Smyrna. He had inherited an incalculable misfortune—the memory of a betrayal. But in Smyrna he had married.

There was strange beauty in loving an invisible presence. There was danger in it.

Johnny Karnowski's grandfather worked in the fields. By and by a son played on the threshold of his house. His young wife, going back and forth from the house to the well or sitting at work just within the door, sang light songs in a pretty voice. The odor of the earth was warm and sweet. To the nomad it was as good as the soil of home.

One day a new presence came: no voice, no sound, but some one there spying on the Jew's paradise.

Johnny Karnowski's grandfather straightened and stood astride a planted row, listening, his heart quiet. Some one had come and was watching. His wife's song dwindled away, threaded out, ceased as if her heart, too, had stopped—like a bird, like a little frightened bird when it sees a hawk.

Johnny Karnowski's grandfather called to her: "Who is there?"

"No one," she said sweetly. "No one."

After that the Jew was restless and afraid. Day and night he listened for those evidences that are known only to the blind.

"Who is there?"

"No one, foolish man; I am alone."

Once she ran away from him along the path, and he heard her breath sobbing in her throat. She seemed to give warning. But he was not sure. How *could* he be sure, remembering her promises and caresses? His soul seemed to live apart from him, eager, acute, jealous, fearful. Always the presence kept beyond reach.

"*Who is there?*"

"No one! Foolish man. Are you mad?"

Perhaps. He bent over the steaming earth, patiently planting seeds that would grow out of the darkness into light.

One day he stretched himself beneath a tree, seeking rest from this misery. And for the first time he saw clearly with the eyes of his soul. A man drifted slyly to the very threshold of the Jew's house; there he stooped and lifted the Jew's little son, and laughed silently, and reached through the doorway for a hand, and pulled the mother out and leaned down to her. The blind man saw his wife's face, dark and mocking, where he had dreamed of a pale patience.

He buried his head in his arms.

"I do not want to know."

But he knew, beyond question.

When the sun was low, he rose, shaking the moist earth from him, and went straight to where she sat, dark and mocking.

"Who is here?" he asked patiently.

"No one."

"Who has been here?"

"No one! Fool! *Jew!*"

JOHNNY KARNOWSKI shivered.

"What's the matter?"

"I dunno. Funny—"

"I ain't rat poison."

"It was like I'd kissed you before."

"You ain't—*never*," Sara said fiercely.

Johnny was humble.

"Sure. I know. Only it was funny—"

Still shaken by the memory of his hands around her throat, thrusting her head back and down, back and down—killing her.

HIS overcoat was warm and snug. He turned the collar up and thrust his hands deep into the pockets. He felt certain that people were staring at him, admiring his elegance, enjoying his good fortune. He sighed out of the fullness of his content.

"'Lo, Johnny."

"'Lo, Mike."

He paused, self-conscious.

"Got a new coat."

"Yeh."

Michael Lipkoff fingered the sleeve, feeling the stuff between a cold thumb and forefinger.

"How much?"

"Fifteen."

"Where you goin'?"

"Sara Olsen's."

A look of contempt and mirth passed across the envy in Michael Lipkoff's eyes. He seemed to hug a vast amusement, as if he knew a thing or two about Sara Olsen. Well, who didn't? She was common talk along the crowded, littered curbs, that pale, discontented nymph. But to Johnny she had made promises. She was his. A door had been closed on her past; she had given him her dubious, cloudy future.

He went on, stepping around Michael Lipkoff's smirk. Anyway, Mike was jealous: he smirked because what Johnny had he could never have.

But he left a barb in Johnny's heart.

Now the rain drove harder, powdering the new overcoat with little glistening sequins, so that Johnny went spangled toward his love.

He would buy her a box of candy.

HE went into Mrs. Ahrens' soda and candy store, shaking the rain-drops off.

Mrs. Ahrens' glance was shrewd and appraising. Her manner, undergoing an almost invisible transformation, shaded from astonishment into affability.

"Good evening. A new coat I see you have."

"Yeh."

Johnny expanded his chest.

"Very nice. If I don't ask too impolite—how much?"

"Fifteen."

"*Tch, tch.*"

Suddenly her head turned on her fat shoulders.

"Baby! Come here to see Mr. Karnowski's new coat."

She smiled. "I want that my daughter should see it. She likes good things. Baby, see Mr. Karnowski. You know my little girl? Shake hands."

Johnny found himself clasping a hot, fat little hand. Miss Ahrens was dark and pretty, sugary, like Mrs. Ahrens' confections. Her soft eyes traveled over the new coat and rested tranquilly on Johnny's face. She seemed to have no emotions. She was cool and fresh—a child; eighteen, maybe. She giggled and blushed.

"My hand's all sticky, Mr. Karnowski. I'm packing chocolates."

"She helps her mother. Such a good girl! They don't make them so good these days, Mr. Karnowski. Always ready to help in the store. Other girls running on the street, spending money. Not my Baby."

"Now, mama!"

"That's right. I'm proud of my Baby, Mr. Karnowski."

"Mama's foolish." Miss Ahrens gave Johnny an upward glance that made them conspirators in a little joke at mama's expense.

"A pound of chocolates," Johnny explained, wriggling his shoulders.

"Baby, pack up a nice box for Mr. Karnowski."

He followed her to the rear of the store, where, on a white counter, heaps of fat chocolates awaited those nimble, soft fingers.

"Creams? Or nuts?"

"Mixed."

"Oh, Mr. Karnowski, you've got a girl!"

"Sure I have."

He tempered this with a look that left her in doubt. She giggled and blushed—a miracle of a blush that stained her cheeks as Sara Olsen's rouge could not have stained them; blood that ran from her heart, flooding the delicate skin. The display amazed and fascinated Johnny. He leaned over the counter.

"Lemme help you."

Her fingers flew, twisting tinfoil wrappers, fitting each decorated sweet into a hand-painted box. This was a new sensation for Johnny, not deep and pervading and terrible, like his feeling for Sara Olsen, but—different: wiser and older; sad; well—tender. You couldn't hurt Sara Olsen, but you could hurt Mrs. Ahrens' Baby. Like a little fat butterfly, fluttering—

"One pound. Mama, here's Mr. Karnowski's package!"

Johnny went back to Mrs. Ahrens' post behind the cash-register.

"Sixty cents. Ain't my Baby a sweet girl?"

"You've said it, Mrs. Ahrens."

"A good cook, too. Cooks for her father, dishes that make his mouth water. *Schee.* You like it?"

"Sure I do. You betcha."

Mrs. Ahrens' voice dropped to a husky contralto; she slipped into vehement Yiddish: "Why do you make a fool of yourself, Jascha Karnowski? Every one knows you throw your life away on that wicked woman! Every one laughs. You, a decent young man, with already a good position and, some day soon, money in the bank. Wasting your time running after a woman of the streets. When there's girls like my Baby. Eh? And Mr. Ahrens and I growing old. Wouldn't a nice young man be glad to have a wife like my Baby and an interest in the business some day? You think of what I say."

She gave into his palm the tinkling remnants of the dollar in tips. There was about her a fierce and avenging, a merciless, a triumphant maternity.

"I can't help my heart," Johnny stammered.

He went out again, slamming the door.

"*I can't help my heart.*"

He loved Sara Olsen. Loved her languor, her pallor, her contempt, her badness. She ate into his heart as acid corrodes a bright metal, inflicting pain and an atrocious pleasure.

She had promised him: "Never again, Johnny. Honest to God! You're the only real one. Mebbe you think life's easy for a girl. I ain't never had it soft, like some."

He remembered his jealousy. The door was closed, but behind it there were shapes—voiceless, featureless, nameless to him, but alive in Sara Olsen's memory.

She was his.

He was a good boy, a gentle boy. Only his heart was violent and ungovernable. He wouldn't have hurt a fly. The forces of life were driving him, from curb to curb, to do what he did.

Suddenly he wanted to see her, to hold her thin body. There was need to hurry. Suppose she had lied to him? The doubt caught his breath in his throat. He shivered within the elegant newness of his overcoat. He would have to kill her. Why? To kill her. But why?

Again a memory—sharp-edged, defined. A reality in wind-swept Grand Street. Believe it or not, he saw his father, son of the blind Jew of Smyrna, with his hands locked around a woman's throat, pushing her head down and back.

Miss Ahrens was dark and pretty; her soft eyes rested on Johnny's face; she blushed

It is a small town in eastern Siberia. A night white and cold. Johnny and his mother asleep in their beds, warm, locked together. And Johnny's father creeping out on his errand—to kill a Christian woman for telling him a lie. Johnny's father creeping back again, to shiver and to weep while, upstairs, they sleep—warm, alive, locked together, mother and son.

Then the horror. Voices, away, like a tide coming

up a river. Red lights flaring, staining the snow. People sitting straight up in their beds to listen with cracking hearts and cold lips. The Jews! Death to the Jews! A long wail, and silence again. Johnny's mother leaping up with Johnny still clasped in her arms, running down with him into the kitchen, where Karnowski crouches, his finger-tips together like a man at prayer. Not knowing! Not guessing! And the voices coming nearer. Yapping. Dogs? Or men?

Terror. The open door. An icy whiteness stained with flame and blood. His mother running, running. Himself let fall, caught up again, dragged. His mother stumbling. Both of them lying in the snow, and a man laughing and saying: "*It was her husband who did it.*"

THE stairway of the tenement-house where Sara Olsen lived was dark. Johnny stood for a moment on the landing, shaking off the rain-drops, turning down the collar of his new overcoat, brushing his hat carefully with his sleeve.

Funny, remembering like that just then! He'd forget for months at a time.

He rapped on Sara Olsen's door.

She opened it, and a strong odor of *patchouli* assailed him, familiar and disarming. She was wearing the red kimono embroidered with pink chrysanthemums.

"'Lo, Johnny."

"Ain't expectin' me, Sara?"

She could be sullen. "No." Her eyes grew sharp, suspicious. "Whatcha got, a new coat?"

"Yeh."

She circled him. "How much?"

"Fifteen."

"Fifteen. And me in rags! Fifteen! Whatcha think I am, anyway?"

He tendered the hand-painted box: "Ahrens—Soda and Candy—Grand Street."

"Candy! Something for nothin'. Tha's it. Something for nothin'. Oh, my gosh! You boob, you make me laff."

And she laughed, hands on hips. He stared at her, struck by her dishevelment, as if he were seeing her for the first time. He became aware of a difference in the room. The phonograph had been pushed against the wall; the strip of linoleum that served for a rug had been rolled back. Dishes on the table. A difference in her.

"Who's bin here?"

"No one. Who're you, to ask? I'm sick of you askin' me things. I'm free, ain't I? I guess I got a right— No one's bin here."

She said things: "I promised you. Sure! Mebbe I'd keep it, mebbe I wouldn't. *You men.* Askin'; takin'; givin' nothin'! All of you! You make me sick. If you ain't satisfied, get out. I'll enjoy myself. There's others— Comin' here, askin' me questions—" Her voice trailed off. "Now don't you get fresh."

What was it he had to do?

"Quit lookin' at me like that!"

She tried, suddenly and violently, to get past him to the door. She seemed to wriggle out of his hands like an animal. Now he knew that he was going to kill her. He couldn't help himself. His father, his grandfather, his great-grandfather—they were within him. They were stronger than he.

"Johnny! Leave me go!"

He caught her and held her fast. His hands found her throat.

"Jew!"

A swift hatred of America poured through his confused consciousness.

DOWN and back—down and back—they staggered across the room, knocking the screen over, and fell together across the bed. Her hands clawed at him, sharp, tenacious, like the claws of a drowning cat. He drew himself up, away from them, and she caught at the lapels of his coat—his new coat.

Tearing his coat! He'd show her. His coat—his new coat. He'd kill her. Tearing his coat!

He heard himself sobbing. He was sorry for himself. They'd hang him. What good would his coat be then?

He heard a tinkle of coin. Dollar tips. A chance. Seven and seven—twenty-four— America—maybe—if he could stop. If he could get his fingers loose! Her throat was so soft. When her head touched the floor she would be dead. He remembered that. Some one had told him—

He was stronger!

He stood up—stared down at Sara Olsen. Her breast rose and fell. Her face was tangled in thick strands of bleached hair; but she breathed.

His coat!

He straightened himself, brushing the lapels. He felt weak. His knees kept doubling up as if he were drunk. What had he done? He no longer hated the woman on the bed. She lived, and that was enough.

He turned and ran out of the door, down the dark stairway, to the street.

"MRS. Ahrens?"

"Well, if it ain't Mr. Karnowski!"

"Can I sit for a time?"

"Baby! Bring Mr. Karnowski a chair. Sit down; take off your coat."

"No, I'll keep it on."

"It's an elegant coat."

"Yeh."

"Only in America you can get such coats."

"You've said it, Mrs. Ahrens."

"Here you can go ahead."

"Far."

"Far, Mr. Karnowski. Baby, bring another chair and sit down yourself."

"Mama, you ain't going to pack?"

"To-night I am."

"Ain't she a wonder, my mama, Mr. Karnowski? Only thinks of her Baby. I've got it soft—I'll say I have."

NEXT MONTH

THE WOMAN SPY OF BIARRITZ—A SECRET SERVICE STORY
By Major C. E. Russell

THE BIRTH OF LINCOLN
By Fred Lockley

GENERAL WOOD'S WORK IN CUBA AND THE PHILIPPINES
By Cecilia Farwell

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An airplane view of Wilson Dam, the largest of the three in process of construction at Muscle Shoals

Muscle Shoals

By Samuel Crowther

THE Tennessee River, held to be the sixth among American rivers, after considerable meandering among the Southern States takes a trip across northern Alabama. Nature arranged that part of the trip should be made in a hurry. The river drops one hundred and thirty-six feet in thirty-seven miles, and one hundred of these feet in seventeen miles. A century ago the river's disorderly conduct was severely frowned upon. The rushing waters interfered with navigation and cut off a fine, rich territory from easy access to the great Mississippi River highway. The State of Alabama tried to build a canal around these shoals. It failed. Then the Federal Government leisurely undertook the work, and the War Department spent three and one half million dollars in nineteen years in building another canal. It is said that the department compiled documents to a bulk greater than the earth excavated, but on this point my information is not wholly trustworthy. The point is that by the time the canal was finished it was so out of date as to be useless.

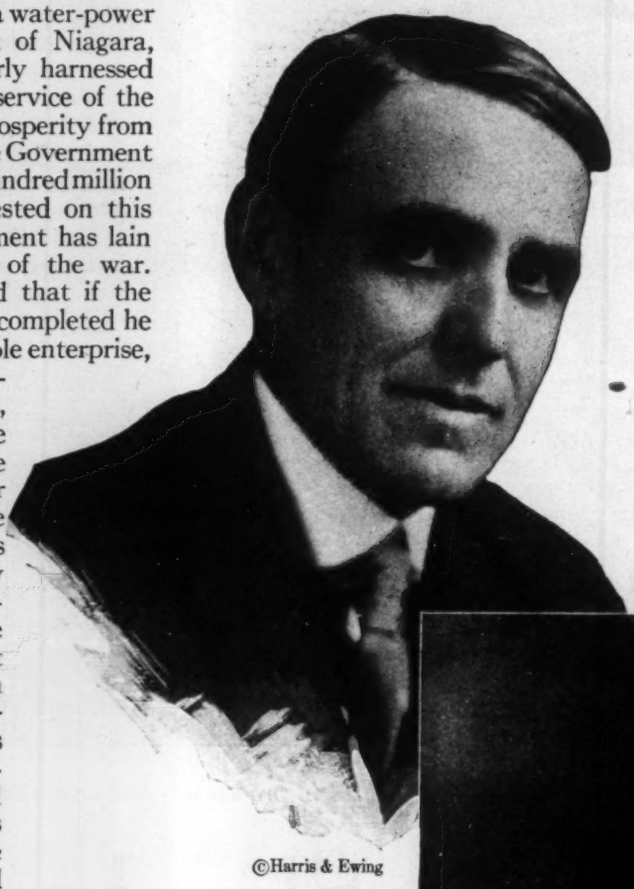
The shoals, starting as a small nuisance, became a big nuisance. An appropriation for Muscle Shoals was packed into every pork-barrel ever rolled into Congress by the perennially hopeful Southern Democracy. The appropriation usually came out very shriveled and stringy. Muscle Shoals got to be a joke. Now Muscle Shoals is more of a nuisance than ever it was, but it is no longer a joke. This river is changing the political countenance of the South and of the Middle West. It may break up a national administration, and it may elect a President. It is stirring activity in Chile and in Wall Street.

For a great many things have happened in and about Muscle Shoals since a century ago, when that group of irate Alabamians tried to build a canal around it. Not the Northern Pacific corner, the Stutz corner—no Stock Exchange corner—has ever produced such fiercely fluctuating values as has this river rushing on its way to the Gulf. No river has ever nurtured so many bulls and bears. Its waters can overnight turn a bull into a bear or a bear into a bull. It can do anything. It can make a man say that two plus two equals seven one minute and three the next. It can stimulate or it can paralyze. Let a chemist quaff of it, and he will either start roaring about the wonders of chemistry or he will despondently ejaculate that we are not so far ahead in the science of the composition of things as we thought we were. Engineers and Government officials also find Tennessee water dangerous. They can never tell whether it is going to make them enthusiastic or melancholy.

Ever since Henry Ford stirred those waters, they have been acting oddly on people!

Water-Power Second to Niagara

THE reason for the new significance acquired by Muscle Shoals is that it has just been realized by the farmers generally, and by the farmers of the South in particular, that here in the heart of the South is a water-power second only to that of Niagara, and which, if properly harnessed and devoted to the service of the country, can bring prosperity from many directions. The Government has more than one hundred million dollars already invested on this river. That investment has lain idle since the close of the war. Henry Ford has said that if the Government work is completed he can take over the whole enterprise, manage it as he manages his own interests, and devote it to the service of the whole people. It is this offer that has caused all the trouble. He has opponents who say that his offer is an improper one—that he will be getting a great deal more value than he offers to pay for—that the United States and the people are going to get the short end of the bargain. It is freely charged by the proponents of the Ford offer—although not by Mr. Ford, who has kept himself entirely in the background—that the opposition to him comes, not from any desire to see the interests of the Government safeguarded or to promote a new and larger offer, for the only alternative of leasing to Mr. Ford is management by the Government itself.



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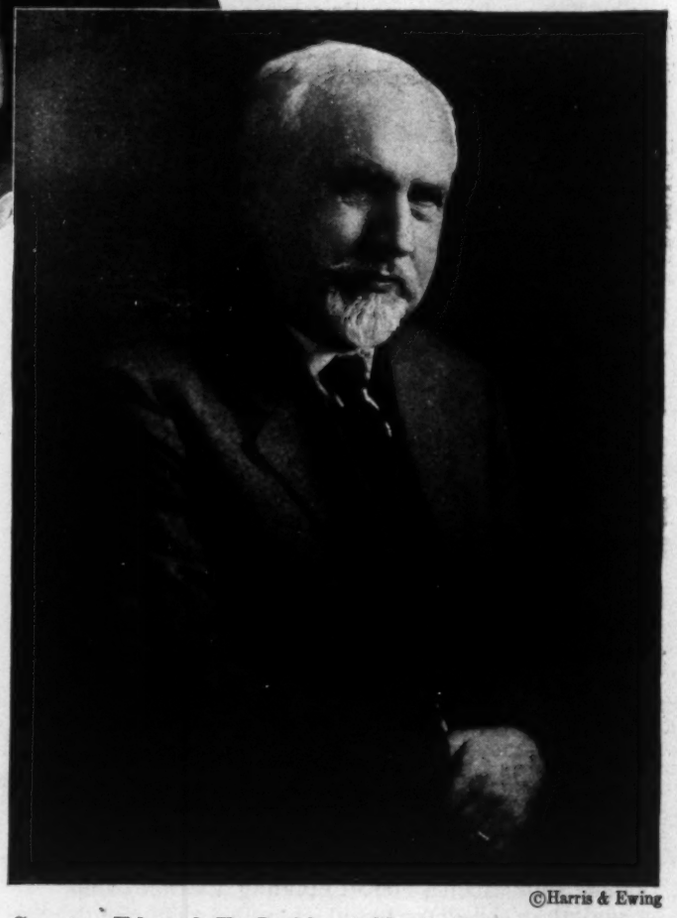
Senator Arthur Capper, leader of the Farm Bloc, which advocates the Ford plan

It is an extraordinary fact that those who most actively oppose the Ford offer are also, without exception, opponents of the Government owning and managing anything that has to do with business. It is charged that the opposition comes from a desire to preserve intact certain monopolies that are taking more money from the people than they should, and that therefore the opposition is not only against the Ford offer but also against the best interests of the people of the country. Those who are behind the opposition are mostly Republicans, some of them rather high in the councils of the party, and some of them have been liberal contributors to the Republican campaign fund.

At the time of writing, the whole Muscle Shoals project is still unsettled. Both the Senate and the House committees have reported against Mr. Ford's offer in its present form, by very small majorities. But this simply means a transfer of the fight to the open floor. Both sides claim to have the majority vote. But if the Ford offer is voted down, that leaves only Government operation as a means of utilizing the development. And the opposition to Government ownership is quite as strong as to the Ford proposal—and comes in part from the same sources. Careful observers believe that, caught between the two horns of this dilemma, Congress will finally be forced to accept the Ford proposal, since the project apparently has the support of the public, and the public now has some active and powerful leaders.

There is not a great deal of confidence among the proponents of the offer, but it is also their opinion—and it finds support among many of the best informed men in politics—that if the Ford tender is refused, Henry Ford will be the next President of the United States. It is said that not a few highly placed members of the administration are in such positions as not to be able to refute the innuendo that they have opposed his offer from motives of personal gain.

What is it all about? Why should the development of Muscle Shoals so stir the South? What difference does it make to the farmers? And why should the country in general be so interested?



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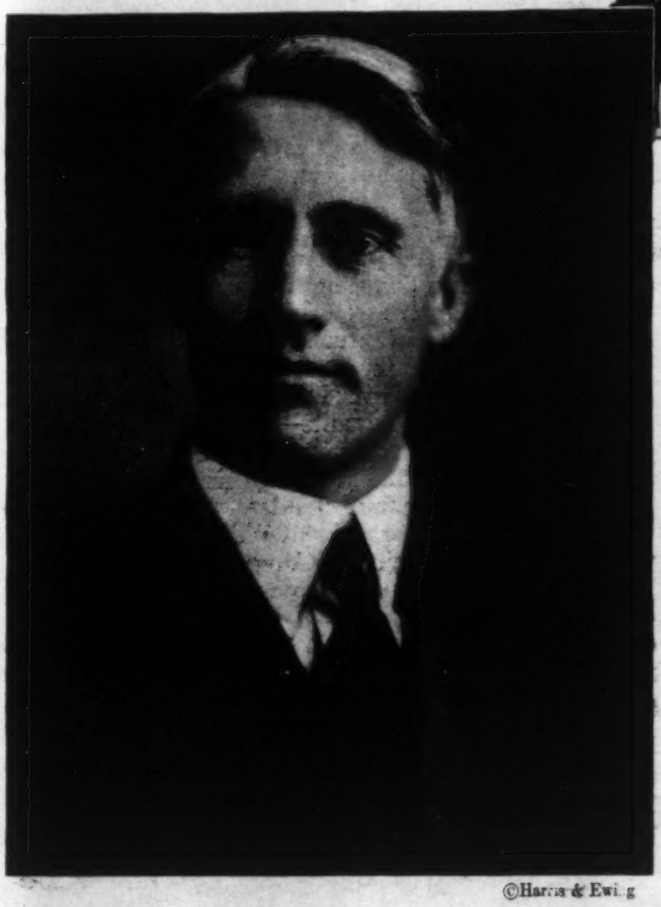
Senator Edward T. Ladd, of North Dakota, one of the members of the Senate Agricultural Committee, who voted in the minority for the plan

The United States needs horse-power. Hitherto we have depended upon coal fed into boilers to furnish the bulk of the power used by industry. It is true that there has been considerable hydro-electric development, but in its entirety it is trivial as compared with the power derived from coal by way of steam. Now the engineers say that the country is

suffering from a lack of cheap power. Coal is expensive everywhere; many parts of the country can not develop because it costs too much to transport coal. And, unless the coal is fed into boilers at the mine-head and distributed from a great central station, as is contemplated in the super-power scheme, it is at the best an expensive source of power.

Only a comparatively limited area within a few hundred miles of the coal deposits can possibly be served by any power-at-the-mine plan. Muscle Shoals is in the center of a country that needs power and that awaits development. It is a wonderfully rich country. Near by in Kentucky are great deposits of fluorspar, which is used in making glass, in aluminum extraction, and in steels. Iron and copper are hard by the Shoals, as is also phosphate rock. In Arkansas are big deposits of bauxite, from which aluminum may be recovered—most easily by electricity. Magnesium, pyrites, lead, zinc, and many other minerals are in the region, and may be made commercially available through cheap electric power. If power is freely available at Muscle Shoals, it may become one of the great raw-material centers of the world. And that is why one section of the South is vitally interested in seeing the power of Muscle Shoals made available.



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J. R. Howard, President of the American Farm Bureau Federation: a supporter of the Ford development of Muscle Shoals

Given a sufficient supply of cheap electricity, it is now possible commercially to recover the nitrogen from out of the air. Nitrates are necessary in farming; they form a part of most commercial fertilizers. But now virtually all of our nitrate is imported from the vast Chilean beds—we have bought altogether nearly a billion dollars' worth. The arid deserts of the Atacama region of Chile, oddly enough, to-day support the fertility of the world. Those deposits have been the subject of at least one South American war. They are the largest of the Chilean assets. It used to be that nations fought for them, but to-day they are being bought up or controlled by the great bankers. A syndicate was about to take over the whole Chilean output just as the Great War came on. Another syndicate of English and American bankers is now working on a scheme to control the distribution of the whole production, and incidentally to "stabilize" the price. The American farmers say that they already pay from forty to sixty per cent too much for their fertilizers—that food prices are high and farm profits are low because so much of the farm revenue must go into unduly high-priced fertilizers. The farmers look to Muscle Shoals as a source of cheap nitrates.

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Gray Silver, Legislative Representative of the American Farm Bureau Federation

The cotton industry is gradually going South to be near the cotton-fields and also to avoid the high labor costs of the North. The buying power of a dollar is higher in the South than it is in New England, and consequently lower dollar wages can be paid without lowering the standard of the worker's living. It is not altogether clear that this wage differential will long continue or that it is fundamentally sound—but that is another question. It is certain, however, that, other things being equal, a cotton-mill with cheap power will undersell a mill that must depend on expensive power. If Muscle Shoals can supply cheap power, it will undoubtedly be the center of the cotton-spinning industry—at least, for the coarser fabrics.

Improvements Along the Tennessee

ALL of this sounds like a dream. So far it is. Many another community with water-power at hand has dreamed a like dream. Were a wealthy man to make it known that he had great funds for investment in water-power projects, his mail would come in dray-loads and the police reserves would have to be called. But investors do not advertise for water-power opportunities. Too many of them have gone into such schemes and been left high and dry in a very literal way. For most rivers are capricious—they turn up with vast quantities of water in the spring and with none at all in the summer. I recall one expensive plan perched on a dam out in the center of a river; it could

use a lot of water, but it hardly ever gets any. Most of the time it generates power through auxiliary steam engines at a considerably higher expense than if the promoters had not bothered to build a dam and buy water-turbines.

The dream about what might be done with the Tennessee River began long ago, while the War Department was fussing along with the building of the canal. The Tennessee River Improvement Association came into being with rather definite ideas that a canal around the Shoals was quite secondary to a series of dams that would catch the rushing waters and permit them to be conducted through turbines which in turn would generate electricity. Congress authorized a survey, and it was begun about 1911.

In the meantime the Improvement Association was hunting for capital; for, although it hoped for some action by the Government, it knew that probably none of its members would live to see the day when the United States would go into the business of developing water-power. John W. Worthington was perhaps the most active of all the promoters; he tried for American capital, and failed. Then he tried abroad, and he had something more than hopes when the war came in 1914, and the English capital that had been stirring turned to home needs. That seemed to settle Muscle Shoals—it again began an uninterrupted dream.

Where Did It Get Its Name?

AND then we entered the war. There had been a lot of talk about how the Germans were succeeding with their fixation-of-nitrogen processes. We happened to realize that we would have no nitrates for our explosives if the way to Chile were cut off. The Muscle Shoalers are nothing if not resourceful. They hied themselves to Washington to show that the one place in this country where nitrates might be had out of the air was Muscle Shoals: it had all the power right in the river, and it was so far inland that no enemy could possibly reach it. Then, for the first time, the country at large heard of Muscle Shoals as something more than an item that annually turned up in the Rivers and Harbors Appropriation and was annually cut out or pared down.

It seems fitting to say right here that no one seems to know just how "Muscle" got into the name. Some say that it started out as "mussel," and got misspelled on the first map, and stayed misspelled; while others, of a more romantic turn, insist that the Indians had a name of their own which signified that it took a deal of strength to push a canoe up that part of the river, and that our "muscle" is a rough-and-ready translation of the Indian.

The country is rich in history. About three miles from the present site of Florence, Alabama, there lived Colonel John Coffey. He was a pioneer planter and friend of Andrew Jackson. When Jackson was engaging the British forces at New Orleans in 1815, Colonel Coffey heard that the little army of woodsmen was in danger of annihilation. He quickly gathered a force of irregulars and marched to its relief. Coffey has much of the credit for Jackson's victory. After the battle, General Jackson marched northward through Louisiana, Mississippi, and Alabama. Congress, happy over the success, granted Jackson's request for a ten-thousand-dollar appropriation for a highway from New Orleans to Nashville.

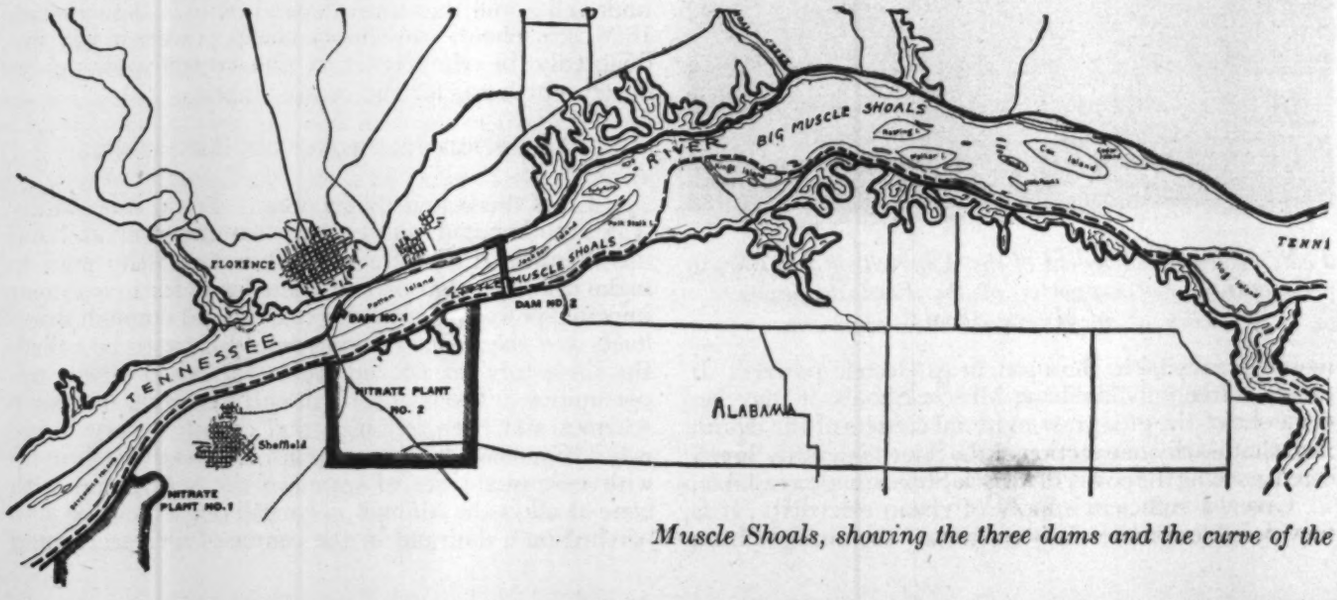
Jackson's march determined that highway, and a portion of it is now the main street of Florence. Jackson was struck with the beauty and natural resources of the territory. He determined to become a land-owner. The result of this determination is told in the dusty deeds in the Florence court-house. Grants from the United States to the Cypress Land Company cover much of the territory now involved in the Muscle Shoals project.

Among the Cypress Land Company share-holders were Andrew Jackson and James Madison. Madison had been President before the date of the deeds. Jackson was President later. The documents indicate that the United States received fifty dollars an acre for the property sold to the land company.

But the intent delegation that landed in Washington was not laden with tomes of history. They had facts to show that Muscle Shoals was the place for the Government nitrate plant. The position was negligible. The need of nitrates was clear. The location, back a safe distance from the sea, was ideal, and though the speed with which a dam might be constructed did not appear great, still it was obviously the part of wisdom to prepare for the eventuality of a long war. The farmers made their entry at this time, and pointed out that after the war was over here would be a great plant fitted for peace-time pursuits—the production of fertilizer.

They have never ceased urging this means of utilization. The construction of the dam was made possible by an order signed by President Wilson under the war-time powers granted him by Congress.

The Government poured money into the development—and the work was not finished when the war ended. The construction can be carried to completion



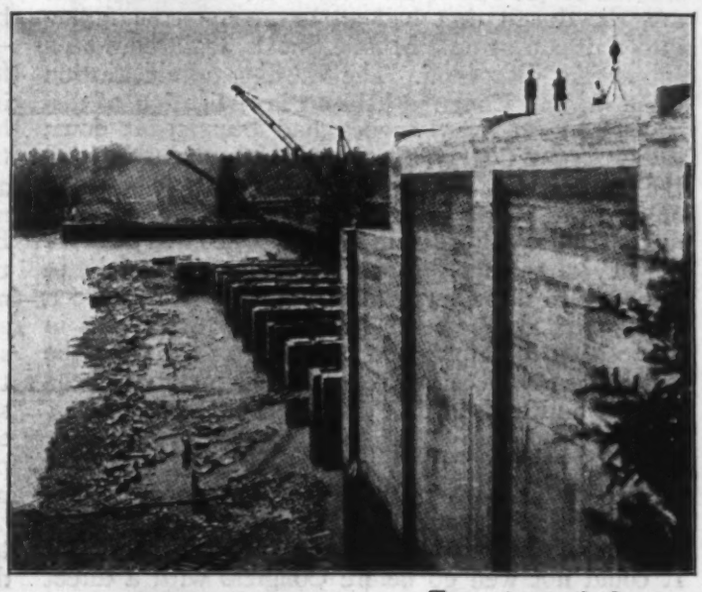
Muscle Shoals, showing the three dams and the curve of the

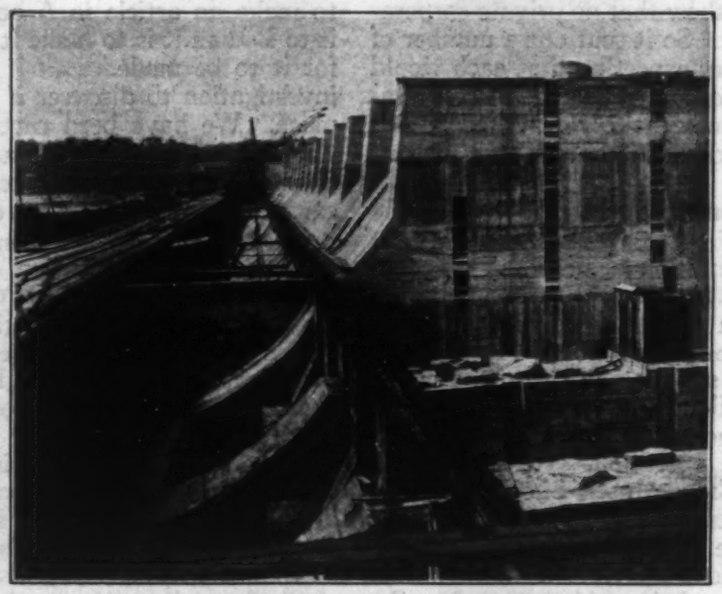
for between thirty-five and forty million dollars: the estimates vary.

The entire improvement comprehends the construction of three dams. One large dam, the Wilson Dam, is at the foot of Muscle Shoals. This is about one third done. Seventeen miles above it is to be another large dam. Work on it has not yet begun. Below the Wilson Dam is to be a third dam, a small one, principally in the interests of navigation. Then there is a nitrate plant, a supplementary steam plant generating eighty thousand horse-power, and, some eighty miles away, another supplementary steam plant known as the Gorgas-Warrior plant, with forty thousand horse-power. The second power plant is near a coal-mine. The first steam-power plant is eighty miles away from coal. These steam plants are designed to maintain a fairly constant flow of electrical power, regardless of the fluctuation in the flow of the stream. When the river is up, no steam will be needed; when the river is down, the steam will start up.

An Idea of Its Magnitude

IT is hard to give a clear idea of the magnitude of the work. We talked in such big figures during the war that a hundred millions put into Alabama meant nothing. But the work already done and in contemplation is simply stupendous. For instance, the Wilson Dam, when completed, will be next in size to the Assuan Dam across the Nile River in Egypt—the largest dam in the world. There are higher dams and wider dams, but in length and in the amount of concrete poured the Wilson Dam will have no other peer. From its base to its top it is one hundred and ten feet in height, eighty feet of which are above the apron, or shield, at the base. The pool elevation of the dam is ninety-eight feet. The Wilson Dam is unquestionably the largest piece of masonry in the United States. When completed, more than one and one quarter miles in cubic yards of concrete will have been poured into its structure. Its length will be 4,152 feet, as against 4,600 feet, the length of the Assuan Dam, which has the same pool elevation. The Keokuk Dam has a height of fifty-three feet, against ninety-seven for the Wilson structure. The amount of concrete in the Wilson Dam would build a 234-foot sidewalk around the world.

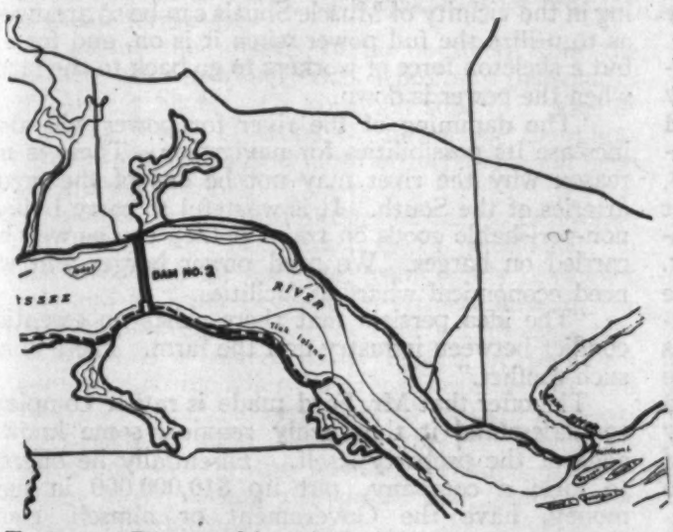




Two views of the construction taken just before work was halted

The amount of power that can be generated by a dam depends on the volume of water flowing, a condition which, on rivers that have their rise in the mountains, naturally depends on the season of the year. The water-power from the Wilson Dam has been variously estimated at from 100,000 to 600,000 horse-power. It should be taken in connection with the steam-power plant built in connection with the nitrate plants, which has a capacity of approximately 90,000 horse-power.

The Wilson Dam, however, is not completed. About $17,000,000 out of an expected cost of $50,000,000 was expended when the war work stopped. The nitrate plants were built for the obtaining of a constituent of high explosives in war-time. Their operation depends on the demand for a constituent of fertilizer for peace-time agricultural purposes. Of the two plants, No. 2, which cost in the neighborhood of $70,000,000, is the one to which the Government officials devoted most attention. It was built for the utilization of the cyanamide process of extracting nitrogen from the air, a process involving the use of coal, coke, and a carbide of nitrogen under electric



Tennessee River at this point

liquefying and hydrating processes, until ammonium nitrate is formed. The manufacture of ammonium nitrate at Plant No. 1 was to have been through a German process. This plant has not, however, passed the experimental stage.

The war ended. The work on Muscle Shoals went on for a time and then ceased. The Government wanted to get out of the war. The Alabama people saw the dream that had all but come true fading into a dream again. Muscle Shoals again became a subject for discussion. The Harding administration came in, and Congress held an investigation to discover why so much money had been spent down there. It did not discover much of anything beyond the fact that the money had been spent. The value of Muscle Shoals shot down; optimistic generals figured that eight or ten million might be had out of it by way of salvage. It did not seem quite right to Congress to throw away all the money that had been spent, but, on the other hand, the country was in no position to throw good money after bad, and the experts nearly all said that the project had never been feasible and had best be dismissed as a war folly.

How the Trouble Started

THE War Department had secret hopes of completing the work, for undoubtedly the country ought to have a nitrate reserve against another war. It could not well go before Congress with a direct proposal unless it could show that no private corporation would go on with it. So it sent out a number of letters to prominent men, expecting that each would refuse and the case before Congress would be strengthened. One of these letters went to Henry Ford. This was in June, 1921. And that is how all the present trouble started.

The War Department had thought of leisurely completing the operations and then maintaining them in a stand-by condition against the event of war. Ford knew very little about Muscle Shoals; but he heard that it had a potential horse-power of a million. That was enough for him. He took an engineer, went down to see the place, issued a statement that made the wildest dreams of the original promoters look little, and straightway made an offer to take over the whole operation. He started the whole country talking about Muscle Shoals. He said that the development of this power would employ a million men and make the South. When he heard that a Congressman doubted that a million men could possibly be employed, he said that perhaps he was wrong—probably two million would be nearer the figure. Said Mr. Ford:

"Muscle Shoals interests me as a great opportunity. It is situated in a country that is industrially undeveloped. The flow of water is uneven, and although the water-power is supplemented by steam-power, such an arrangement is essentially wasteful, and ways and means will have to be found to adapt the use of the power to its volume. One of the problems of water-power development is stream flow. If the flow of water is constant, then of course the power developed may be constant and the manufacturing problem at the other end of that power is quite simple. But if we are to have a nation-wide hydro-electrical development, we shall have to find ways of using irregular water-supplies, for in many parts of the country the streams are irregular. If Muscle Shoals were Niagara then we should have no problem.

"There is the industrial phase of Muscle Shoals, and there is the transportation phase. The industrial phase is the provision of cheap nitrate to intensify the fertility of the soil, and the opportunity to manufacture cotton into fabric with cheap power and a minimum of transportation. The fertility of the soil has to be conserved. There are too many people in this country—too many mouths to feed, too many bodies to clothe—to permit any soil to become exhausted. With mechanical transportation —that is, with the automobile—there is less animal fertilizer on the farm than there used to be. If farming is to be a profitable business, then the farmer will have to make a greater use of power. The fertilization will have to come from chemicals. The nitrates are a necessary part of chemical fertilizers. The nitrate fields of Chile are by no means inexhaustible. Even if they were inexhaustible, it is unthinkable that we should deliberately plan to haul a so vitally necessary soil constituent over thousands of miles of sea and land. The farmer is entitled to a cheap supply of nitrates. They can not be cheap unless they are used within a moderate radius of their source. Therefore, we must not only produce them at home, but we must produce them in a number of places throughout the United States, so that the element of transportation will be cut down to a minimum.

"In this whole subject of transportation we have to be guided by the cost sheet. If district A and district B are a thousand miles apart, and it is cheaper to make an article in A and pay transportation on it to B than it is to make it in B, then A is the place for it to be made. But it demands a good deal of investigation to discover if A be really the cheapest place. We have been carting raw materials to the Eastern manufacturing States and carting back the finished goods to the place where the raw material came from, largely because of the idea that industrial centers and what is known as a labor supply are essential to manufacturing.

"Some kinds of work are seasonal. Agriculture is seasonal. Some manufacturing is seasonal, although by no means to the degree that we now imagine. The farmer is idle through part of the year, and consequently has to live on his hump, so that his total profit for the year is less than it ought to be. The worker in an industrial center is idle through part of the year, and he, too, has to live on his hump, and has difficulty in doing it. The way to overcome this waste is to fit agriculture and industry together, so that the farmer may also be an industrialist and the industrialist may also be a farmer. Manufacturing in the vicinity of Muscle Shoals can be so arranged as to utilize the full power when it is on, and for all but a skeleton force of workers to go back to the farm when the power is down.

"The damming of the river for power will also increase its possibilities for navigation. There is no reason why the river may not be one of the great arteries of the South. It is wasteful to carry bulky, non-perishable goods on trains if they can as well be carried on barges. We need power barges and we need economical wharfing facilities.

"The idea persists that there exists an essential conflict between industry and the farm. There is no such conflict."

The offer that Mr. Ford made is rather complex; to understand it thoroughly requires some knowledge of the property itself. Essentially he offered to form a company, put up $10,000,000 in new money, have the Government or himself complete the dams, and then pay a rental through one

hundred years, at the end of which time the whole property would revert to the Government. Senator Capper describes the offer:

"With the nitrate plants at Muscle Shoals are three incomplete dams and a hydro-electric power plant. Ford offers to buy the nitrate plants outright for $5,000,000.

"For what the Government has invested in the plants Ford obligates himself to pay interest averaging more than one and one half million dollars a year, besides amortization payments of $46,547 a year, at 4 per cent, and totaling $48,000,000 at the end of the hundred-year lease. Payments by Ford in one hundred years, including interest, are to total $209,040,000. The Government is to complete the dams at a cost of $42,000,000 as estimated by Ford's engineers, or $53,000,000 according to War Department engineers. Or Ford will undertake the completion of the plant at actual cost of the work, and, when completed and ready for operation, will pay the Government, as annual rental of the property, an amount equal to 4 per cent of the total cost of this construction.

"Ford is to lease the power plants for one hundred years, and operate them chiefly in the manufacture of fertilizers, at a profit to himself not to exceed 8 per cent of the actual cost of production. Southern farmers believe Ford would save them at least $75,000,000 each year in the production of cotton alone with his cheap fertilizers.

The Detroit, Toledo, and Ironton Railroad would afford transportation of the cheap fertilizer Mr. Ford promises

"Besides the nitrate to be obtained from the air, there are exceedingly rich deposits of phosphates near Muscle Shoals. On corn-belt soils it is possible to double yields of crops by increasing the phosphorus in the soil. And more nitrogen is a soil need almost everywhere.

"In his contract Ford pledges himself to determine scientifically the best method of producing on a commerical scale fertilizer compounds of higher grade and at lower prices than farmers have in the past been able to obtain. The contract also provides that a board of seven, partly chosen by the farm organizations, including a representative of the Bureau of Markets to be appointed by the President, shall determine what has been the cost of manufacture and sale of the fertilizer products for the purpose of regulating the prices and limiting the profit of the company."

Mr. Ford also suggested on the side—it forms no part of his offer—that, instead of issuing bonds to raise the money to complete the dam, the Government issue currency secured by the operation and redeemable out of it. They would in effect be dollar bonds that did not bear interest.

How the Offer Was Received

FOR a moment it seemed that the offer would be accepted. Then propaganda against it began to appear. The Alabama Power Company claimed that its interest would be hurt and took much space in Southern newspapers to say so; the fertilizer people, not being gifted with humor, said that Ford could not make fertilizer and that he had not really promised to make it anyhow, and that the people were being imposed upon. The possibility of cheap aluminum was not entirely pleasing to several interests. The plan of issuing currency was met by loud cries of "fiat money"; and it was figured out by the statisticians that Ford by the terms of his offer was really asking for a Government subsidy. The opposition to the offer is said to have spent millions of dollars.

The minority report of the House Committee on Military Affairs accepted all of the statements of the opposition, and its report has gone out in millions of copies entitled "The Truth About Mr. Ford's Muscle Shoals Offer." The advocates of acceptance have been equally active. They have covered the country with pamphlets. Throughout the South and Middle West—through the Mississippi region—great mass meetings have been held, preachers through the sections have taken the offer almost as a text and preached on it. No single subject since slavery has so roused the South as this Muscle Shoals business. The few newspapers down there that have opposed the offer have found themselves exceedingly unpopular. The easiest way to start a fight south of the Mason and Dixon line is casually to remark: "Ford's offer is no good."

The only person who has not taken part in the propaganda is Mr. Ford. I know from personal investigation that he has not spent one cent in propaganda. He has intimated that he might have something to say when it is all over, but the most that he has said directly on his offer is this:

"It is squarely up to Congress. The Government, almost a year ago, invited us to bid for Muscle Shoals, having received no bid from many other interests

which it had approached. We made an offer, in good faith, for the entire project. We have twice clarified the wording of the offer, at the request of the Government, to leave no question as to the intent of our purpose. Every change asked by the committee—save one—has been incorporated. We do not intend to change the offer again—it's squarely up to Congress as it now stands.

"The committee asked us to exclude the Gorgas plant from our offer—this we could not do. Until we could complete Dams No. 2 and No. 3, which may require three or four years, the Gorgas plant is absolutely essential to the economical operation of the great nitrate plants, out of which we soon could be turning thousands of tons of cheap fertilizer. The Government recognized this fact in building the project. There are no coal-mines near the plants—coal has to be hauled. That makes a tremendous overhead charge. But at Gorgas, on the Warrior River, ninety-one miles from the nitrate plants, the Alabama Power Company had a small steam plant right at the mouth of a coal-mine. The Government built a large addition to this plant with the idea of getting enough power to turn great generators, which would develop electric current to be transmitted to the Shoals over high-tension cables. This was good business sense. The Gorgas plant is essential to our plans.

"Then there is another reason. When the dams are completed and the river is at full flow, we will develop about 850,000 horse-power. But, as summer comes on, the water lessens and power decreases. The power thus cut off at the dams has to be replaced by steam power. On Reservation No. 2 the Government built a 90,000 horse-power steam plant. When the water begins to recede, we can not start this great plant to supply only 1,000 horse-power. We need an alternative power supply that can be built up gradually as the water-power falls off and then cut down as the waters rise and the power at the dam returns. For this reason also the Gorgas plant is absolutely essential to our plans.

"But there is still a very powerful reason—one that touches the whole American people. The contract by which the Alabama Power Company permitted the Government to build a Government plant on the company's premises should be given the widest publicity. Of course, as a matter of business, they should not be expected to look out for themselves and the American Government too. Why should they? It was not their Government! The Alabama Power Company was financed by British capital. We do not believe this contract should stand. We do not believe that foreign capital should get the benefit of a contract disadvantageous to the American Government. That is the third reason why we are standing pat and insisting on having the Gorgas plant.

"Our offer was made in good faith for the whole project, and we insist that it be placed before Congress whole, just as we sent it, for Congress to decide. What is the sense of Congress asking us to bid, and then, when we do bid, not voting on it? I never have and never will ask a Congressman or Senator to vote for our offer. If they accept it, all right; we'll get down there mighty quick and start the thing going. If they reject our offer, well, that's all right too—but I'll say this last word. I'm for our offer or for Government operation. If the selfish interests which, behind the scenes, have been delaying and misrepresenting this proposition, will come out in the open and put up a better offer than mine—I'll fall in behind and coöperate with them. But if they think that, by blocking our offer, they can get over a less worthy private offer, I notify them now that the fight to date has been but a skirmish.

"Take the by-product coking interests which produce the ammonia used by the country. When agitation for development of Muscle Shoals began, they issued a pamphlet arguing against completion of the Wilson Dam to operate Nitrate Plant No. 2. We make ammonia sulphate at the River Rouge plant and, because of that, they asked us to sign that pamphlet along with twenty other companies. We wouldn't sign their pamphlet—it was shameful in its deception and misstatements. They said that, in disposing of Muscle Shoals, military preparedness is not an issue; then why did the Government ever build the plants? They said that water-power could not be developed at Muscle Shoals on an economical basis, that private capital would not undertake it. Well, the Ford Motor Company will—and gladly! They say there would be no market for power from Wilson Dam in the surrounding country. We never intended to sell power at far distant points; we'll use it all right there in the Muscle Shoals district. They said the present capacity of American ammonia plants is in excess of the demand. Yes—because the price they ask for it is prohibitive. The farmer can not use as much of the fertilizer of which ammonia is the basis because the price is too high. At that very time the coking interests were steering into the tariff bill an import duty of twelve dollars a ton on all ammonia sulphate brought from foreign plants. That act was a fraud against every American farmer. They said fertilizer can not be made at Muscle Shoals at less than present market prices. That's another fraud—we'll make it for a great deal less, because we'll cut out four profits, making a complete fertilizer and selling direct to the farmer."

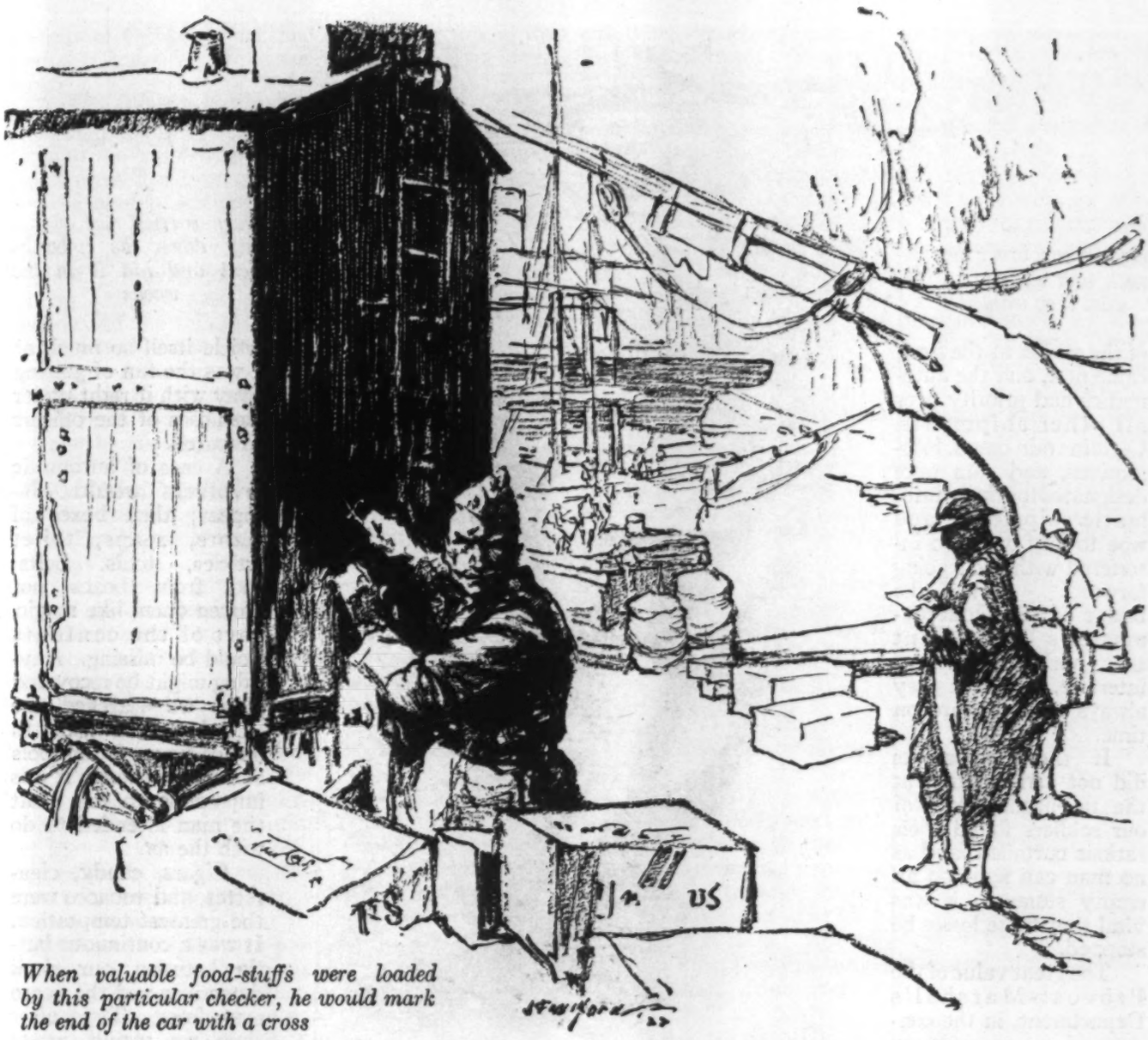
At the moment of writing, nothing is being done. The forces are facing each other. Senator Capper sums up the situation:

"I am for the Ford proposition unreservedly, because Henry Ford is the best man in the United States to handle the Muscle Shoals job. When I make a personal business deal for any man's services, I select the best man I can find, regardless of his political views. In the same way, I am for Ford and his proposition without reservations. Furthermore, Ford's proposition is the only private proposal having enough merit in it to entitle it to any consideration whatever. On this point even the committee was unanimous.

"It is plainly a case either of the development of this great project by Henry Ford or of its development and operation by the Government. I think the farmers prefer Ford to Weeks for this big job. They believe that Henry Ford, an intensely practical industrial genius, will come nearer to smashing the Fertilizer Trust than will Secretary Weeks, whose close affiliations with big business are a matter of common knowledge.

"After being here on the ground in Washington and seeing Government mismanagement of railroads and Shipping Board at close hand, I have no hesitancy in supporting the Ford proposition strongly."

Anything may happen. We may come to think of Muscle Shoals as one of the great engineering undertakings of the age, or we may remember it as the reason behind a great political upheaval. For if no electrical power comes out of the Shoals, political power most certainly will.



When valuable food-stuffs were loaded by this particular checker, he would mark the end of the car with a cross

The Train-Robbers

A Story of the American Secret Service in France during the World War

By Major C. E. Russell

Author of "The Underground Railroad," "The Algerian Murderers," "The Cocaine Smugglers," etc.

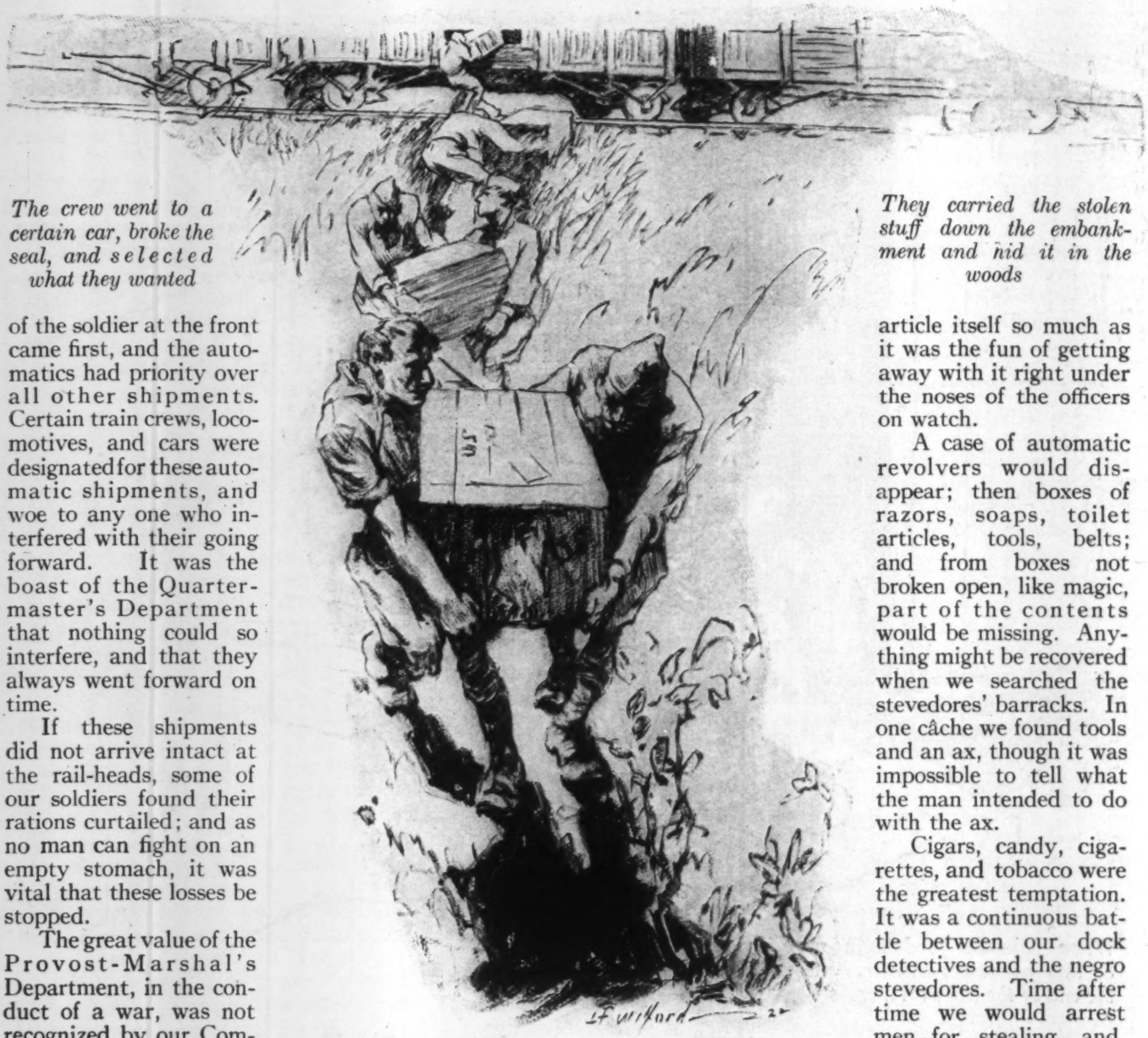
Illustrations by L. F. Wilford

"WELL, Major, Gievres reports still another shortage to-day when they unloaded the usual automatic shipment. Yesterday it was Is-sur-Tille. To-morrow I suppose it will be some other depot. If the checking on our records is correct, we are being systematically robbed. For the past month, supplies, including cigars, cigarettes, candy, and tobacco amounting to thousands of dollars' worth have disappeared. For want of proof to the contrary, we must accept the records of the men who check the cars when they are unloaded into the supply depots.

"Gievres reports to-day a shortage of ten bags of flour, five boxes of bacon, two boxes each of tobacco, cigars, cigarettes, and candy—all short from two P. I. M. R. R. cars. Colonel Marble swears that the supplies were loaded; while Colonel Bates, at Gievres, is equally as emphatic that they were not in the cars when they were unloaded. It is one of two things—either some one is lying about his check records, or there is an organized gang of thieves at work. It is your task to ferret out the truth and see that the guilty ones are punished."

This commission was the prize I drew at the morning conference in the General's office.

The automatic shipment was a product of American ingenuity. If there were a million men in the front areas, then a million rations of flour, hard-tack, bacon, beans, meats, vegetables, coffee, sugar, and canteen supplies must go forward each day. The welfare



The crew went to a certain car, broke the seal, and selected what they wanted

They carried the stolen stuff down the embankment and hid it in the woods

of the soldier at the front came first, and the automatics had priority over all other shipments. Certain train crews, locomotives, and cars were designated for these automatic shipments, and woe to any one who interfered with their going forward. It was the boast of the Quartermaster's Department that nothing could so interfere, and that they always went forward on time.

If these shipments did not arrive intact at the rail-heads, some of our soldiers found their rations curtailed; and as no man can fight on an empty stomach, it was vital that these losses be stopped.

The great value of the Provost-Marshal's Department, in the conduct of a war, was not recognized by our Commander-in-Chief until late in 1918. Then suddenly he awakened to the fact that, outside of the actual combat units, there wasn't a department in the army that required a higher degree of efficiency and bravery than did the Provost-Marshal's, and we finally received the recognition due for hard and dangerous work. But, this morning when we were set on the train-robbers, we were still struggling along as best we could, and every added case made our burden heavier. So now I was forced to protest.

"But, General," I said, "you must remember that my force is very small now. The recent order to send every available man to the front as replacements has sadly depleted our force. To-day I have only one hundred and forty-eight men for duty, and if I withdraw them from one place to put in another, it will be merely 'robbing Peter to pay Paul.' Of course, we will do the best we can; but, with our small force, please do not look for the impossible."

WE knew that petty thievery among the stevedores on the Bassens docks was prevalent. It did not seem to matter much what the article was. Many of these negroes, like a boy stuffing his pockets, delighted in taking anything that was not nailed down. In the majority of cases the attraction wasn't the article itself so much as it was the fun of getting away with it right under the noses of the officers on watch.

A case of automatic revolvers would disappear; then boxes of razors, soaps, toilet articles, tools, belts; and from boxes not broken open, like magic, part of the contents would be missing. Anything might be recovered when we searched the stevedores' barracks. In one câche we found tools and an ax, though it was impossible to tell what the man intended to do with the ax.

Cigars, candy, cigarettes, and tobacco were the greatest temptation. It was a continuous battle between our dock detectives and the negro stevedores. Time after time we would arrest men for stealing, and, although conviction meant the coal-pile, the stealing went merrily on. It was not only the negroes who stole by any means; we caught a white officer stealing cigars and selling them; but even the punishment meted out to him did not deter the petty thieves. This new loss, however, was an entirely different matter. Individual soldiers might take small articles, but now ten bags of flour were gone, to say nothing about other such bulk supplies, and such losses could mean only one thing—an organized raid.

THE German people were not the only ones who suffered from the lack of flour, sugar, fats, and tobacco. Even in France the need of these articles was acute; a person who could secure any of them was assured of a ready market, a market where high prices were the rule and no questions asked as to where their supplies came from; and no amount of questioning would bring the purchasers to divulge where they got such things.

The checking system first demanded our attention. Honest mistakes before now had sent us off on a "wild-goose chase," and before we started out to look for thieves, we wanted to be sure that the thieves really existed.

If it was just a difference of opinion between

two sets of checkers, each jealous of its accuracy, we wanted to know it. We could not capture imaginary thieves.

It was a difficult task, this checking up the checkers. It meant putting some of our men on the docks and others at the supply depots; and there they were when a substantial loss from one of the cars during the time we were double-checking showed that we were not on a wild-goose chase this time; a real band of crooks was at work.

Having proved to our own satisfaction that the stealing actually was going on somewhere between Bassens and the rail-heads, our next move was to ascertain whether the losses were occurring on trains manned by Americans or by French. A week's record of all cars in the trains handled by both American and French crews showed that the stealing always occurred on trains handled by the French.

COMPARED with American freight trains, the French trains are a joke. Slowly they wander across France, stopping whenever and wherever the crew may desire. The only energetic thing ever noted about a French freight train is the locomotive whistle; that is always blowing. Almost anything seems to serve as an excuse to open the whistle, and the nights are often made hideous by those blasts. Instead of a caboose for the train crew, the men are forced to ride in little coops built on the ends of the cars.

Covering these freight trains was a hazardous undertaking for our men who were detailed to shadow the train crews. It was impossible to hide on top of the cars. A man who tried that would be quickly knocked off by the low bridges or tunnels. And, owing to the fact that our men were forced to remain hidden in the little cubby-holes, keeping clear as best they could of those being used by the Frenchmen, the checking up of all these crews was a long and tedious job.

While some of our men were covering the shipments on the train, others were searching through Bordeaux, trying to locate, if possible, the receiving end of the system; for by this time we were thoroughly convinced that supplies were being systematically stolen. Our efforts along this line had not met with the success we had hoped for. Consequently it was with a sigh of relief that, one night, I encountered the first promising clue I had seen in the case.

I had dined with a French friend at one of the hotels. Knowing my friend's liking for a good smoke, I had planned to bring him cigars from a box I had just received from the States; but when, after dinner, I reached in my pocket for them, I found that I had left them in my room. Full well I knew that as a general thing French cigars were both poor and expensive. But I did not want to disappoint my friend, so I decided to try to get one from the hotel. Calling the head waiter, I explained my predicament and asked if he would get us some good cigars. Although a frequent patron of this hotel, I was surprised at the reply.

"Yes, Major," said the man; "I can give you a real American cigar. In fact, you may have a choice of several brands, not only of cigars, but also of cigarettes, if you wish." And he named over several well known brands that were legitimately for sale only in our Quartermaster Department canteens.

Determined to find out how much of a stock he had, I inquired whether he would be willing to sell a box.

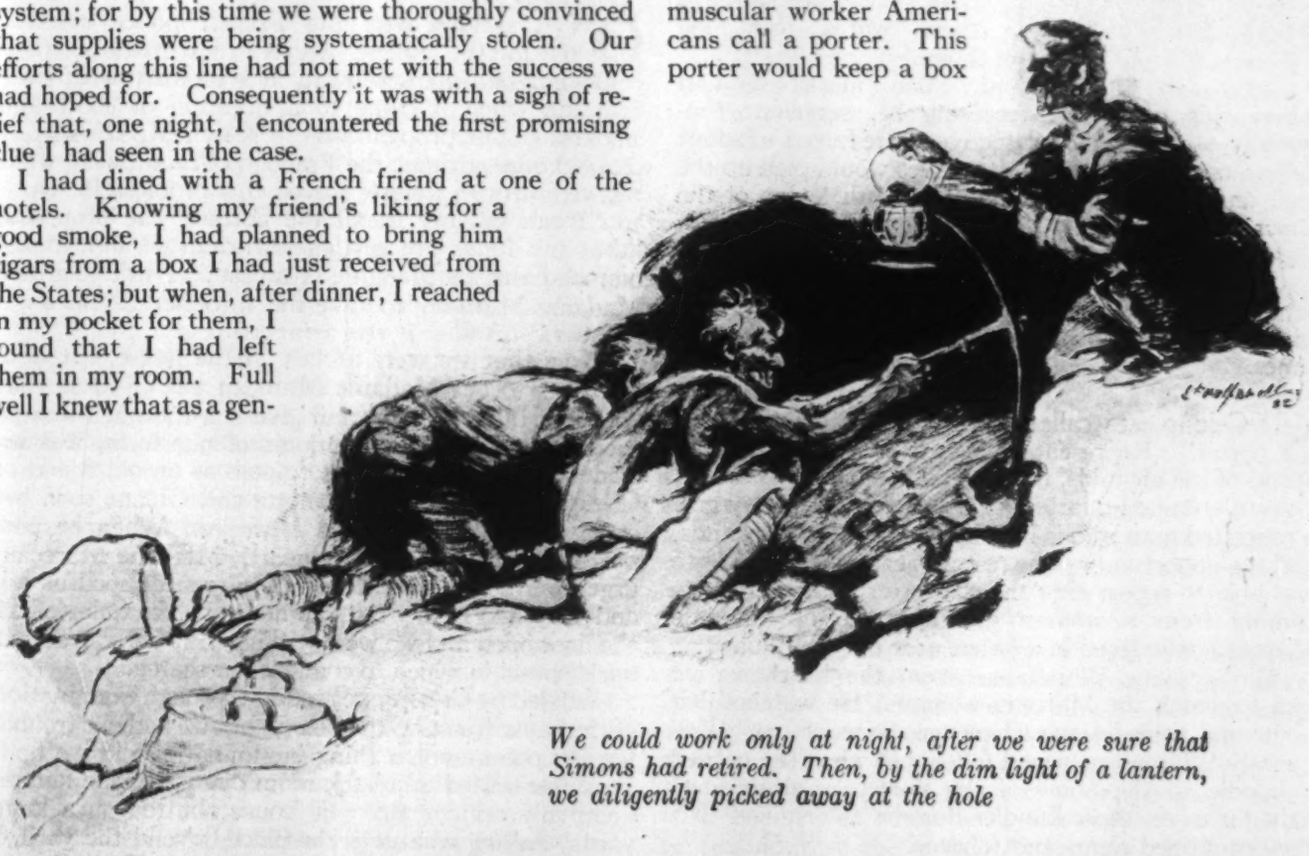
"Of course I would," he replied. "It would take time, but by to-morrow you can have them. Ordinarily we sell these only to our French patrons; but you are different, and we want to please you."

So I placed my order for a box.

After finishing our smoke, my friend and I arose and left the hotel. Bidding my friend good night, I hurried to the office and summoned Lieutenant Hodson for a conference. As a result, we determined to place a man in the hotel, preferably as a waiter, so that he could ascertain, if possible, where the supplies were coming from. The rôle of a waiter was the easiest, for all the hotels were short of waiters, so many being turned soldiers.

FEARING that some one connected with the hotel might recognize our man if we detailed one who had been active in the city, I called in Sergeant Whitehouse from one of the outlying stations and placed him on the case. Equipped with the proper French credentials and a story that he had been a waiter on a Transatlantic liner, he was soon put to work.

Following through the cigar lead, Whitehouse soon developed the fact that it was the head porter who supplied the cigars. A head porter in France, by the way, is a functionary as gorgeous as a drum-major, and very different from the muscular worker Americans call a porter. This porter would keep a box



We could work only at night, after we were sure that Simons had retired. Then, by the dim light of a lantern, we diligently picked away at the hole

Peeping through the key-hole, Celeste saw Madame untie the package: it contained cigars—box upon box!

each of excellent brands on hand at the hotel, and when a box was emptied he would bring in another. But, although we had this man under surveillance for a long time, we were unable to learn more than that he brought these wares from his home.

We must learn where this porter was securing his supplies. Frequently, when our men detectives were forced to admit defeat, one of our women detectives would pick up the trail and successfully dig out the truth. One of the lessons learned by one who studies the life of some of the greatest detectives is:

If it's a man you want to get, send a pretty girl after him. She will by flattery draw more out of him than all the torture in the horror chambers of olden times.

SO Celeste was called in and sent after the head porter. Representing herself as a Parisian who, afraid of the air raids, had fled to Bordeaux for safety, Celeste obtained quarters at the hotel. A pretty girl, a conceited man who is like molder's clay in her hands, and the opportunity—the rest was easy. Soon Celeste was able to report that the cigarettes and cigars were coming from a woman of the name of Madame Marceau, who lived in a house near our headquarters.

Withdrawing Whitehouse from the hotel, we set him to watch the Marceau woman. He watched her home and trailed along whenever she went out. Frequently Whitehouse would follow her when she carried a bundle to the home of the porter. Celeste shed light for us on those bundles, for she ascertained that they contained cigars and tobacco.

This was the way the porter got his supplies; but the next question was: How did Madame Marceau get hers? We never saw any packages being taken into her house that could, by any stretch of the imagination, contain cigars or tobacco. Frankly, we were stumped. Surely, if Madame Marceau was carrying box after box of cigars and cigarettes out of her house, she must have some way of getting them in—but *how?*

ON a serious case the French police assisted us to the fullest degree; nevertheless, they could not be otherwise than in sympathy with their own kin when it came to a question of food and smokes; so our problem was to search Madame Marceau's house without the French police knowing what we were up to. Celeste solved this problem for us.

"I can tell my friend the porter," she proposed, "that my funds are getting low, and get him to recommend me to Madame Marceau. I will then ask Madame Marceau to take me into her home as a boarder." And so it was arranged.

Now that we were at last in the house, our next step was to get Madame Marceau out of it, so that we could take our time and give it a thorough search. Lieutenant Greene, the Adonis of our force, was introduced into the situation to pass as an old friend of Celeste. Supplied with a motor-car, Greene soon became devoted to Madame Marceau. When he proposed a day's picnic at Arcachon, Madame Marceau, urged on by Celeste, accepted. Greene tipped us off, and they had hardly left the house before Celeste had the door open and we were within, with a whole day at our disposal in which to conduct our search.

Guided by Celeste, we made a thorough examination of the house from top to bottom; but we had our trouble for our pains—not a thing incriminating did we find.

While seated in a back room discussing the failure, I casually noticed that the house abutted on a large yard. Asking what was the place beyond the yard, I

learned it was the Bordeaux Wholesale Grocery Company. The answer made only a passing impression on me, and had it not been for Celeste's sharp eyes we should have overlooked the real solution.

Celeste, the next day after the picnic, happened to see Madame Marceau come from the warehouse across her back yard, staggering under the weight of a large and bulky bundle. Peeping through the key-hole, Celeste saw Madame untie it. It contained cigars—box upon box!

We investigated the Bordeaux Grocery Company, and learned that it was owned and operated by a Jew of the name of Simons. His record, as we had it from the French, was shady.

Having traced the cigars from the head porter, through Madame Marceau, to Simons, our next desire was to see the inside of Simons' warehouse. But right here we were blocked. Simons, a sallow-skinned, crafty man, always prevented any such attempt.

In desperation, we hired the house next door to his warehouse, determined to tunnel from it into the cellar of the warehouse. Here was an incongruous situation indeed. Men who were supposed to be enforcing the law were about to commit the crime of breaking and entering, in order to obtain evidence!

Our men were called upon at various times to perform strange duties, but none queerer than the digging of that tunnel. We could work only at night, after we were sure that Simons had retired. And for several nights, by the dim light of a lantern, we diligently picked away at the hole.

Then, one night, we picked into the cellar. Quickly enlarging the hole, so that we could squeeze through, we entered. Grimy of hand and face, with clothes smeared with dirt and torn from contact with jagged pieces of the foundation and walls, we looked more like a band of yeggs than like military police.

A survey of that warehouse opened wide our eyes. What a sight it was! Thousands of dollars' worth of all kinds of American supplies, neatly arranged in piles on the second floor, and all bearing the private mark of our Quartermaster's Department.

We left one man behind in the cellar to replace the wall, after which he escaped through a window.

WHILE we had been working on this phase of the case, our other men were still busy checking up on the various train crews. Eliminating crews as fast as it was proved that they were not involved, our case finally settled on one.

As already explained, riding on a French freight train and keeping out of sight at the same time was a difficult and also dangerous job, yet two of the men volunteered for the job.

We soon had a list of the places where this particular train would stop; and, with this list as a guide, we hustled out enough men to cover each one of these places, and then sat back to await results. They were not long in forthcoming, for Rich, one of our men, discovered just how the trick was turned.

Hiding in the bushes beside the track, Rich saw this train come to a stop and the fireman start to fill his tender with water. While this was going on, the crew came along beside the train and, going to a certain box-car, broke the seal, opened it, selected what they wanted, and carried the stuff down the embankment and hid it in the woods near by. Then they shunted an empty box-car on to the side track and went on. When all was quiet, the station master and his assistant came along and collected the stolen supplies, carried them to the station, and put them in an empty box-car.

On the return trip, the same crew that had stolen the supplies picked up this car, shunted it on to their train next to the engine, and, just before the train arrived at Bordeaux, placed it on an abandoned track and left it there. On the next night Simons sent out his wagons, unloaded the car, hauled the goods into the city, and hid them in his warehouse. Here Simons and his confederates would repack the various commodities and sell them to dishonest dealers throughout the city.

EVEN now, with all the knowledge that we had at hand, there were certain features of the case that puzzled us: How did that gang of crooks know which cars to break into? How could they reseal the car with a United States Government seal after having broken the original? We must have an answer to these two questions before we could make an arrest.

An analysis of the evidence convinced us that there must be some one on the docks who was in league with the train-robbers. It must be that some one of our checkers had been tempted by the desire to get some easy money and had fallen in with Simons' scheme.

Ever careful to avoid suspicion, we had three of our men come in from an outlying district and sent to the docks. Arrangements were made with Colonel Marble to have them assigned to the checking department.

It was our good fortune that Smith, one of the new men, discovered the crooked checker. Working with him, Smith noticed that when valuable food-stuffs were loaded by this checker, he would put a chalk mark similar to a Greek cross on the ends of that particular car, so that the train-robbers could easily spot it and would not waste time in breaking into the wrong car. This man also supplied the crew with lead seals, and he was the one responsible for their having a seal-press in their possession. He had succeeded in securing a second seal-press by pretending that he had lost his original one (he had given it to the crooks).

Sometimes our department would collect what we considered a mass of evidence in a case, only to hear Major Meadows of the Judge Advocate's Department say:

"It's all very well as far as it goes, but it is not sufficient proof to obtain a conviction. It is weak here."

Now Major Meadows demanded absolute proof. In order to comply with his wishes, we arrested the crooked checker; then we loaded a car with marked boxes, arranging that it should go out on the train the crooks were in charge of. Exactly as we planned, the thieves broke into that car, stole several of the marked boxes, carried them down the embankment, and hid them.

Meanwhile, we kept a sharp watch on them, and allowed them to place the stolen goods in the other car and return it to Bordeaux. We even allowed Simons to unload the car and carry the supplies into his warehouse.

Then we called in the French police and raided Simons' place. We found his warehouses full of American goods; in fact, it required all of seven motor-trucks to haul the stuff back to the docks. It inventoried several thousands of dollars. How much he had already sold, no one could tell.

We arrested the entire crew, the station-master of the small place where the car was reloaded, and all of Simons' men, as well as Simons himself. Simons went to jail for fifteen years. The others received sentences that varied from two to fifteen years. Our investigation could not connect the woman or the head porter with the thefts; they were allowed to go with a reprimand from the judge.

A Good Time

By Marjorie L. C. Pickthall

Author of "Gypsy's Weather," "Angels' Shoes," "The Closed Door," "Hordisa of the Fair Braids," "The Woman of the Shrine"

Illustrations by Robert Garret Thew

"HAVE a good time, Devan," shouted the men at the end of the wharf.

Devan turned and waved his paddle. "Sure," he shouted back. "Ain't that what I'm goin' for?"

He dipped the paddle and the canoe shot downstream. Presently he began to sing, a roaring, tuneless song. Watching and listening with a kind of fearsome pride, little Bertran shrugged to his ears.

"Trouble for some one, sure," he grinned.

Maclaren returned with like pride, "There ain't another on the whole Miscapin equal to makin' so much trouble!"

When that fierce tuneless song died away, the river was yet sweeping Devan down to where the only kind of good time he knew was waiting for him. And when it was dark, people in the little settlements strung along the river like beads on a thread heard that song go by on the current and knew what it was—Devan going down to Malheureux to have a good time.

At Willowbend, old Shafter heard it just after his youngest granddaughter had tucked him up for the night; and he crept out of bed and listened at the window till he could hear it no more, an eager light in his faded eyes. "Eh, the boys," he mumbled, "the boys!" And Devan was the wildest one of the lot; he was glad he'd spoken his mind when Devan came making eyes at Julia May, but—eh, to be young again, and a lad like Devan!

At Forrestown, McQuaig was adding up columns of figures in a ledger when he heard the happy roar come sweeping through the night, timed to the paddle; and he frowned. "'As for the dregs thereof, all the ungodly of the earth shall drink them,'" said McQuaig, who was an elder of the little pinewood kirk; and he added up $17.30 and $26.12 to equal $51.05, and got up and shut the window.

And down at St. Sauveur-au-Bois, Tant' Aurelie's Blanche-Anne heard the song, and turned a wet cheek to her pillow, and prayed with innocent red lips for the soul of Rod Devan.

Devan knew none of these things—would not have cared, anyway. Around him and his canoe the forest night had folded vast curtains of blue obscurity, the breath of leaf-buds, an enormous calm of stars. And through it rushed Devan, in his mind the blare of a gramophone, the beat of heavy feet, the reek of cheap scent, unwashed woolens, and whisky; a woman's bare shoulders under his hand, the sting of drink in his throat, and Quinn's face to smash with the blow he'd been saving up for weeks: it was these things that led Devan through the night. He was just a brute, like any young timber-wolf of the Miscapin raiding down the valleys to be fed.

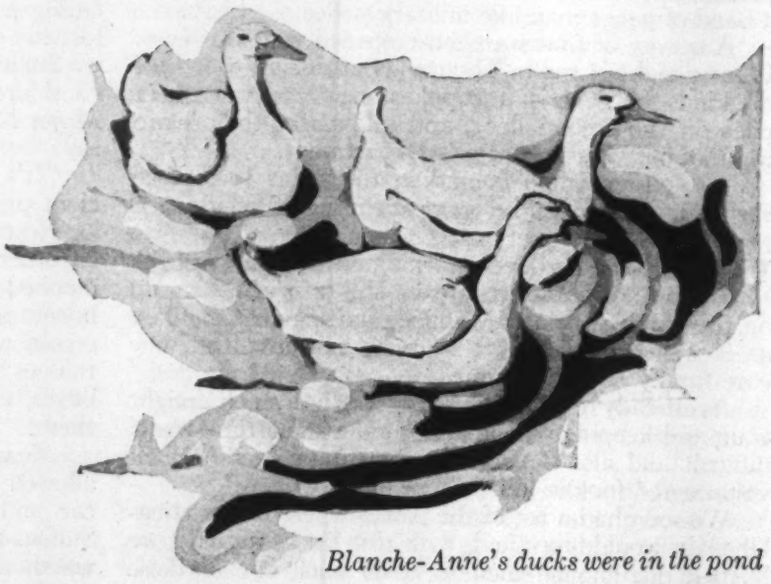
The shadow of the forest night lay like a blue pasque-flower on Malheureux when Devan landed and walked singing through the streets to Nield's door. He opened that door, and the things he sought came to him—the blare, the din, the reek. A few couples moved in a jerky dance; more sat at the little tables, drinking.

Near the door a tall lumber-jack had his face close to that of a red-haired girl in scarlet satin. With a shout Devan snatched the girl in his arms.

The lumber-jack sprang up, his hand raised. But it dropped when he saw Devan. All over the room men caught up his name; it grew to a great laughter and a roar:

"Devan! It's Devan come in for a good time!"

DEVAN, the girl yet in his arms, slid into the step of the dance. Men fell in behind him, yelling; they rose from the tables and joined that mad dance. He led them at a wilder pace. The girl was seated on his shoulder, her red hair and her scarlet dress whipping the air as he spun and swung. And the shout might have been heard across the river: "It's Devan come in for a good time!"



Blanche-Anne's ducks were in the pond

So he began his good time. He was only going on with it when he asked in a brief hush, "Where's Quinn?"

Nield lifted his large whitish face from the glasses he was filling. "Quinn's dead," he answered. "He was working up on the Little Pity, and it's little pity the job had for him, for he was caught and crushed in the log-jam the first week."

Devan was annoyed. "Then I won't be able to finish him meself," he said, "and that's the dirtiest trick Quinn's ever done me—which is saying a whole lot."

She looked after Devan's canoe, her young eyes misted, a flush on her cheeks

"He's done you," agreed Lewis, chuckling. "You can't hit a dead man."

"But I can a live one," said Devan, and knocked Lewis down; for it wasn't any safer to agree with Devan than it was to disagree when he was having a good time. "And what's become of the widow?"

"The boys have offered to help her," said Nield nervously, "but she knows they'd no use for Quinn, and she's proud. They've quit tryin' now. I guess things are hard for her, and the kids like to go hungry as often as not."

Then they began to dance again. Since Lewis chose to lie on the floor, and no one dared pick him up, they danced around him.

But the inner essence, the core, the *summum bonum* of a good time was somehow escaping Devan. He became irritable. There ensued periods of an immense confusion and noise wherein he sought strenuously for that elusive grape of joy.

THEN he found himself outside in the darkness with a ham in his hand.

He did not quite know how it had come there; but it was there with a purpose, a definite purpose connected with the sense of failure and uneasiness that had pursued him in the very midst of his good time. He also was there with a purpose, though he had momentarily forgotten it. He glanced back at Nield's open door. Everything within was strangely still. He stole back and glanced in; then he walked rapidly away, carrying the ham.

"Gosh!" said Devan. "I been and cleaned out Nield's, and it ain't eleven o'clock. I ain't hardly started yet to have a good time, and I been and cleaned out Nield's with a cooked ham!"

He went on, pursuing his good time.

IT led him, strangely enough, out of Malheureux and a little down the river to where a few poor houses huddled on the desolate edge of the cleared lands. By the last of these houses Devan stopped. He looked at the door. It was shut, probably bolted. The house was dark and still. Breathing hard, Devan began stealthily to circle the walls, looking for an open window.

He turned the second angle. As he did so, his body came smartly in contact with a lesser one, which fell. As a matter of principle, Devan cast himself on top of it, recognizing it joyously at the instant for that of the young English sky-pilot who had come out to the Lumbermen's Mission.

"Stop that row, you silly owl!" gasped the Reverend Peter Frewen, using his knees deftly. "You've spilt the condensed milk!"

"Silly owl" was a phrase of abuse new to Devan. It surprised him. He stood up slowly, and assisted the missionary to rise. The Reverend Peter took no further notice of the big bully who had recently been kneeling on his stomach. He was very busy collecting little parcels and tins that had scattered from his arms and his pockets. One was a parcel of tea, which had spilt. He began to scrape it up anxiously. In a minute Devan was impelled to go and help him. They scraped and scraped in silence for a while. Then Devan said in a threatening whisper: "What you doin' here?"

"The same as you," answered the missionary crisply. "Sneaking round and round the house, trying to find an open window to drop the grub through, since she won't take it in any other way."

"Say," asked Devan slowly, "what's the matter in there?"

"She's ill. She'd be in the infirmary at Willowbend if it wasn't for the kids; I'm stumped—up against it, I mean—to know what to do with them. There's the Heart of Pity Orphanage at Cranbrook, but I'm not a Roman Catholic, and Heaven alone knows what the Quinns are, and I can't take two kids to the Sisters, who are crowded already, without paying for them. And the fact is, I'm dead broke,—cleaned right out, I mean,—and so's the Mission. Any decent man about here was naturally down on that frightful rotter—I mean, that cheap quitter, Quinn. And Mrs. Quinn knows it, has pride, and loved him. So she'll

take no help. Meanwhile, I've done what I could like a burglar after dark. And I'm not sure she is going to get better."

THE door opened slowly. A small voice cried, "Go 'way! I know who you are! Go 'way!"

"That's Lil Malise," said Frewen resignedly. "We've roused them. We'll have to face it out now."

He went into the house and lighted a lamp. But Devan, trying to follow, was opposed by a small soft thing, hardly higher than his knee, who flew at him like a wildcat, biting, kicking, beating him with tiny fists. He mastered it at last, and held it sobbing in his arms, a queer feeling in his heart. "Aw, there, baby," he said slowly, "don't be scared. You don't know me."

"Yes, I do!" she sobbed. "You're Death. You comed for *him*. Now you comed for *her*. I know you. Go 'way!"

Devan bent his head silently and entered Quinn's house, Quinn's child in his arms.

By the door of an inner room, into which Frewen had vanished, an older child, a boy, was standing, whimpering. He stared at Devan. "Why," he muttered, "you're Rod Devan, that was goin' to do up pa!"

Devan did not answer. He sat down, holding Malise, who had become quiet. Presently she raised to his eyes as blue and brave as heaven.

"I'm glad you comed, Death," she said, "your arms is so warm." In a minute she was asleep.

When Frewen came out of the inner room he found Quinn's boy sitting beside Devan with the ham on his knee, from which he was cutting slices with Devan's clasp-knife; and Lil Malise asleep in Devan's arms.

Frewen said, "Mrs. Quinn's bad. She ought to go to the infirmary to-night at latest."

Devan said, "Here's them."

Frewen glanced at the children, repeating simply, "Yes, here's them. And Heaven knows—"

"Mister," interrupted Devan, "if you could find somethin' cold to put on my head, I could do some thinkin'."

Peter Frewen found a wet dish-towel. He tied it round Devan's head, and waited patiently while he thought.

At last Devan's face lighted up. He slapped his leg with the hand not occupied with Lil Malise.

"Sure!" he said. "That's it! I knew somethin' would have to come if I thought a while." Breathing hard, he began to feel himself all over and to extract little dingy crumpled things from unexpected places. They came from his shirt, his pockets, his belt, his boots. Frewen saw they were dollar bills. "I spread 'em out that way," he explained to the missionary, "so's I won't find them all at once when I'm in for a good time."

He smoothed them out. There were fifteen or twenty of them and five he handed silently to Frewen.

"What's this for?"

"Mrs. Quinn," suggested Devan. "There's fixin's she may need for the infirmary. No need she should go there without ribb'ns to tie her ha'r, or a bottle o' good Scotch if she fancies it. She was a smart girl before she married Quinn. The rest of it I'll give to the Sisters. I thought maybe I'd better take the kids to Cranbrook while you see to her. They can stop there till she's better, or—until some one fetches them away. If they want more money they can have it, soon as I can get me shirt off."

"Devan," said the Reverend Peter, "you're a topping chap—I mean, you're a white man. But—will the kiddies go with you?"

DEVAN the terrible turned to Freddy Quinn.

"Say, kid," he demanded indifferently, "you come down the river with me and stop a while with some friends of mine while your ma's sick?"

Devan opened Nield's door. A few couples were moving

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"Sure!" agreed Freddy, with sudden enthusiasm and a mouthful of ham. "I'll go with you. You can spit further'n any feller I ever seen!"

Nearly all accomplishments are found useful.

Devan's face was bent over Lil Malise.

"Baby," he whispered, with a queer shyness, "say, baby, you come with me?"

Malise stretched herself with a tired sigh, then snuggled closer. "Sure!" she said in her turn. "I'll come, Death. Your arms is lovely and warm."

Devan stood up, towering in the mean room. "Then that's fixed," he said carelessly.

Silently Frewen collected such clothes as the children had, and wrapped Malise in a quilt. She woke abruptly, and screamed for her "jramiun."

"What does she mean?" asked Frewen helplessly.

Devan pointed to a scraggy geranium on the window-sill. Frewen wrapped it in a paper, and Malise hugged it earthily to her bosom and slept again.

Mrs. Quinn was unconscious, the missionary said; he would attend to her immediately. Devan nodded and went out. Malise he carried; Freddy ran alongside, gripping his coat. At every cross-street on their way through the little town, Devan paused and solemnly exercised his accomplishment for Freddy's fascination.

"Clear *acrost!*" said Freddy, awed. "Say, I'd go anywheres with a feller like you."

A SHADOW waited by the bank where Devan had tied his canoe. Devan approached, and the shadow went to meet him, showing a lithe gleam of scarlet satin, white skin, and burnished hair.

"That you, Rod?" said the shadow. "They told me you'd quit. I didn't believe it. You ain't goin' home, Rod?"

"No."

Devan stood by the canoe, looking over the girl's head, Malise against his heart.

"Aw, then come on back with me, Rod. Come back; and have a good time."

in a jerky dance; more sat at the tables, drinking

"Not now, Maud," answered Devan gently, "I'm busy."

He moved on. The girl shrank back. Presently, with never a look behind, he settled the children in the canoe and pushed off.

At the ripple of water Malise woke and laughed from the quilt.

"There's stars, Death."

"Yes," said Devan, "there's stars."

"Say," put in Freddy jealously, "can you do it from where you sit acrost the bow?"

Devan could.

Soon the children slept, and he paddled them on to Cranbrook. It was a long way. The night was luminous with stars. Devan never seemed to have had time to notice before what a pretty thing the night was—just the empty night. The river seemed to laugh alongside, mysterious with secret merriment, like Lil Malise.

HE shot the easy rapids at Luna, and the children woke to chatter with delight at the white smother. At Portage-au-Pilot, where the bad rapids roared and the birches dripped spray in the starlight, he had to lift them out and carry them, heavy with sleep, along the portage, and then go back for the canoe—fearful that they might have moved from the nest he had made for them among the rocks and fallen into the water. But they were safe. He rested a few minutes, for he had fairly run with the canoe, repacked them, and went on.

Beyond the portage the river widened. It looked like a sea. The dew, the scent of water and invisible woods, and the silence seemed to soak Devan to the bone. He jumped when Lil Malise shrieked suddenly, and was leaning over her in a moment, his heart beating in his bull-throat.

"Baby," he besought her, "what is it, baby? What's hurtin' you, honey-girl?"

"My jramiun wants a dwink!"

Moist at every pore, his hand trembling, Devan held the geranium over the side of the canoe until it was soaked with water. Malise huddled it into the quilt and smiled.

Freddy said: "Say—can you—hit—that—star?"

IT was dawn when they reached Cranbrook, and Devan woke Freddy and set him on unsteady feet. Holding Freddy's hand and carrying Lil Malise, he walked through the little sleeping settlement. Birds were waking. In the garden of the orphanage, when Devan rang the bell, a veery broke into his spring song.

Old Sœur Agathe, when she opened the door, was a little upset at the size and appearance of the man who waited outside.

A little later the Reverend Mother, holding Malise on her knee, was repeating helplessly for the twentieth time: "But, Sœur Agathe, you should not have let him give them to you without consulting me."

"Shure," said Sœur Agathe comfortably,—she had not been born to that name,—"and wasn't meself as well able to take them in as you, mother dear?"

The Reverend Mother glanced at the good money on the table, and resigned herself.

Freddy and Lil Malise had been weeping. There had been, in fact, a painful scene. The good Sisters had been horrified to hear Malise call on Death: "You said you wouldn't not never go far off, Death, and you is went!"

"He promised," Freddy reassured her tremulously, "he *promised* he'd come back next week an' spit fer me."

Meanwhile Devan was paddling home up the river. It was a long way and a hard pull against the stream. The canoe, too, which should have been lighter, felt heavier. He paddled hard. The sun leaped suddenly, as if dark hands had been holding it down behind the forest. He saw the little villages strung along the banks waken to their life. It was full noon when he came to Malheureux.

THE Reverend Peter was waiting on the little wharf. Devan swung the canoe in without speaking. He looked worn with fatigue, for he had returned at a crazy speed. Peter realized for the first time, as Devan raised his solemn haggard eyes, the beauty of the big rascal. He said, "Are the children all right?"

"Yeh. Sure, they're all right. For the time. How about Mrs. Quinn?"

"She's all right too. For the time. I don't know how long that time will be."

"You been waitin' long?"

"No. But I wanted to catch you, Devan, on your way back. I wanted to thank you—"

"Oh, *that*'ll be all right. Well, I guess I'll be gettin' on home. There's nothin' more to be done yet, and I got to *think*. I'm goin' in to see the kids next week. It ain't no place to *leave* them, not live kids like them. I got to *think*. Well, so long."

He raised his hand over the edge of the wharf. Frewen gripped it.

"I'm going in to see them on Saturday," he called, as the canoe swung out to mid-stream. "They'll be all right, you know, Devan. Hang it all, why can't I paddle like that?"

The canoe vanished, carrying Devan home from his good time.

Tant' Aurelie's Blanche-Anne was calling her ducks at the ford when Devan's canoe went by. She looked after him, her young eyes misted, a flush on her cheeks. He looked back and saw her, like a dark rose between the bright water and the bright sky. His paddle hung a moment, then dipped deep; the canoe was gone.

McQuaig was thinning beans when he saw the canoe sweep by Forrestown. He frowned. "'Away from me,'" he muttered, "'ye that work iniquity.'" And the canoe was away before he had finished his text.

"Man!" said McQuaig enviously, "the heid he must have on him tae be able to tr-r-ravel sae straight after sic a nicht!"

At Willowbend old Shafter was asleep in the sun. He woke when Devan passed, as if Youth himself, with his drums and trumpets, had gone by.

IT was late when Devan entered his own shack, walking stiffly, a tired man. Little Bertran and Maclaren were there, eating, as he knew they'd be. He looked at them in some sudden distaste.

"You fellers take up a heap of room," he said.

Mac and Bertran held their peace, eyeing Devan sympathetically, knowing better than to answer. They winked at each other wisely. Dark-ringed solemn eyes, a grim mouth, a cut on one cheek,—Lil Malise, who had wooden soles to her shoes, had kicked him there,—oh, they knew, they knew!

"You have a good time, Devan?" grinned Mac at last.

Devan was still standing just within the door, staring round the shack as if he'd never seen it before. He stilled Mac with a grave gesture. "I'm just *thinkin'*," he said.

"Say," ventured Bertran, "you better go sleep, eh, Rod? You all in, eh, Rod?"

Devan did not heed. He took up a measure from the floor, went over, and was busy about the far wall where the bunks were. He was measuring the wall. "That'd do," they heard him mutter. "If she don't get better, that'd do. A bunk here for Freddy, and there, right in the corner,"—his voice changed,—"a little wee, wee one for Lil Malise."

"Say, Devan!"

Devan glanced at them with worried, unseeing eyes. "But as to takin' care of two such live kids as them—I guess next week I better go and see Blanche-Anne Dufour."

"Say, Devan," repeated Mac helplessly over his boiled beans, "say—you have a good time?"

And suddenly Devan smiled at them, all over his weary face, back in his wild eyes—a smile that he might almost have caught from Lil Malise.

"I had a real good time, boys," he said radiantly, "a real good time!"

He sat down at the table, rested his head on his arms, and went to sleep.

[*Next month, "The Door on the Past," by Marjorie L. C. Pickthall*]

Choice

By Winifred Gray Stewart

OH, there are many byways,
Winding ways and narrow,
Bordered white in gay delight,
With Queen Anne's lace and yarrow.

And there are many highways,
Broad ways and spacious,
Still and stern at every turn,
With poplars trim and gracious.

But oh, the little pathway
That leads me to the gate
Where columbines and creeping vines
And eager arms await!

Photograph by Lejaren Hiller

Sometimes the "backward child" is merely pursuing his own line of thought

The Backward Child and the Prodigy

By Ruth Danenhower Wilson

NO one is more anxious to look into the future than a mother. The old-time traveling phrenologist knew that he could easily persuade a hard-working woman to part with her pin-money if he would feel the bumps on her children's heads and foretell future greatness for them. In his recollections of his boyhood John Burroughs tells how a quiet evening on the mountain farm was enlivened by one such traveling "professor," who prophesied that John would one day become rich. So he did, according to the simple standards of that neighborhood, though the world outside regarded him as rich in things other than money.

Science has always turned a cold shoulder to phrenology as a crude means of determining character, and has developed other ways of attacking the fascinating problem of reading the latent capabilities of children. The French psychologists have made elaborate classifications of types of character and imagination. Next in historical order come mental tests, such as the Binet-Simon and others, by which the degree of feeble-mindedness in subnormal children and the degree of intelligence in normal children can be accurately measured.

Like the X-ray for the body, these search-lights into the mind can best be used by psychologists or expert teachers with opportunity to examine hundreds of children. Let us look into other ways by which psychologists can help a mother to recognize latent possibilities of talent in her children and so assist such hidden forces to develop. I was talking one day with the mother of a great writer. "If I had only realized when he was a child what talents he had," she said sadly, "how differently I should have treated him! I was always fighting him, trying to get him to be like other boys and to study subjects in which he had no interest. We should be more in sympathy to-day if I had understood him better as a child. He feels that he has accomplished his career in spite of me."

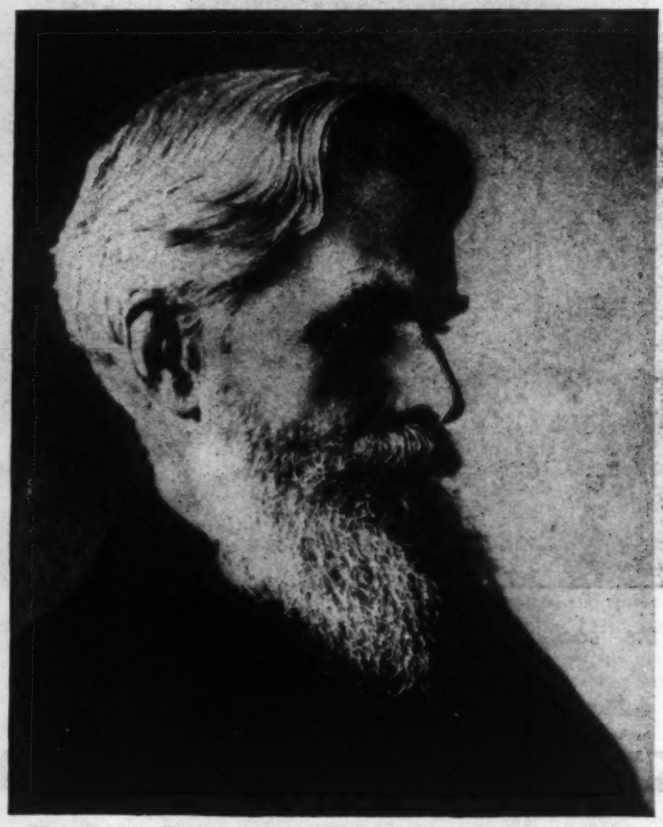
If that mother could have known some of the recent studies of psychologists and sociologists, she would have understood her boy better. For, while psychology makes no claim to any absolutely definite

way of measuring genius in children as it can measure feeble-mindedness, it does throw great light on the nature of child genius through painstaking studies of the childhood of great men and women.

The Backward Child and Success

THE first surprising truth that these studies reveal is that the backward child stands about the same chance of future greatness as does the infant prodigy. It does not seem to be generally known that Lombroso's theory of genius's affinity with criminality and insanity has been discarded. Lombroso himself, after further study of his theory, so modified it as to make it virtually null and void. There is now general agreement with the conclusion of Havelock Ellis that *the real affinity of genius is with born imbecility.*

The studies of the childhood of great men made by Jastrow, Sully, and Havelock Ellis, and shorter studies by other psychologists, explain this astonishing statement. They show that, as children, geniuses fall naturally into two classes—those who were exceptionally stupid, and those who were infant prodigies, acclaimed as geniuses from early years. It is rare for geniuses to be just the average commonplace type of child. They are either remarkably dull or remarkably bright.



Havelock Ellis, noted British psychologist, who found that the children of clergymen are more likely to be geniuses than those of other professional men

An example of the backward type is Sir Walter Scott, who was considered a dunce. The only profession his despairing father could see he had any aptitude for was that of a strolling fiddler. Hume was described by his mother as "uncommon weak-minded." The mother of the poet Chatterton summed him up at the age of six as "little better than an absolute fool." A long list of geniuses who were considered dullards as children includes Davy, Darwin, Linnæus, Humboldt, Pasteur, Watt, Fulton, Schiller, Heine, Goldsmith, Beecher, Rousseau, Froebel, Whistler, Patrick Henry, and Poe.

Examples of geniuses who were of the child-prodigy type are Mozart, who composed music at the age of six, and Mendelssohn, who at eight corrected an oratorio of Bach and at fourteen performed the fourteenth opera he had composed. Other geniuses who were precocious children are Dante, Browning, Pope, Macaulay, Handel, Verdi, Brahms, Bach, Corot, Murillo, Raphael, Michelangelo, and Turner.

So many geniuses have shown their remarkable powers as children that it has been said, "He who never created in youth will never create at all." On the other hand, there are many infant prodigies who never become anything greater.

When we consider the class of geniuses who as children were dullards, we find innumerable other child dullards who never developed any genius whatever. As Andrew Lang said, "Coleridge was considered a 'dafty' as a child, but how many other children there must have been in school with him who were also considered 'dafties' and who amounted to little more in later life."

So, where the mother most needs help from the psychologist is to learn how to distinguish between the dullard-genius and the dullard-dunce-forever; between the precocious child who is a budding genius and the precocious child who is only "a small, fatigued grown-up," and has been compared to the early-riser, "conceited all the forenoon of life, stupid and uninteresting all the afternoon."

Trying first to distinguish between the dull-appearing child-genius and the dull-forever child, we are helped by Havelock Ellis's explanation of why one type of genius is dull in childhood. This, he says, is the born-clumsy type, with very poor muscular coördination and marked clumsiness of bodily control. Ellis feels that to be born unsuited to many of the ordinary activities of daily life gives a favorable condition for the development of extraordinary abilities in some one line, *provided these are present in a latent state.* In other words, the child who can do many things easily needs to make no special effort along any one line, while the child who is born inapt along many lines will center all his attention on developing any one kind of aptitude he may possess. Havelock Ellis defines genius as "a highly sensitive and complexly developed adjustment of the nervous system along special lines, with accompanying tendency to defect along other lines."

To this we might add Professor William James's noting of sustained attention as a characteristic of genius. If we find a dull child who can not concentrate attention long on any subject, we conclude that he is likely to remain dull; while if there is one subject on which he concentrates with absorption to the exclusion of all others, he is apt to turn out pre-eminent in it.

Psychologists now recognize that measures of intelligence must be supplemented by tests of powers of application. Professor June Downey of the University of Wyoming has worked out a method of measuring application.

Sir Walter Scott was interested in his school work; but his own line of preoccupation showed clearly,

if his parents could only have seen it. He was a noisy boy, wont to yell old poems at the top of his voice. He loved to roam over the lonely hills. When he was not wandering alone, he read and read, and remembered all the reading he had devoured.

The line of particular interest may show plainly, even though the child's performances in it are no better than the average. For instance, Andrew Lang criticizes Tennyson's youthful poems as no better than any other boy's; but they showed his particular bent and great powers of concentration.

In cases where the natural bent does not show so plainly, we must remember that some children have unusual reticence, so that, even if they themselves recognize some one overwhelming interest they are slow in making it known. The American psychologist, Dr. Guthrie, thinks many geniuses are considered dull in childhood because of this unrecognized precocity of reticence. This may be due to an early development of the critical faculty, as was the case with the poet Heine and the philosopher Hegel. Preoccupation with his chosen line and reticence in making it known sometimes take the form of dreaminess and are mistaken for laziness, as was the case with Balzac. In more fortunate cases it is recognized and treated as a sign of unusual promise, as was the happy lot of Descartes.

The Story of a Dullard

AN unusual case of unrecognized latent powers in a child is told by Professor Shields in his autobiographical study "The Making and Unmaking of a Dullard."

As a child he was considered so hopelessly stupid that all effort to teach him was given up and he was allowed to rusticate on his father's country place. At sixteen he could not read or write. But then his own determination asserted itself, so that he began a belated education, and ultimately became a professor of psychology, able to explain his own case as a warning.

Turning now to the problem of recognizing among precocious children those whose preeminence is not merely a passing thing, a "false dawn," we can lay down two general rules. First, if the precocious child's accomplishments are those that would not be a mark of genius in a grown person with equal opportunities of instruction, we may conclude that the child is not a genius, but is merely precocious for his years, probably because of unusual teaching. For instance, a child who learns several languages at five or six years of age is frequently hailed as a genius; yet the chances are that when he is grown up he will simply be a normally intelligent being with good training in languages. This type is said by Ellis to show a spongelike receptivity, but has no aptitude for original thinking, so that after the period of mental receptivity no further development takes place.

After the Bath miniature

Sir Walter Scott at the age of six; he was considered a backward child

Mozart at six, in a court suit presented to him by the Empress Maria Theresa; he was even then a composer

In this class psychologists are apt to place Winifred Stoner, whose mother early taught her many branches of study with great success. Another well known example of the spongelike receptivity of the infant mind is that of the baby adopted by Professor Olerick and taught by him in accordance with his theories that the earliest years of childhood should be used for education.

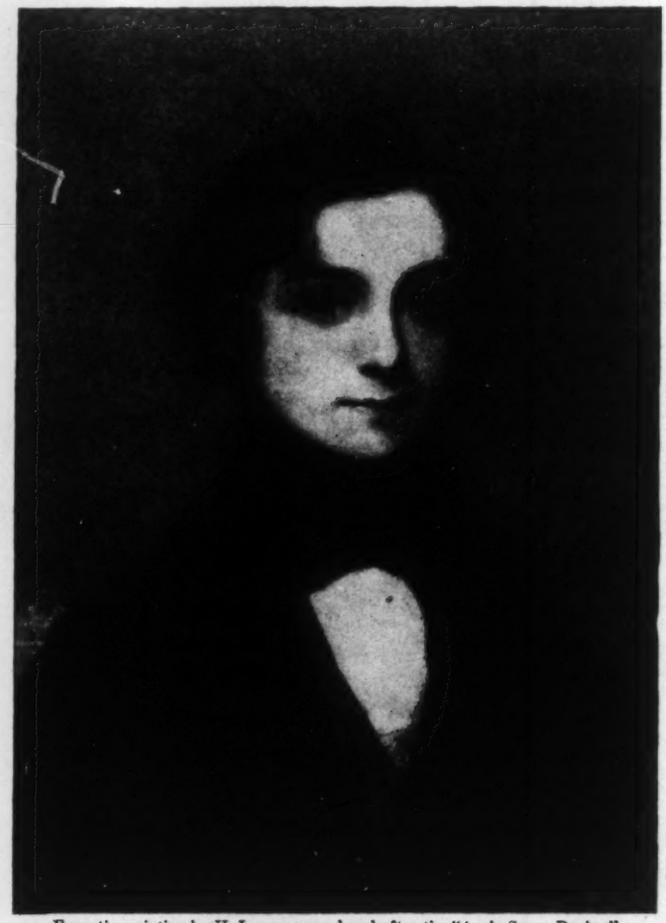
This child knew her letters at the age of seventeen months, and at two years and eleven months could read at sight. She was exhibited in public at the age of three, when she read English, French, and German, read numbers to octillions, spelled long lists of hard words, and used a typewriter.

According to Professor O'Shea of the University of Wisconsin, such performances rarely mean true genius, for these precocious children have often learned words and formulæ without understanding

their meaning. He feels that every normal five-year-old child has performed much more difficult feats of learning, in discovering the qualities of the human beings around him and adjusting himself to them, than would be essential in learning to speak sentences in Spanish, French, German, and Greek.

The dependence of this type of precocious child on unusual training, and the probability that such early talents will not flower into genius, is also recognized by Professor Sakaki of Tokyo in a study of unusually gifted pupils in Japanese schools.

In very rare instances a child who is already a born genius receives unusual training. For instance, there is John Stuart Mill, whose father taught him to read Greek and Latin at the age of three and gave him a thorough classical education at a very early age. The boy's natural abilities enabled him really to understand all he was taught. In later years he said his father's early training had given him an advantage of twenty-five years over his competitors.



From the painting by H. Inman, reproduced after the "Anglo-Saxon Review"

Edgar Allan Poe at about the time he entered West Point, from which he was dismissed at the end of six months

How to Tell a Child Genius

So we come to the second rule in distinguishing between merely precocious children and true child geniuses. If the child has some special gift dependent on sense impressions, such a gift as by no means every normal grown-up possesses, and if, added to this, the child has power of sustained attention, the chances are that he has real genius.

Gifts dependent on great strength of sense impressions fall in the realm of music and art. Sully and Jastrow, both of whom tabulated the age at which genius showed in each field to find its average age of appearance, agreed in finding that musical geniuses show their gifts the earliest.

The average age at which great musicians and artists made their first valuable productions is thirteen years and eight months. There are many striking examples of great musical geniuses who developed even earlier. I have already quoted the remarkable performances of Mozart and Mendelssohn as children. Rubinstein played the piano in public at the age of ten; Liszt at twelve. Saint-Saëns, best known to Americans as the composer of the opera "Samson et Dalila," was another infant prodigy. Here is an account of him published in a Paris newspaper in 1847:

"Little Saint-Saëns, eleven and a half years old, already knows Greek, translates Virgil satisfactorily enough, delights in algebra and logarithms, all of which does not prevent his being an excellent musician and playing the piano, just as Mozart and Liszt played at his age. Madame the Duchess of Orléans asked M. Halévy to invite the young virtuoso and his teacher, M. Stamaty, to come to the Tuileries, in order that the Comte de Paris might make the acquaintance of this little musical marvel. This intimate royal recital has taken place. Young Saint-Saëns, who had brought his music, left it in the antechamber, and played from memory a Beethoven sonata, a Handel air and variation, some Bach fugues with their preludes, and then a grand fantasy by Hummel."

Many of the musical geniuses of to-day were infant prodigies. The pianist Josef Hofmann and the violinist Jascha Heifetz both gave successful public concerts at a tender age.

Such children, according to Queyrat's classification, have the auditive type of memory with marvelous powers of actually rehearing sounds in imagination.

The precocity of artists depends on great powers of visual imagination. Mantegna was admitted to the Guild of Painters at the age of eleven. At four Sir Thomas Lawrence showed such skill in drawing that callers at his father's home were asked: "Will you have him quote the poets or take your portrait?" A portrait-painter, well known in New York to-day, started taking commissions when she was twelve. Gainsborough was able to make an accurate likeness in his early teens.

Other child artists are Moreland, Canova, Murillo, Tintoretto, Raphael, Titian, Michelangelo, Ruysdael, Van Dyke, Rubens, and Correggio.

Poets and writers—that is, genius of what may be called general imagination—develop later, their first productions averaging about the age of fifteen years and six months; and philosophers and historians with genius in abstract thinking develop last of all, at seventeen years and six months. The averages quoted are from Jastrow's tables.

Strangely enough, mathematical genius appears very early instead of later with other powers of abstract thinking. An example of this is William James Sidis, who entered Harvard at eleven, and in his first year there read an original paper before the Mathematical Club on "Fourth Dimensional Bodies." When he had finished, a professor answered some questions in terms different from those the boy had used; whereupon young Sidis said: "I can not

see that you have added anything to the discussion."

A strange by-product of mathematical and occasionally of musical genius is not infrequently shown by idiots of the type called mattoids, or *idiots savants*, in which what amounts to genius in one or two lines exists in an idiot mind. They have extraordianry memory for long figures, dates, and past events. Such a type was Blind Black Tom of Massachusetts, an imbecile born in 1850. At the age of eleven he was exhibited throughout the country as a musical prodigy. He had a large repertoire of classic and operatic music, which he played by ear. His phenomenal memory enabled him to repeat a discourse fifteen minutes long without losing a syllable, yet without understanding a single word of it. Havelock Ellis feels that idiots of this type bridge the gulf between genius and idiocy.

There are two exceptions to be noted to the classification of child geniuses into the dull-appearing type and the prodigy type, with some one particular gift depending on sense-impressions. Havelock Ellis recognizes a third very rare class that in early years is marked solely by great physical energy, or even by brutality. Sooner or later this great physical energy is transferred into intellectual energy.

The second exception is the rare child with no one special gift, but with such outstanding powers in every direction that he could apparently excel in any line he pursued. Such a child was Victor Hugo, who was called *un enfant sublime*. Another was Goethe. According to Dr. Guthrie, "all who taught him as a boy claimed him as their own."

Suppose a mother feels that she has a child with decided promise of genius, either of the dullard type, stupid and clumsy in most ways, but deeply interested in some one subject, or of the prodigy type, with some one shining talent joined to the necessary powers of sustaining attention. It would be intensely interesting to her to know how far the conditions of that child's heredity and environment correspond with those that have been found to surround the majority of geniuses.

Havelock Ellis, in his study of one thousand and thirty British geniuses from the fourth century to modern times, found, as did Galton, that genius was higher in proportion to the numbers among those of pure race. As to the social class, he found that more geniuses were the children of clergymen than of members of any other profession. On the other hand, there were many more idiots among the children of clergymen than of any other class.

Parents of Geniuses

BOTH Ellis and Galton agree that genius tends to run in families. Ability is just as likely to be inherited from the mother as from the father, perhaps even more so. Ellis says that the very frequent cases in which men of great ability have declared that they owe everything to their mothers have often been put aside as expressions of amiable weakness; but he finds it difficult to believe that men of preëminent intellectual acuteness are unable to estimate the characters of their own parents.

Men of ability tend to be the offspring of predominantly boy-producing families. Women of ability tend to be the offspring of predominantly girl-producing families.

Fathers of eminent persons have been middle-aged and to a marked extent elderly at the time of the distinguished child's birth; while mothers have been predominantly at the period of greatest vigor and maturity, about thirty or to a somewhat unusual extent even older. There have been notably few young fathers and still fewer young mothers of geniuses. The majority of geniuses were delicate in health as children.

The next question that the mother of a budding genius needs to look into is how she should expect budding talent to choose its course of development, and how she can assist it. For one thing, she can arrange her child's life so that he may have a goodly portion of what Professor Davidson considers the chief condition that fosters literary and artistic genius—that is, solitude. Tennyson was brought up in a rectory so remote that the news of Waterloo did not reach it till several months after the battle. The lonely moors fostered the talents of the three Brontë sisters. Isolation developed George Eliot.

Both Ellis and Lombroso agree that at about the age of puberty the direction into which the latent genius will turn is determined, if it has not already shown itself. Ellis notes how many geniuses took a journey at that age, during which the shock of novel environment acted as a powerful stimulant to the budding aptitudes and pointed the direction into which talents should be turned. This age of puberty is that of greatest impressionability to external causes. Lombroso says: "Youth is then in a condition of latent explosibility, ready to burst out under the pressure of every influence." Sometimes at this age the budding genius will be influenced by reading a book or hearing a story that he has heard a hundred times, but which just at this moment agrees with his particular condition of soul. The directing influence may be that of some person.

When the impulse comes at puberty to choose the line of endeavor in which genius is to flow, parental opposition to the choice of a career often causes long, painful years of floundering and wasted effort. Whistler's endeavor to make himself a soldier and his unsuccessful career at West Point is a case in point. Poe came of rigid Puritan ancestry, to which literary ideals such as his were unknown.

Perhaps if the puzzled parents of these geniuses had lived to-day they might have been helped to recognize their children's true vocations by psychological tests. A test of the plot sense and creative imagination necessary in a writer has been worked out by Dr. Slosson and Professor June Downey.

Whatever understanding of the genius as a child psychology may give in future, the way of the great man will not be easy. As Professor Davidson says, the chief business of life in early years is in learning how to do things. From the first the process is in great degree imitative. If in a group one child thinks out a method of his own, his pride and satisfaction is checked by the outcry that follows his effort. No wonder the future genius is often violent, ferocious, fond of solitude, and disagreeable in society. Andrew Lang thinks an exception to this state of affairs is the born artist, who is usually popular at school because of his ability to make pictures of his school-mates and teachers. But for the school-days of the boy destined to be a poet Lang has great pity.

The genius needs the understanding of his own parents. Those who have had it have paid it glowing tributes. "Mentally and morally, I am a part of my mother," wrote Huxley.

["The Too Imaginative Child," by Mrs. Wilson, will appear in the February McClure's]

The first time he saw her, she was carrying home a market-basket

The Blunders of Vladimir

By Harry Carr

Illustrations by G. Bolin

FROM first to last, we learned a great deal from Hilda. Especially about advertising men.

Advanced advertising methods may be all right for soaps or raisins or cigarettes; but not for banks.

We had an advertising man named Sylvanus Bird. We did not know that we needed an advertising man until Bird came along and convinced us that our bank was hopelessly out of date—behind the times. Before Bird got through with us (and we got through with him) we were so up to date that the calendar was panting in an effort to keep up.

Bird turned our modest little three-line notice that had been running for years into a big flash you could feel in the dark. After reading one of his advertisements you found yourself with the abiding conviction that your life was a barren waste unless your affairs were in the hands of a trust company. He invited folks to come in and have their wills made, their family silver guarded, and their children brought up.

Mr. Bird's ideas were so exuberant and his language was so free that Hilda seemed to get the idea that our corporate activities included the discipline of recreant husbands.

The first time I saw Hilda, she was waiting for me in the reception-room. She was a tall, slender blue-eyed German girl with something indefinably wistful and pathetic about her. I sent a clerk out to find out what she wanted. She turned her frightened blue eyes on him and was almost abjectly polite in her refusal to talk to him; but she said she positively must see the president.

They told her I was a very busy man and couldn't see anybody except by appointment. Hilda only thanked them and said, in her scared, polite way, that she would wait until I could see her

Hilda had a sort of fatal patience. She waited all that day, and went home when the bank closed. The next day she was there again—with the same polite, fatal patience.

I surrendered and they showed Hilda in. She was badly frightened, but determined. She told me she was a small depositor in the bank and she wanted some advice. When I told her to go ahead and tell me what I could do for her, she said with the simple directness of a child, "Please, I like to know how I should do with my husband."

That's how I got to know about Vladimir.

HILDA was born in the queer little town of Mittenwald—up in the Bavarian Alps about twelve miles from Oberammergau. For hundreds of years it had been the home of violin-makers. I suppose Hilda's ancestors had been living there since the days of the Crusades—and before. There was an old, old Lutheran church with an ugly bristling spire in the middle of the village. Near the town was a single rocky peak, which rose as sheer and as steep as the spire.

Hilda's people lived in an old stone house near the square. Nearly all the houses in the town were of stone with white plaster over the outer walls. On these white-plastered walls were painted scenes from the Bible in vivid colors. Across the front of the house where Hilda's people lived was painted a life-sized picture of the Virgin Mary with Joseph and the infant Jesus. The lower story of the house was a half basement, half stable where they kept the cow; the family lived in the upper stories. In a room on the ground floor Hilda's father sat all day long making violins, as his ancestors had done before him. Hilda was the only child.

So much for Hilda.

VLADIMIR was the son of a Russian nobleman whose "batting average" was very high in the Czar's set. Vladimir was born on an estate in Lithuania. He had never had to think any more about money than about the air he breathed or the water he drank. His career had been punctuated by the women he had known. Vladimir had flitted from flower to flower, so to speak, until he was satiated, weary of life, threatened with delirium tremens.

In this crisis his family packed him off to a German town for the baths, in charge of half a dozen servants and his sister, the Countess Vera. She was the only one who could do anything with him.

Vera was a beautiful woman, stately but suggestive of hidden fires under a languid elegance. When I knew Vera, the business of being a Russian countess had become a decidedly hungry job; but even then she made me think of a thoroughbred Russian wolf-hound.

Well, the Countess took Vladimir to Wiesbaden. He grew tired of that overnight. Then she took him to Munich, to a hotel where the Russian grand-dukes used to stop before the war. About twenty-four hours of Munich did for Vladimir. He was sick of Russian grand-dukes. Vera tagged along at his heels to Dresden for the opera. He walked out in the middle of the first performance. Then they went to a villa that Vera rented on Starnberger Lake. Vladimir was through at the end of the second day. Finally they brought up at Mittenwald.

Why in the name of the immortal gods Vladimir should take it into his head to go to a sleepy Alpine village baffled Vera. But she never questioned Vladimir's moods or her own. Vladimir saw a little German train going somewhere, and he had to be on it. The train happened to be going to Mittenwald.

They took lodgings at a funny little inn, and Vera sent back for the baggage and the servants. The ground floor of the inn held a long table with a red cloth. There was a fireplace at one end of the room, with the usual chamois-horns over the mantel. Upstairs were stuffy little German bedrooms with enormously high beds crowned with huge slippery silk quilts.

She said in her scared, polite way that she would wait until I could see her

ONE day Vladimir saw the only thing in the world that he never grew tired of—Hilda. I intend to be fair with Vladimir. I don't believe his love for Hilda ever wavered—not even to this day. Hilda was, and is, an obsession with him.

The first time he saw her, she was carrying home a market-basket. Vladimir's practised heart capitulated on the spot.

Vera says he came home wild with excitement. He insisted that all the servants should go out and scour the town until they found out where she lived; then they must engage board for him at her house.

They easily found Hilda's house. Her people could not take them all to board, but they consented to take Vladimir. Vera was content to stay at the inn, which was bad enough without complications in the way of cow smells from a basement.

Vera told me frankly that she supposed it would be another case of infatuation, a settlement with the girl's people, and on to the next flower.

She took the blow with

philosophy when Vladimir dashed into the inn one day and woke her up from her afternoon siesta with the news that he was going to be married to Hilda right away. The Lutheran minister was waiting outside with Hilda. So Vladimir had his way—as usual.

HILDA was rather startled and bewildered. There was an enormous German dinner at the bride's house, with goose and beer and sentiment. Everybody wept and kissed everybody else—even to the proud Vera. Vera was immensely amused.

Scarcely was the ceremony over when Vladimir insisted they must be on their way. He wanted to show the bride to somebody, or to show somebody to the bride—it wasn't clear which. So, after a wild flurry of tearful good-bys, they whirled away.

Vladimir took the bride to Paris, where he bought so many clothes for her that she wept at the cost. Finally, to the unspeakable relief of both the bride and Vera, he decided to go home to Russia.

The bride looked forward with shy eagerness to the home-coming. To her it meant a chance to go to bed early and get up early; to cook staggering dinners for her young liege lord. Her heart was filled with devotion and her orderly Bavarian brain was seething with recipes. She felt that she would not fail him when it came to *kirche* and *küche*, and she looked forward with shy hope to *kinder*.

To her dismay, Hilda found that the estate was cluttered with servants. They fetched and carried for her until she was ready to scream. If she went into the kitchens they looked at her with dumb, uncomprehending wonderment. When she finally finished giving them lessons, they went on exactly as they had always been accustomed to doing. Poor Hilda was tortured by their extravagance.

When she appealed to Vera, she only got a laugh and a kiss for her pains. Vera ran the estate in a wild Russian way—a hit or a miss with an iron hand.

"It's no use, Hilda darling," she said, when Hilda tearfully showed her the misdoings of the cook. "You can't turn our Russian peasants into your respectable sedate Germans. The Czarina tried that. Germany is Germany and Russia is Russia. You're in Russia now."

There were a few glorious days when Vladimir had influenza and Hilda demanded the right to go downstairs into the kitchen and cook his food with her own hands. There was another morning when Vladimir missed her from their room before daybreak and found her with her skirts around her knees scrubbing a porch the untidiness of which had tortured her soul.

There must have been unsuspected foundations of strength underneath Vladimir's character. He never grew tired of Hilda. There was something undeniably sweet and appealing about Vladimir, and Hilda brought out everything that was good in him.

Of course no one can tell how it might have turned out had it not been for the revolution.

I imagine that the revolution came as a sort of relief to Hilda. It was like hearing the crash after watching, horror-stricken, the fall. Hilda was the only one in the house who was not surprised when it happened. To her it was like coming down to earth again.

They went whirling out across the border in the middle of the night, with all the belongings they could carry in a high-powered automobile.

For a while they went to Switzerland, where they lived a hectic life which consisted of pawning jewels and spending the money. They lived in a colony of Russian refugees who all were living the same way. Every day or so one of their friends was found drowned in the lake. They spent to the end of their jewels—and then the lake.

Vera and Vladimir didn't mind the life much; but Hilda grieved herself into illness. She grew thin and haggard. The doctor told Vladimir that they must take her away somewhere or she would die.

She begged them to take her back to Mittenwald, where she could make violins and money. Vladimir fished out another diamond brooch and went to get the tickets. He came back flushed with excitement, picked little Hilda up in his arms and did a Cossack dance with her around the room.

"Mittenwald!" he shouted. "Speak not of Mittenwald! It is to America we go. I met a friend going to America, and he persuaded me to buy tickets to New York. There we will make a fortune; every one makes a fortune there; my friend tells me that this is positively so."

Practical little Hilda was filled with dismay. What should they do in America? Upon what would they live when they got to America? She appealed to Vera; but the Countess Vera agreed with Vladimir. That is to say, she agreed it would be a good plan to go to America. She did not share Vladimir's exuberant dreams. She stated the case with cold logic to Hilda.

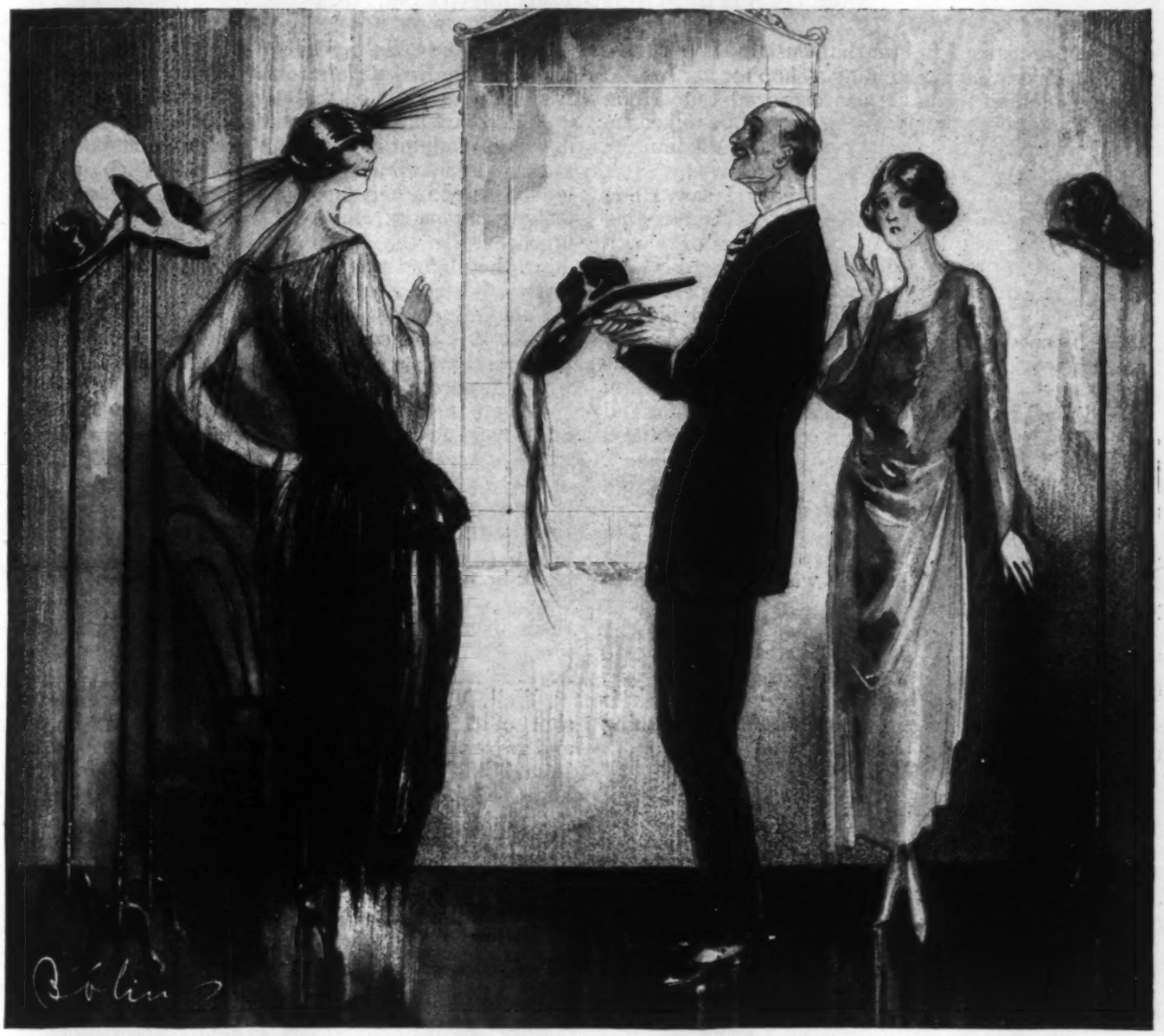
"See, darling," she said. "We must regard ourselves as hunters now. The early bird doesn't know exactly where he is going to find the worm; but if he gets out early in the morning where the worms usually are, it is logical to suppose that he will find food. So with us. America is a rich young country. This is an old country. We don't know what we are going to do over there; but we don't know what we are going to do here, either. Certainly it is reasonable to suppose that we will find better hunting where the worms are. At any rate, if it comes to our last diamond and it is the lake for us, we might as well have the interest of finding a new lake to die in. There is nothing here for us except the wretched fringes of our old life. Let us find a new life."

OF what happened when they arrived in America Hilda told me with gentle gravity. They lived for a while at hotels, using up their resources. Vladimir and she, and even Vera, tried to find work. But there was nothing they knew how to do. Vera had a vague idea of being a secretary; but she knew nothing of either stenography or business. Vladimir was a helpless infant. Hilda wanted to find employment as a cook; but the other two would not hear of that. Besides, that would have involved her living apart from Vladimir, which was unthinkable.

At last Hilda's fighting spirit came to the top. She took command of the family. She had a distant cousin in New York, who had taken over a small millinery store in satisfaction of an unpaid bill. He proposed to Hilda that she take the shop on a long-term purchase, paying for it out of her profits. Hilda would have preferred a tea-room or a delicatessen shop; but she took the opportunity that presented itself.

Both Vera and Vladimir entered into the adventure with gay enthusiasm.

Hilda's hats were dowdy monstrosities, but Vera had the artist's eye. The trouble with Vera was, she came to work at noon—sometimes. Sometimes she did not appear for a week. She always excused her derelictions with such charm that Hilda could not complain.



He begged the lady from the theater not to mention money, but to accept the hat with his compliments

Vladimir's function in the establishment was that of delivery boy. It was no humilation to Vladimir. With charming insouciance he would start down the avenue with a bundle in each hand and a cigarette in his mouth. Oh, very business-like was Vladimir! The idea of being a business man fascinated him. The only difficulty was that some other idea usually fascinated him before he got to his destination. Either he lost the address or met some Russian he knew and absently laid the bundle down and forgot it. Anyhow, he was the world's worst messenger boy.

He was always so humble and self-accusing in his confessions that Hilda could never make up her mind to scold him. She could not even cry; it almost killed Vladimir to see her cry.

BUT at last Vladimir got to be such a trial that Hilda had come to ask me to speak to him. I suggested that she should speak to him herself, that this was a little out of my line as a bank president.

Wide-eyed, she pointed to our advertisement, written by that infernal press agent. She looked as if she were going to cry. I hastened to place myself at her service. I did tell her, however, that she should not call in the neighbors to make her husband behave.

"Oh," cried Hilda, horrified, "that's not nice for a wife to rebuke her husband. That is for men."

There was a particular matter that Hilda wished me to speak to Vladimir about. It seemed that, on occasion, he departed from his function of messenger and made a hat himself. His hats were always ravishing—Hilda confessed as much. But he used so much trimming that his hats cost ten times as much as she ever could get for them.

The day before she came to see me, a young lady from the theater had dropped in at the shop. "She had yellow hair—not like mine, but made with medicines." (It was the only spiteful thing I ever heard Hilda say.)

Under the beaming approval of the lady from the theater, Vladimir entirely shed his American business nature. Hilda told me he kept piling on trimming and feathers and whatever it is that they put on women's hats. Finally he fastened on a fifty-dollar ostrich plume. Hilda said that when the actress asked how much the hat would be, Vladimir swept the damsel a bow and begged her not to mention money, but to accept the hat with his compliments—his tribute to an artist.

I could see that Hilda was very close to tears—I couldn't tell whether from jealousy or because of the loss of money; I imagine Hilda herself could not have told.

What she wanted me to do was to reason with

Vladimir: to explain to him that business is business, and that Hilda was not running a shop for her health. I had to consent, and it was arranged that Hilda should bring him around the next day to be talked to. Only I was to be very, very gentle with Vladimir.

NEXT day at the appointed hour I saw Hilda waiting outside the cage with a fine-looking young Russian who had an air that comes only with centuries of breeding. I could see at a glance his adoration of Hilda: she might have been an empress. He was always giving her hand little pats and flicking imaginary specks of dust off her gown—that had never known a speck of dust since it was made. There was something boyishly eager and appealing about him.

Still, I was not surprised when Hilda left him and came alone to my desk. I could see she was confused and excited.

"I have brought Vladimir; but you please not talk to him like I said," she implored.

"That's all right," I assured her, "I will treat him gently, but he really ought to be made to realize that business is business. That hat was a severe loss to you; you work so hard."

But Hilda interrupted me. "Please—please—please," she whispered under her breath. "I like you please you shouldn't say anything about that hat. You please say you are glad to meet him and it is nice weather and so on; but please don't say anything about that hat."

Hilda's eyes were wild with excitement.

"That theater young lady," she said, "she went back to the theater and showed the manager that hat what Vladimir had trimmed, and we got this morning an order for such a many hats as I never heard of. A whole chorus of girls Vladimir is to trim hats for, and we shall make two thousand dollars profit. Please you don't say anything to Vladimir about hats."

I DID not see Hilda again for a long time. When she came in again, Vladimir was with her. She looked prosperous and I could see things were going well with her. Hilda would never have worn a fur coat on anything but a sound financial foundation. Vladimir was well dressed, too. But he looked crestfallen and dejected—I could see that Hilda had been crying.

This time she brought Vladimir right in with her. "Please," she said, "I like you should talk to Vladimir about gambling. He promised me not to gamble."

Vladimir looked like a spanked baby. In the most delightful, cultured English he told me how it had happened—he made no attempt to defend himself. He was morally and spiritually groveling in the seventh level of self-abasement.

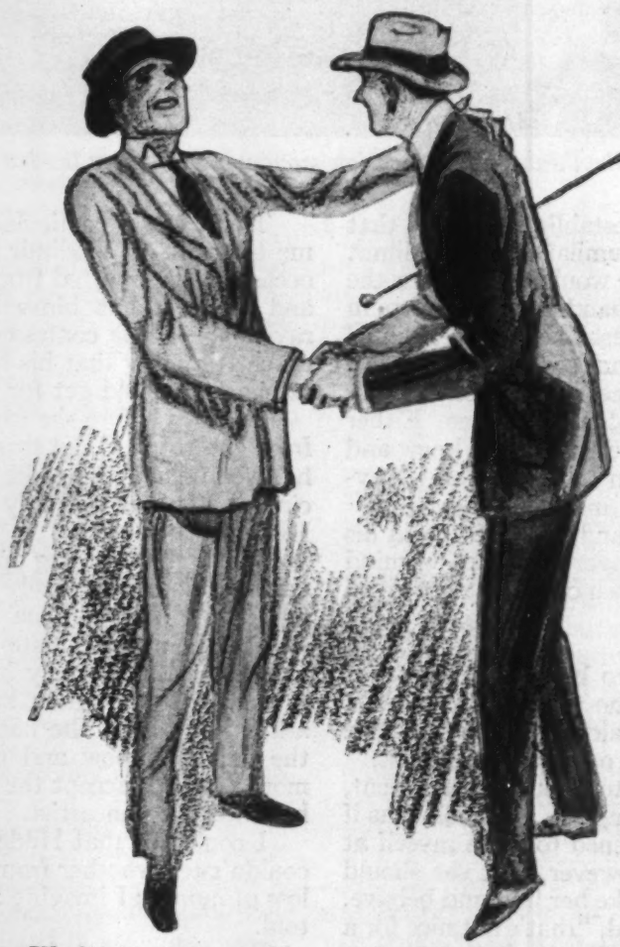
He said he hadn't meant to do it. Hilda had given him five hundred dollars to deposit in the bank. He had started for the bank; but on the way he had met an old comrade of the Russian Life Guard regiment in which Vladimir had served the Czar. They had had a great reunion. His comrade had taken him to luncheon; or rather, his comrade, being hard up and looking for work, had let Vladimir take him to luncheon. In the afternoon, still talking of the old days, they found themselves walking down the street in the midst of a crowd.

Vladimir confessed that he had forgotten all about the bank. The crowd was bound for the races at Belmont Park; so they went along, hardly knowing what they were doing.

When they got to the race-course, they met another Russian comrade of the old days. He was filled with excitement. He had discovered his old trainer of the golden days of St. Petersburg working around the track. The trainer had slipped him a wonderful tip. In the excitement of the moment, Vladimir had fallen. He had bet Hilda's five hundred dollars on a black horse that the trainer assured them was a sure winner. Vladimir said the trainer had explained to them, in great detail, that the horse could not possibly lose. *Pff!* It was going to be just like that for this horse to win.

Well, Vladimir said that was the long and the short of it. He was sorry; he was overcome with shame and regret. He would never do it again. I could see from Hilda's brimming eyes that she had forgiven him. Nevertheless, I thought it was up to me to deliver a few fatherly remarks.

"Being sorry is all right, young man!" I said. "But that will not bring back this little girl's five hundred dollars that she worked so hard for."



Vladimir meets an old comrade of the Life Guard

"That's not it at all," said Hilda hastily, "You don't understand. It's not nice to gamble—that's what I want you should talk to him about. Gambling is a wicked sin."

Vladimir tried to say something, but I silenced him with a gesture.

"There is a moral side too, no doubt." I said. "But the fact is that you took this money that did not belong to you out to a horse-race and lost it, and it's gone, and this little girl is out five hundred good dollars."

Vladimir and Hilda exchanged glances of dismay. Vladimir murmured, "Heavens, I would have shot myself!"

"Please, please, please, you don't understand," cried Hilda. "He didn't lose my money. He won three thousand dollars. We want to know what to do with it. I won't touch it because it is wicked money. Vladimir and I want you to tell us how we can give it to some charity—or some

one who will not object to taking that kind of money."

Vladimir caught my eye, and we both snickered in a shamefaced way, bringing Hilda to tears. In the end, I told her she could leave the money with me to dispose of. It is still there in a trust fund, drawing interest and awaiting her order. She knows nothing about it; neither does Vladimir. Some day they will have more sense; then I shall give it back to them.

IT must have been a year before I saw Vladimir or Hilda again. I had almost forgotten them when they came into the bank one day. They were dressed for traveling, and told me they were on the way to the train. They were going to California. One of Hilda's wealthy clients had offered to set her up in business in Pasadena. Her prospects were very bright, and I could see that she and Vladimir were treading on air. The Countess Vera had intended to go with them, but had been unaccountably side-tracked somewhere, in her usual way. She was to join them later.

I had two picture postal cards from them on the way to the coast. Hilda sent me a picture of herself holding an Indian papoose on the depot platform at Albuquerque. From Pasadena they sent me an occasional message. At Christmas-time I received one of those little Mission bells on a standard. For a New Year's gift she sent me a horned toad on a sheet of yucca. I didn't know what to do with the horned toad, but I put it away as a memento of a most remarkable woman.

That was the last I heard from Hilda until I received that telegram. Hilda was evidently so excited when she wrote it that she forgot all her accomplishments with the English language. She said they were buying a lemon ranch, and prohibition had come, and everybody would drink lemonade, now they couldn't get beer, and she and Vladimir would be rich and she wanted me to be the first to know it.

I spent a dollar and thirty cents to tell Hilda in a night letter that I was glad she was going to be rich. I think I added that she had better be sure Vladimir didn't carry the lemon ranch away in his pocket some day and lose it.

In the end, that is just about what Vladimir did.

It wasn't very long after that I found a note from Hilda on my desk at the bank. She had come back to New York to do some buying for her millinery shop. Vladimir was staying in California to attend to the ranch—I could see Hilda fairly swelling with pride when she wrote that word. He would come East later, and they would both come to see me.

They came. I felt quite homey and familiar when I reached the bank one morning and found Hilda crying in my office, and Vladimir trying to comfort her.

Right in front of all the clerks, Hilda rushed to the door to meet me, threw both arms around my neck, and kissed me. She tried to talk, but her voice was lost in sobs. She gave it up and clung to me and cried.

Vladimir stood at one side, miserably twisting his hat. I saw he was trying to speak, but his throat was so strangled with emotion that he could not speak. All he could do was to stand there twisting his hat and looking at Hilda, who was in my arms.

Much as I sympathized with their young sorrow, there are limits. All the bank clerks were snickering, and I could feel my face growing warm and red. To cover my embarrassment, I put Hilda to one side and advanced belligerently upon Vladimir.

"Well, what have you done now?" I demanded.

Vladimir gave me a piteous look. "I traded our lemon ranch for a grape vineyard," he said in a low stricken voice.

All the bank clerks were snickering, and I could feel my face growing red

It almost took my breath away. "My soul, Vladimir," I gasped. "A grape vineyard—with prohibition!"

"I—I forgot all about prohibition," he stammered miserably. "We had such a tiny little lemon ranch, and they gave me such a great big vineyard—an enormous vineyard."

"I should think they would!" I roared. "Don't you know they are grubbing up all the vineyards in California and planting the land to alfalfa?"

Vladimir did not reply. Hilda had begun to cry again. Hilda's sobs had erased the rest of the world as far as he was concerned.

AFTER a while she dried her tears and we talked it over sensibly. It was done, and that was all there was to it. No use to cry over spilled milk—or spilled lemons, either. The thing for them to do was to go steadfastly to work and make it up again. They still had some buying to do for their millinery store. Hilda was enlarging the store. Pasadena, she said, was filled with rich winter tourists, and she thought it would be a fine market for the jewels and furs and laces that the refugees from Russia had smuggled over—out from under the noses of the Bolsheviki. I agreed with her; New York was full of the stuff.

Vladimir worked frantically to square himself. Every day he drove down into the Russian quarter and came back with the most amazing treasures. The most beautiful old Russian copper and brass I ever saw was among the loot that Vladimir found on the East Side. He dug up jewels that were said to have belonged to the Czar.

They came to see me the day before they were to leave for California. They were holding hands as they came into my office.

I asked them about the grape vineyard. Vladimir colored, but Hilda quickly covered up the situation. "It's all right," she said. "We are going to get our lemon ranch back. We met the man with whom Vladimir made the trade, and he is going to trade back again. Is it not kind of him?"

Vladimir gave me a queer look. Then he looked at Hilda and sighed. Somehow, although he said nothing, I could see that Vladimir felt a suspicion about this offer to trade back that he had not felt about the original swap. It came to me, too, that something was wrong.

On some excuse or other, I persuaded Hilda to exchange her railroad tickets and wait over a few days. Also I got her to hold up the trade until I could see the man who wanted to trade back.

She brought him in the next day. He was a youngish man with white spats and a glib manner. He seemed deeply hurt at my sharp questions. He said that, if they were dissatisfied with their trade, he was willing to give them back their lemon grove, although it would mean a severe financial loss to him. I told him to come back the next day, and sent one of the clerks out to hail a taxicab.

Hilda looked at me with troubled inquiry. "Come on," was all the explanation I gave her.

I took them to the Erie docks, where California fruit is auctioned off every day. Bill Rowan, who managed the fruit market, was an old college friend of mine.

Every day in the season half a million dollars' worth of California fruit comes across the Hudson ferries in boxes. The next morning it can't be there. Every orange and every lemon must be sold at auction and hauled away before daylight.

AS you go into the docks, the fruit is ranged alongside of the roadway in open boxes, each box carrying a shipment number. Each intending customer is given a printed catalog showing the amount of fruit corresponding to these samples in the open boxes.

As we made our way in, the fruit-buyers were picking over the samples. They were as quick as lightning. Almost without stopping, they passed along the rows of open boxes, now and then pausing to touch an orange or lemon with a lead pencil, or perhaps to pick one out of its box and examine it with a critical touch.

At one end of the dock we saw huge piles of grapes in the little tight packing-boxes in which they come from the coast—flaming Tokays, little black Missions, Malagas, and so on. Hilda playfully poked Vladimir in the side with her parasol as we passed the grapes. He blushed.

I explained the whole situation candidly to Rowan, Vladimir standing shamefacedly to one side like a naughty little boy brought to the teacher's desk. I told him that I had thought Hilda might grub out the vines and at least save the land.

Rowan dug out his pipe and looked at me with his shrewd little eyes.

"Did you say she was going to grub out the vines and plant alfalfa?" he asked, with a queer smile.

"If she doesn't trade back, wouldn't that be best?" I asked, rather nettled at his tone. "What else could she do with a grape vineyard?"

"What else—" he began; then he broke off shortly. "Come with me," he said.

He led the way up a little grimy stairway to the floor above the dock. The corridors were filled with Russian Jews and Italians—the fruit-buyers of New York. We noticed they were all headed toward a little room at the end of the passage. "This is where we auction the grapes," he explained.

It was a dim, dirty little room, with benches that rose sharply in tiers like the seats in a medical clinic. On the floor stood the auctioneer, a stocky, swarthy man with eyes like a hawk.

Perched up on the benches, watching him, were the buyers. It amazed me to learn that the choicest and finest of the California fruits went to the push-carts of the East Side. Some of those tattered, soiled immigrants in long ulsters or greasy working clothes bought from fifty to eighty thousand dollars' worth of fruit a day on credit, and sold it to the push-cart men from little holes-in-the-wall on the East Side.

It was the most peculiar auction I ever saw. Instead of starting at the bottom and bidding the price up, this auction started at the top and staggered down.

"Eight, eight—who'll gimme eight? Am I bid eight? Who'll gimme seven seventy-five, seven seventy-five? Am I bid seven seventy-five?"

The buyers paid no attention to him at first, quietly chatting among themselves. As the auctioneer's price came sagging down, however, a hush of eager expectation went over the conglomerate assembly. Then Bedlam broke loose.

It fascinated me. Here was the real drama of America. The fruit from California, as it were, was passing in a golden stream from the quiet foothill ranches through these gritty, work-calloused immigrant hands to the homes of the rich on Fifth Avenue and to the push-carts of Rivington Street.

Hilda was frightened and wanted to go. She kept pulling at my sleeve.

"What does it all mean?" she asked, when we were outside in the corridors with the uproar still in our ears.

"It means," said Rowan drily, "that they are fighting to pay one hundred and ten dollars a ton for grapes that were never worth more than seventeen dollars a ton before."

"But prohibition—" I stammered weakly.

"Don't ask me," said Rowan, waving my half-asked question away. "I'll be hanged if I understand it myself. Nobody does. Perhaps it's on account of the home-brew experts. You see, these home-made wines waste about five times the amount of grapes that the old winery used. Anyhow, whatever the reason is, your friend's grape vineyard is worth about five times what she paid for it."

"Do you suppose—" I began. But Rowan was looking at Hilda. Hilda was crying in Vladimir's arms.

I escorted Vladimir and Hilda to the street and formally bade them good-by.

"Hilda," I said firmly, "don't come to me for any more business advice. I'm just a plain banker; I'm neither a fool nor a financial genius. Vladimir is one of the two—I don't know which. If you leave everything to him, he will go on making a fool of himself, and you will probably die worth a million."

ONCE in a long while I get a letter or a note from Hilda. She and Vladimir sent me a great box of grapes the other day. They have their private brand now with a registered trademark. Their ranch has a Spanish name, and Hilda has a country home at Santa Barbara, and a limousine.

If she keeps on letting that adorable fool Vladimir blunder around her business affairs, she will probably own the State of California one of these days.

Theodore Roosevelt at Work

By Rear Admiral William Sowden Sims

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has often been accused by his critics of making "snap judgments," that is, of reaching important decisions apparently without adequate consideration of all the facts bearing on the case. On the other hand, Napoleon's admirers have been accustomed to describe this faculty of rapid decision as "genius."

In each case the critics are in the wrong; for in each case the effect sprang from the possession of similar characteristics.

Napoleon himself disclaimed any such easy and simple explanation of his ability to form rapid decisions; he said:

"I work all the time; I meditate a great deal. If I appear always ready to answer all questions, to meet every eventuality before undertaking anything, I have always pondered over it for a long time; I have foreseen what might happen. It is not genius which suddenly reveals to me in secret what I must do or say in any emergency unexpected by others; it is my habit of reflection or meditation. I work at all times—at my meals, at the theater; at night I awake to work."

The Trained Intellect

JUST as long years of practice enable a musician to "let his fingers wander as they list" over the keyboard, unconscious of their play, so the trained intellect can apply itself to a situation, compare it unconsciously with past experiences, comprehend the end to be sought, the obstacles to be overcome, the means available for overcoming them, and swiftly decide upon a course of action.

This process, when painfully and laboriously carried out, step by step, is the method used in our military and naval services, and it is called "making an estimate of the situation." When it is done swiftly and unconsciously by a master mind, we are amazed and we give it the mystic name of "genius."

Now, Theodore Roosevelt had this faculty of swift understanding and of immediate decision, and it came, not as a gift of the gods, but because he had throughout the years studied and practised. For years he had studied the Navy, and the essential facts were all neatly classified and catalogued and stowed away in his brain for future use.

His correspondence proves how well he understood the Navy and its requirements, and how carefully he considered all the facts and arguments bearing upon a proposed reform. Also, not only did his mind work with extraordinary rapidity, but he took care to get summaries of the facts bearing upon the subject from those who knew the most about them.

His Rapidity of Thought

USUALLY discussions with him on naval matters ended by his saying, "Prepare me a paper on the subject."

This was easy for the President to say; it was more difficult for a naval officer to do, for Mr. Roosevelt's own ability to work swiftly led him to underestimate the time that another would find necessary.

This I know to be true; for, as his aide, I had to prepare many of these memoranda for him; and to the difficulty of working under pressure were added the difficulties of explaining highly technical matters with which he could not be expected to be familiar, that of condensing a great subject into a small compass, and the absolute necessity for strict accuracy.

When such laboriously prepared papers were presented, the President would put them in his inside coat pocket and would often say:

"I will take this home with me; come and see me about it to-morrow."

But one day, after I had taken great pains with a paper on a subject of vital importance to the Navy, he did not put it in his inside coat pocket. He slowly turned over each of the eight or ten pages, pausing at each for a few moments, then laid it down and said:

"All right; what have you got to say about it?"

Theodore Roosevelt was an outstanding figure wherever he happened to be; this is how Henry Reuterdahl saw him watching target practice in 1908

At first the Navy shooting range was sixteen hundred yards; the big guns were soon making splendid records at ten thousand yards

After all my work, this appeared to me to be a careless way of treating a subject of so great importance, so I replied:

"Mr. President, I intended this for your inside pocket. I think it would be best to postpone discussion until after you have read it."

Roosevelt laughed. "But I *have* read it," he said; "I know everything that is in it."

It seemed incredible; and yet, subsequent discussion proved that he knew everything that was in the paper! Such was the habit, such the amazing power, that he had, which led many to assume that he made "snap judgments." I myself had been deceived at first.

I had been told or had read of men who can flip over the pages of a book or manuscript and grasp its contents, but I had never seen it done before, and, being myself a painfully slow reader, I was duly impressed—not to say depressed.

Three Books an Evening

I ONCE heard Mr. Roosevelt say that he not infrequently "read" three books of an evening; and once, when Mrs. Roosevelt excused him from going with her to the theater, he expressed his delight over the fine time he was going to have over his beloved books.

Often, of course, those who were "indoctrinated," as we say in the Navy, in the President's ideas did not have to wait to be told to prepare a memorandum; but, knowing in general what his reaction would be to a proposal, his advisers often volunteered suggestions. Thus, after he had issued his famous order requiring military officers to take an annual physical test, it required no particular genius to understand that he would favor a similar test for naval officers also. I quote herewith as a matter of possible interest, as showing the condensed form in which these memoranda were submitted, that in which the physical test for naval officers was proposed:

My dear Mr. President:

Referring to your order of December 2, 1907 (issued in War Department General Order No. 240, Dec. 4, 1907), prescribing an annual physical test for officers of the U. S. Army, I have the honor to invite your attention to the following considerations:

1. The necessity for an annual physical test of army officers is clearly set forth in the order above referred to.

2. That the order was essential to physical fitness is shown by the fact that its operation has already eliminated a considerable number of physically deficient officers from the Army.

3. That the order has been beneficial is clearly shown by the radical change in the daily physical habits of most all army officers.

4. Many officers of the Navy, even comparatively young ones, are now suffering from a physical stagnation similar to that which you order eliminated from the Army.

5. Comparatively few of them have formed regular habits of out-of-door exercise. On the contrary, the tendency is in the other direction.

6. I could mention the names of officers under 50 who, thru sedentary habits and lack of exercise, have broken down and been obliged to consult nerve specialists, etc.

7. Also the names of others who have accumulated fat to such an extent as to render them incapable of performing all the duties required of officers of their grade.

8. All experience shows that medical examining boards can not eliminate such officers, provided they have no serious organic disease.

As it would seem that every argument in favor of a physical test for army officers applies with equal force to naval officers, and as a walking test is perfectly practicable for the Navy, I have the honor to suggest that such a test be ordered.

In case you should decide to consider the above suggestion favorably, I enclose herewith a tentative order that is similar in all respects to your order of December 2, 1907, concerning the Army, a copy of which is appended.

I am, Sir, Very respectfully,

(*Signed*) Wm. S. Sims,
Comdr. U. S. N.,
Naval Aide.

The President.

The cartoon on page 64 indicates the good-natured amusement that the public found in the President's strenuous interest in naval efficiency. He interfered often and whole-heartedly—yes, but not until he had first studied the facts as presented by a competent authority.

Such, then, was his peculiar ability and such his method of working that misled many into thinking that President Roosevelt formed many opinions impulsively. It is true that sometimes he arrived at conclusions with which many of us disagreed, and it was interesting to note his attitude toward those who opposed him. It was inflexible enough, once he had made up his mind, but it did not appear to diminish his confidence in them. On the contrary, he seemed to value their advice the more because he knew that he could get their real opinions. Those who always agreed with him he distrusted. Upon one occasion he wanted to discuss naval matters with certain advisers in order to reach an important decision. The names of certain officers were mentioned as being the best ones to consult. "No," he said, "they won't express any definite opinion until they know what my opinion is." He then named a certain captain, saying: "I know from experience that that man will tell me exactly what he thinks."

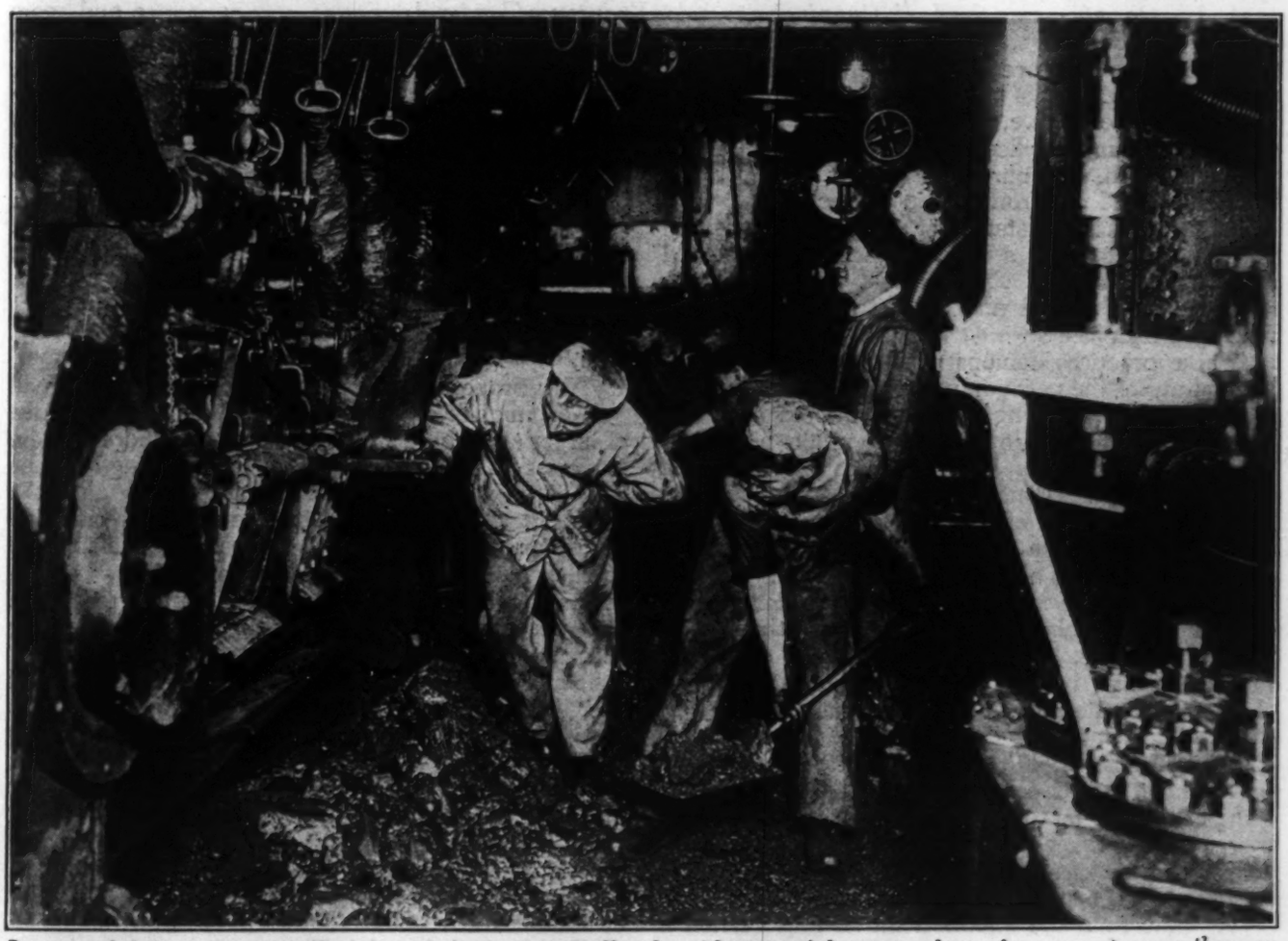
This attitude of Theodore Roosevelt's is another fact that helps one to understand how he could arrive at such quick decisions: he knew his men, and he could not only get information upon which to make a decision, but he was sure that he was getting what a man really thought. In a word, he understood organization and administration, and he always listened to advice from competent men in whose characters he had confidence. These men did not influence him, but they gave him the facts, and when they gave them he knew that they were facts as these men understood them.

This is why Theodore Roosevelt was able to do so much for the Navy.

Roosevelt and the "Dreadnought"

THERE was, of course, a close connection between the President's interest in ship design and gunnery and his interest in the all-big-gun battleship; but it was his keen concern with the development of gunnery that really fixed his attention on the Dreadnought type. Indeed, it was gunnery progress that made this type inevitable. That is why Theodore Roosevelt advocated the all-big-gun ship when Admiral Mahan was opposing it: because Roosevelt was familiar with gunnery developments, while Admiral Mahan, due to his long absence from the active work of the Fleet and to his concentration upon problems of policy and strategy, had not an opportunity to realize the revolutionary change that had come about in a short time.

Immediately after Admiral Sir Percy Scott's method of gunnery training was introduced into the Navy, our vessels of all classes began to make a high percentage of hits at a rapidly increasing rate of fire. The shooting was at that time carried out at a range of sixteen hundred yards, the object being to train the gun-pointers in accuracy of aim and to bring out and correct the inaccuracies of the gun gear. The ultimate object was, of course, to make the maximum possible number of hits per minute at the



In every fighting-ship engine-room are men working gallantly with none of the atmosphere of romance to spur them on

longest practicable ranges.

But little was known at that time of the problem of long-range fire, and the opposition to the new method of training was very determined. We who were held responsible for gunnery development were obliged to proceed with great caution, lest we fail to make a sufficiently impressive percentage of hits through advancing in range more rapidly than the advance in skill of the personnel and the improvement in accuracy of the ordnance and aiming devices. We knew that a single bad record at target practice would be seized upon as a demonstration of the failure of the system to develop real battle efficiency. In order to avoid this the advance in range was made with a caution that, in view of our present knowledge, would be considered excessive, if not ridiculous. Doubtless many of the junior officers of the Navy will be surprised to learn that our first attempt was a target practice carried out from a ship at anchor against a large target at a distance of only four thousand yards. Subsequently a similar practice was carried out at a distance of six thousand yards, and the results were observed and reported by a board of nine gunnery officers.

Roosevelt's order to get rid of the Navy's unfit called forth such opinions as that expressed in this newspaper cartoon by J. H. Cunningham—"An Endurance Test for Admirals"

These practices demonstrated so completely the possibilities of the new gun gear and the new training methods that long-range target practices with the ships under way were thereafter made a regular feature of each year's firing. It was the results of these practices that made inevitable a fundamental change in the design of all battle-ships.

The essential feature of these results was the demonstration that at ranges of ten thousand yards and more the big turret guns—12-inch and over—could make a higher percentage of hits than could the smaller guns. Not only that, but at such long ranges the hits by the smaller projectiles, because their velocity decreased so greatly at long ranges, could do no material damage. The only possible conclusion was that the main battery of future battle-ships should consist only of big guns of the same caliber, so as to develop the maximum fighting power at long ranges; the secondary battery must be composed only of such small guns as were necessary for defense against torpedo attack.

At that time the standard battle-ship carried a mixed battery of two or three calibers. Our latest battle-ships of that date, for example, were armed with four 12-inch, eight 8-inch, and twelve 7-inch guns. Imagine such a ship with four big guns trying to fight a ship with ten or twelve 12- or 14-inch guns! The larger ship could accommodate larger engines, and with the resulting superior speed force the engagement at long range, where her twelve big guns would quickly overpower the four big guns of the smaller ship!

This aspect was explained to President Roosevelt, and, because of his keen interest in and understanding of the new gunnery developments, he saw the great significance at once: big guns were more accurate and more deadly at long ranges. He promised his active support in procuring the legislation necessary to permit the Navy to increase the displacement of new ships in order to accommodate a greater number of heavy turret guns. This was the Dreadnought idea. He was interested in the all-big-gun ship as early as 1904, studying the problem closely; and, while at first he was misled, this intense study made him one of the first to grasp the new idea.

The New Idea in Fighting-Ships

THE proposed change was a radical one. The Naval Committees of Congress did not like the idea of larger ships because larger ships cost more money. Congress had decided that battle-ships ought to be of sixteen thousand tons displacement, and the members were strongly inclined to resent Presidential interference. The Navy Department was also opposed to such a radical departure in design. Most of the senior members could not bring themselves to believe that decisive naval battles could be fought at long ranges. Many distinguished officers inveighed against "the absurdity of assuming that naval battles would ever be fought at the enormous ranges of seven thousand yards." What would they say to our hitting to-day at twenty thousand yards? Their experience in target practice had shown that they had been able to do but little hitting with big turret guns, even at short ranges. They could not be convinced that these great guns could ever be so accurately controlled as actually to hit a target at five or six miles.

But we had done it! The proof was plain; it was

After the painting by Henry Reuterdahl

When the United States Navy adopted Sir Percy Scott's method of gunnery training the crews began to shoot with extraordinary accuracy; vessels of all classes were soon making a high percentage of hits at a rapidly increasing rate of fire

simply a question now of how long it would take to demonstrate the fact to those upon whose decision depended the adoption of the new type: the all-big-gun ship.

Therefore, when in July, 1905, I ventured on a visit to England to obtain information about British developments in gunnery, I submitted a copy of my report to the President, and in the accompanying letter I summarized for his benefit all the latest information that I had gained. The letter closed with these words:

"From a consideration of the above facts, it would seem that the fighting-ship of the future should be a high-speed battle-ship with a main battery of 12-inch guns only—and 3-inch or 4-inch guns for torpedo defense.

"The British are now designing such a vessel."

Admiral Mahan's Attack

THE process of educating the public was advancing rapidly when, unfortunately, Admiral Mahan published in the June, 1906, issue of the U. S. Naval Institute *Proceedings* an article entitled "Reflections, Historic and Other, Suggested by the Battle of the Japan Sea." In this article Admiral Mahan advocated a greater number of small guns and disparaged the all-big-gun type. Mahan's conclusions were based upon his knowledge of gunnery practice before the introduction of the new devices and new training system. This distinguished writer had been on the retired list for many years, and evidently had not realized the fundamental changes that had recently been brought about. His reasoning was all right, but his premises were false. Admiral Mahan had gained an international reputation for the brilliance of his historical work, his writings on policy, and his strategical studies, and so great was his prestige and so solidly established was his reputation as an authority upon naval matters that President Roosevelt at once recognized that the opposition now had an argument against which no progress could be made until Admiral Mahan's article was first disposed of, and he so informed me.

It was evidently up to me to attempt this refutation. As far as President Roosevelt himself was concerned, this was an easy matter. In reply to a letter from the President asking for my comments upon an inclosed clipping of an article in the *Japan Mail* entitled "The Lessons of the Naval War," I wrote a summary of the arguments the substance of which I have already set forth here, and in that review I emphasized the military advantages of the new design. The date of the President's letter was August 29, 1906. The next day Mr. Roosevelt asked me for my views on Admiral Mahan's letter. In my reply I was able to establish that my sources of technical information were far more comprehensive and reliable than any which Mahan had available, my gunnery assistant, Lieutenant R. D. White, U. S. N., having been present as an observer at the battle which Admiral Mahan discussed.

These letters, the President said, were conclusive as far as he himself was concerned; but he believed that the opposition to the all-big-gun ship could now be overcome only by an appeal to public opinion. To that end he gave his permission to have my letter to him published as an article in the *Proceedings* of the U. S. Naval Institute, where it appeared in the issue of December, 1906, under the title "The Inherent Tactical Qualities of the All-Big-Gun, One-Caliber Battle-Ships of High Speed, Large Displacement, and Gun Power." When this article was brought to the attention of the Naval Committees of Congress, the effect at first seemed to be an intensified opposition. At all events, the President sent for me one day, and said that Senator Hale, then chairman of the Senate Naval Committee, had just called on him and had been "very disagreeable in regard to the new type of battle-ship," claiming that if the Congress approved the building of such vessels, they would make all former types back numbers, and that they would mark the beginning of a new period of competitive building. This was true, but it was, of course, no reason for allowing other navies to build them first and leave us outclassed with a navy of "back numbers."

"Mr. President," I said, "why not take measures to bring the whole matter to the attention of the public?"

He laughed.

"Well," he said, "I can hardly send any more messages to Congress just now."

"Then couldn't the subject be laid before the chairmen of the Naval Committees in a letter brief enough for publication in the press, if necessary?" I asked.

"All right; if you can boil that long article of yours down to a letter of a column or so that will make the matter clear, I will send it."

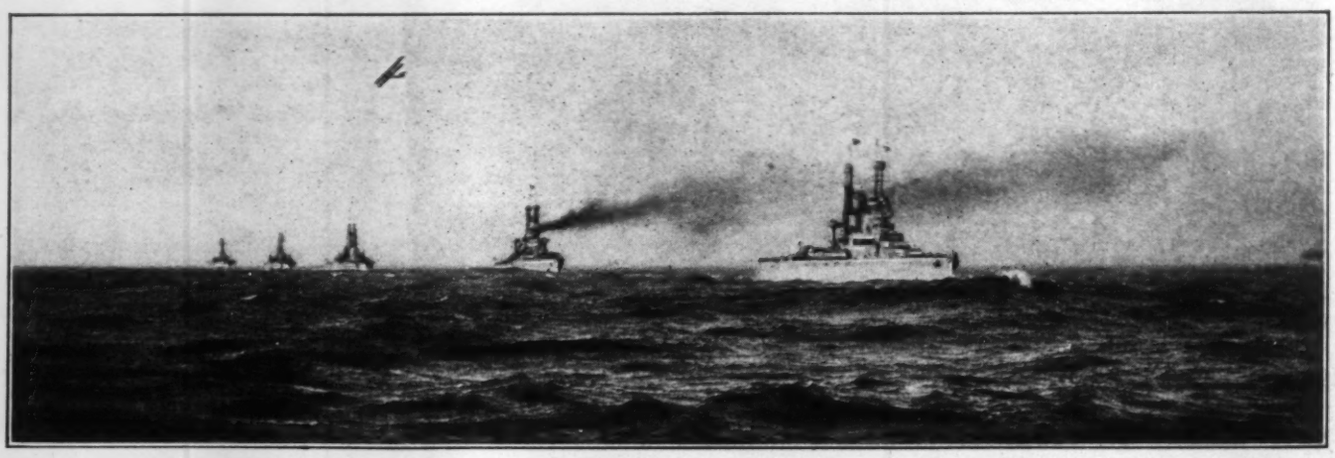
I did so. The letter was sent. As usual, days passed with no reply from the chairmen.

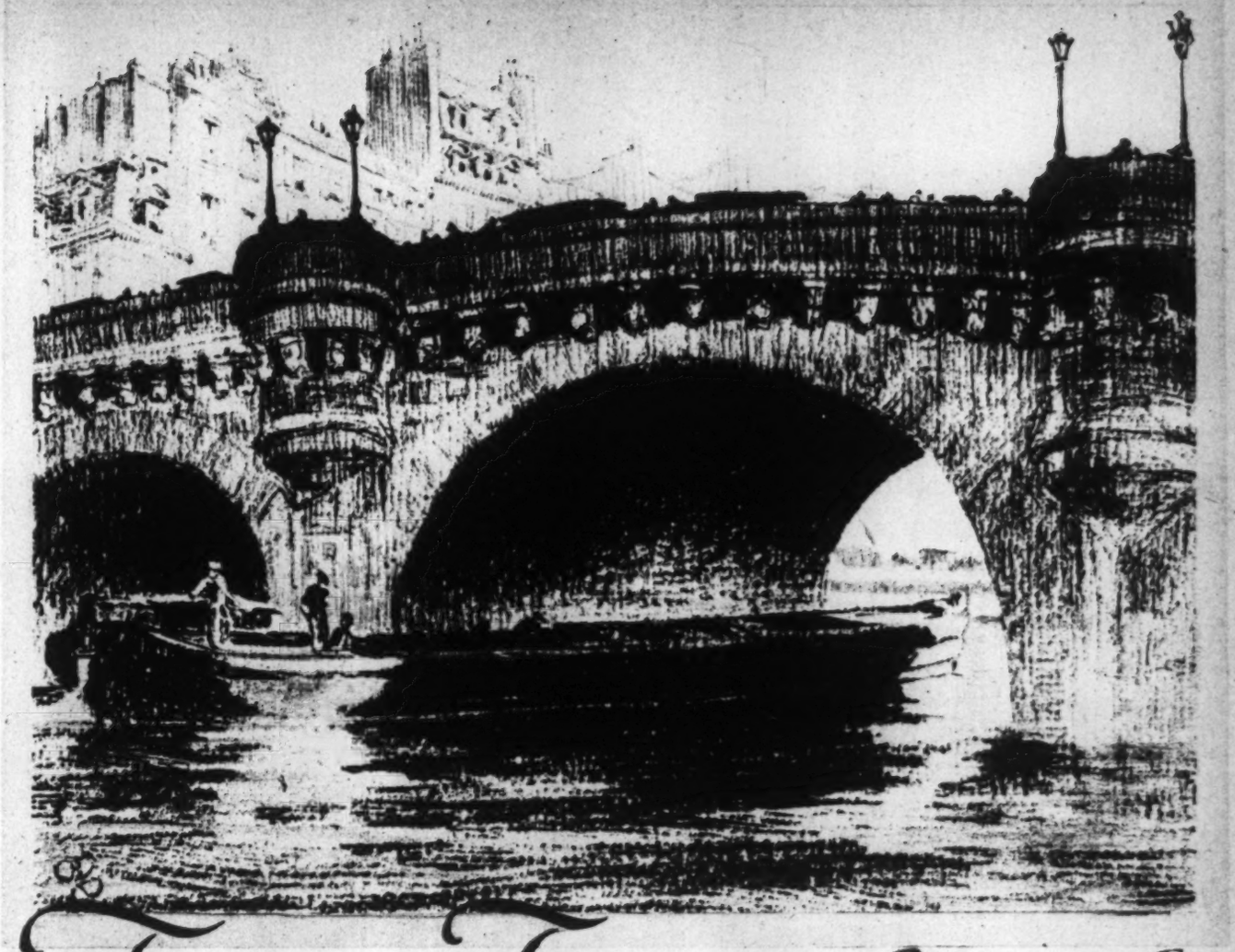
Finally, when the matter was being discussed one day, I suggested:

"Then why not publish the letter?"

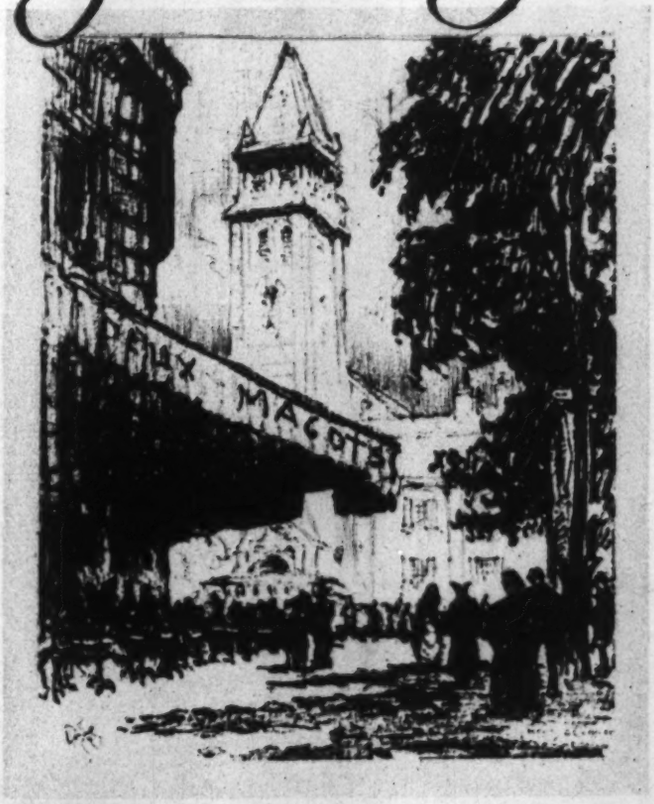
The President turned to his secretary, Mr. Loeb, and said:

[*Continued on page 95*]





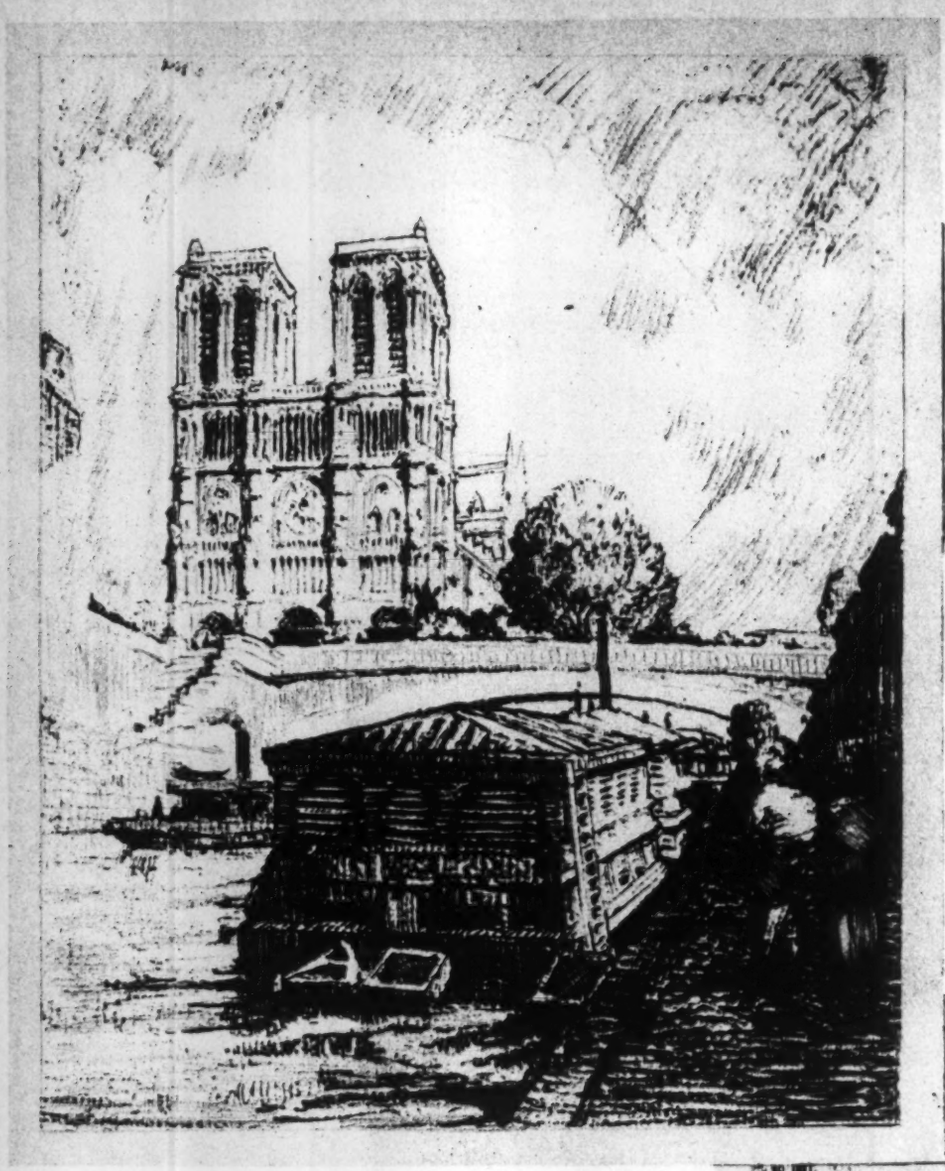
France Today—from the Sketch Book of Henry O'Connor



THE drawings on these four pages are reproduced from the note-book of a young painter and etcher, Henry O'Connor, a pupil of the late Abbott Thayer. He studied also with De Camp and Pennell, and at the Massachusetts Normal Art School, the Boston Museum of Fine Arts School, the Art Students' League of New York, and Julien's in Paris.

As a pupil of Abbott Thayer, Mr. O'Connor lived in the home of his master at Dublin, New Hampshire, painting directly under his supervision. He has recently returned from a tour of France, Belgium, Italy, and England with sketches from which these are taken.

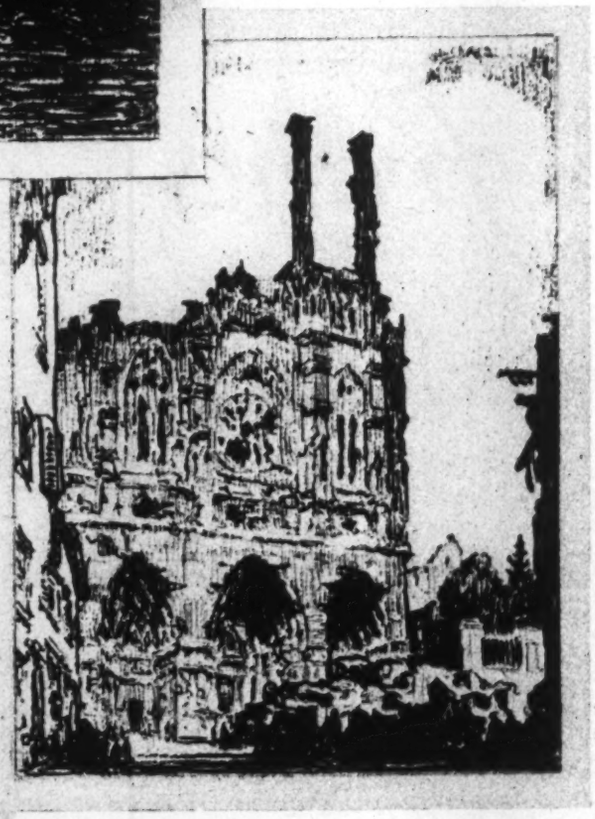
The drawing at the top of this page is of Pont-Neuf, one of Paris's famous bridges, built in 1578-1604. To the left is pictured a popular café on the Place St. Germain de Pré, in Paris.



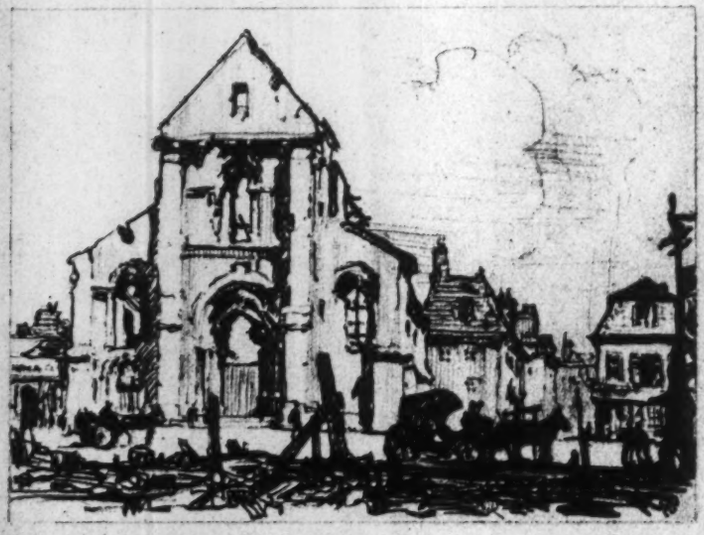
On the Seine, in the shadow of Notre Dame, one sees wash-houses where some French laundresses still carry on their trade

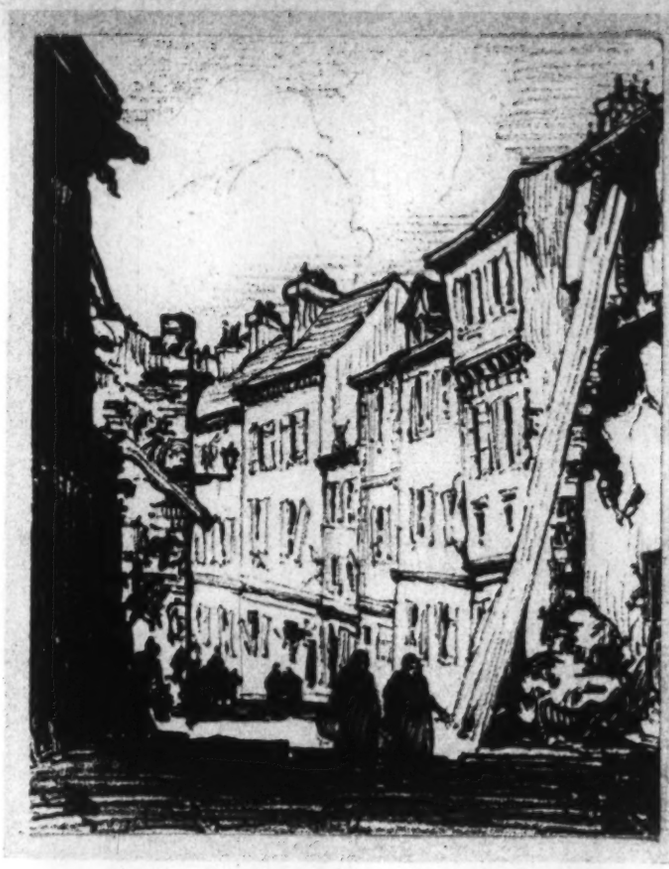
Just outside of the famous city of Verdun

One of the churches of Soissons that suffered in the battle of January, 1915; at Soissons, in 486, Clovis defeated the Roman army



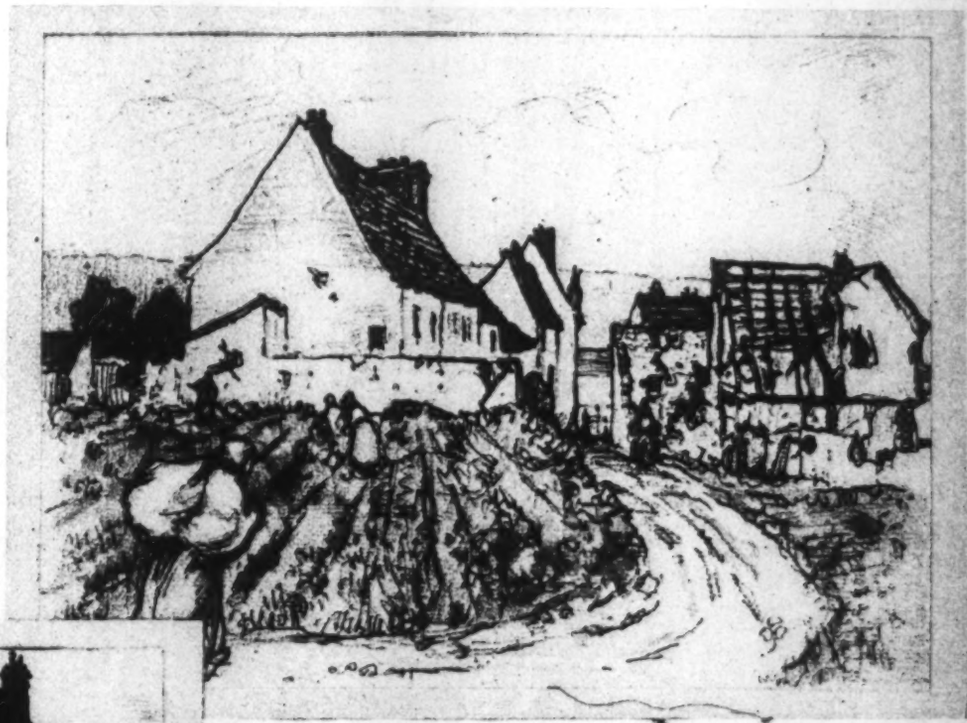
Only two walls remain of the ancient Cathedral of Soissons; the two stark monoliths that are left of its tower stand out desolately



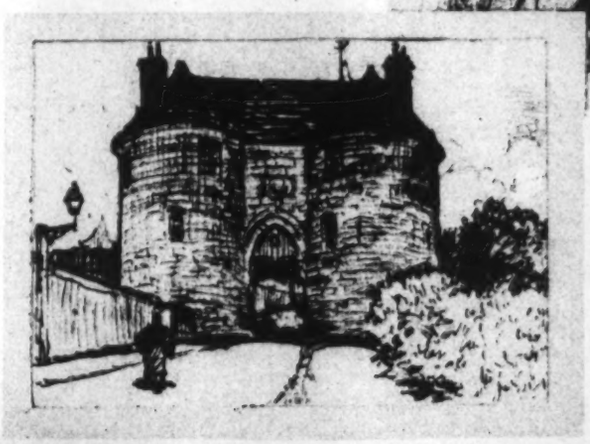


Château-Thierry, where courageous people are rebuilding their homes; in this market-place the outcome of the Great War was finally decided

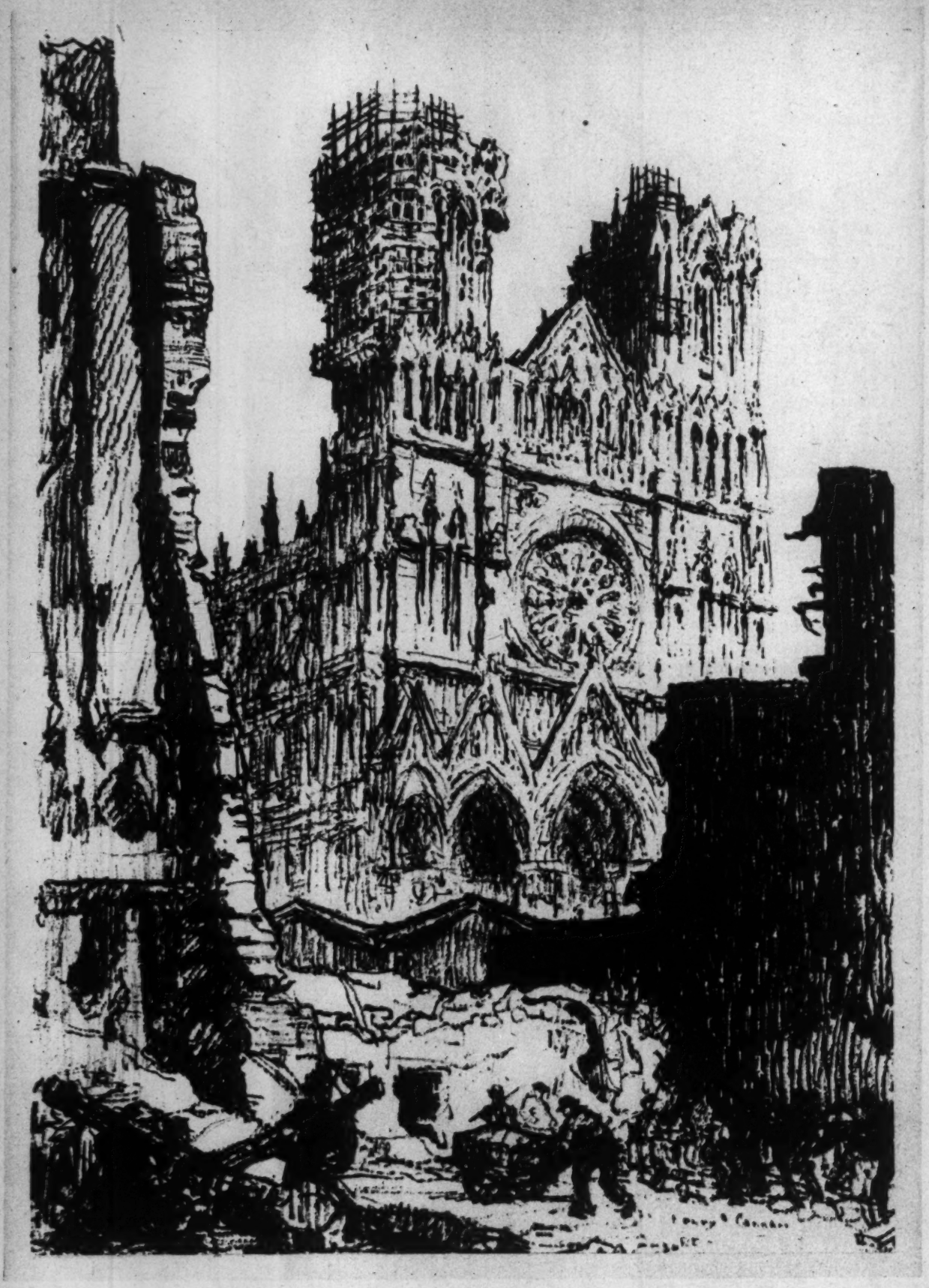
A funeral cortège in Paris's Bohemian Quarter, once frequented by Balzac and Victor Hugo. Here John Boyle O'Reilly wrote his poem "In Bohemia"



The gateway to Château-Thierry, through which poured American troops on the way to their great battle of the war



Restoring Château-Thierry; stout girders reinforce the roofs, shell-holes are being filled — everywhere the inhabitants are busy rebuilding their city



THE CATHEDRAL OF RHEIMS

The largest and most beautiful cathedral in France, in which her kings were crowned, was completed in the fifteenth century. It was at Rheims that Jeanne d'Arc crowned Charles VII in 1429. *Three years' work will be required to restore the Cathedral of Kings to the splendor of pre-war days*

A Glimpse of Abraham Lincoln

By Colonel W. J. Anderson

ONE of the greatest qualities of Abraham Lincoln was his deep sense of the dignity and pathos of mortal destiny. We present here a brief and authentic recollection of him at the time when he was an Illinois lawyer about forty years old, showing this quality as it appeared to a passing acquaintance in Lincoln's daily life in the Middle West.

The story was told to Mr. George Hambrecht of Madison by Colonel W. J. Anderson; and we acknowledge the courtesy of Colonel Anderson and of Mr. Hambrecht for its appearance here.

WHEN I was a boy of seventeen I had a music teacher, a Mrs. Lois E. Hillis, who in her girlhood was a member of the Newhall Family concert troupe, which in the '50's was very well known in the Middle West. One day, after the close of my lesson, Mrs. Hillis took from a cabinet in her office a faded blue paper which she said, before handing it to me to look at, she would like me to become the owner of when she died. For the present, she said, she felt it to be almost sacred and that she wouldn't part with it permanently. She added that I might carry it for a time, and then return it to her until her death should put the paper in my possession.

The paper was a long sheet of the old-fashioned legal cap, upon which, in very plain writing, was a copy of the poem, "Oh! Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?" and it was signed "A. Lincoln." She said, "I shall tell you about it," and then she related the following reminiscence:

It was early in the fall of '49, when I was sixteen years of age, that, with my father and mother and my two sisters, a brother, and the gentleman who afterward became my husband, I was traveling through portions of the State of Michigan, giving concerts. Our troupe was well known then as the Newhall Family. In those days our traveling was done almost entirely by stage or private conveyance. There were no railroads in that portion of Michigan and we were making what was later called "one-night stands" in thriving towns. When we had been about a week on our circuit there appeared before the hotel, one evening, just before our concert, three men on horseback, who turned out to be a congressman from that district, then making a canvass for a second term; the chairman of his committee, whose name I do not remember; and a very homely, ungainly-looking man (whether on horseback or foot) whose name was given as Lincoln.

None of my family had at that time ever heard of Mr. Lincoln, and so he was equally a stranger to us with the others. As we were, in a way, public characters, we were introduced all around; and that evening these gentlemen, having held their political meeting in the afternoon, attended our concert in one of the local churches. For eight days following that we traveled with this trio of political campaigners, and as their meetings were always held in the afternoon in order to give the farmers an opportunity to attend, the three gentlemen attended our concerts, we giving them complimentary tickets.

We became, in a way, very well acquainted; and on the eighth day, or rather the eighth evening, after the concert the chairman in charge of the campaign informed us that their route the following day would diverge from ours, and that they would like very much to hear more than the ordinary amount of music, such as we had been giving for their entertainment at the hotels in the evening, and my sisters, and myself particularly, sang pretty nearly our full repertoire for them, which seemingly gave them great pleasure. There was a small melodeon in that hotel, a luxury we had not found in all of the stopping-places.

Quite late in the evening, when there was a lapse in the musical program, the congressional candidate turned to Mr. Lincoln and said: "Now, Abe, you have been listening to these young women for more than a week, and I think it only fair that you should sing them some of your songs."

Lincoln immediately protested that he never had sung a note in his life and wouldn't begin then, but his two companions began to banter him, and one said, "Why, over on the Sangamon, Abe has a great reputation as a singer. It is quite a common thing over there to invite him to farm auctions and have him start the sale of stock with a good song."

Naturally, we became very eager to have Mr. Lincoln sing. My sisters and I, and in fact our whole troupe, had taken a great liking to him. We had heard him speak a few times, but that had not impressed us so much as something particularly pleasing in the man's personality and his manner toward women. Mr. Lincoln listened a while to our solicitations, and then in a very embarrassed way he got up and said, "You fellows are trying to make a fool of me, and I am going to bed."

I was sitting at the melodeon, and as he passed me I said to him: "Mr. Lincoln, if you have any song that you can sing, I know that I can play the accompaniment for it so as to aid you. If you will just tell me what it is, I can follow you even if I am not familiar with it."

He turned to me in a very embarrassed way and said:

"Why, Miss Newhall, if it was to save my soul from hell, I couldn't imitate a note that you would touch on that. I never sung in my life, and never was able to. Those fellows are just simply liars."

Seeing that I was somewhat disappointed, he said:

"But I'll tell you what I'll do for you. You girls have been so kind singing for us, I'll repeat to you my favorite poem." Then, stepping to the door that led from the parlor to the stairway, and leaning

his awkward form against the casing, for he seemed almost too tall for the door-frame, and half closing his eyes, he repeated:

"Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud.
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

"The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust, and together shall lie.

"The infant a mother attended and loved;
The mother, that infant's affection who proved
The husband, that mother and infant who blest—
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

"The hand of the king, that the sceptre hath borne,
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep,
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

"So the multitude goes—like the flower or the weed,
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes—even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

"For we are the same as our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same streams, we view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

'The thoughts we are thinking, our fathers would think.
From the death we are shrinking, our fathers would shrink,
To the life we are clinging, they also would cling—
But it speeds from us all like a bird on the wing.

"They loved—but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned—but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved—but no wail from their slumber will come;
They joyed—but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

"They died—aye, they died—we things that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
And make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

"Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

"'Tis the wink of an eye—'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud:—
Ah! why should the spirit of mortal be proud."

WHEN he had finished you may be sure there was no more joking or bantering. I know that, for myself, I was so impressed with the poem that I felt more like crying than talking; but as he turned to go upstairs, I said: "Mr. Lincoln, who wrote that?" He turned and came back to where I was sitting and said: "Miss Newhall, I am ashamed to say I don't know, but if you like it I will write it off for you before I go to bed to-night, and leave it for you on the table, where you can get it when you have breakfast."

It was the intention of the campaigning party to leave earlier than we had planned. I was sitting at breakfast, eating by candle-light, and I recall very distinctly I was eating pancakes and was in the act of cutting one, holding it with my fork while I used the knife, when I was conscious of some motion behind me, and a great big hand took hold of my left hand, or rather covered it on the table, and with his right hand around over my other shoulder, he laid down a piece of paper just in front of my plate. Before I could realize who or what it was, Mr. Lincoln moved toward the door, saying: "Good-by, my dear."

That was the last time I saw him.

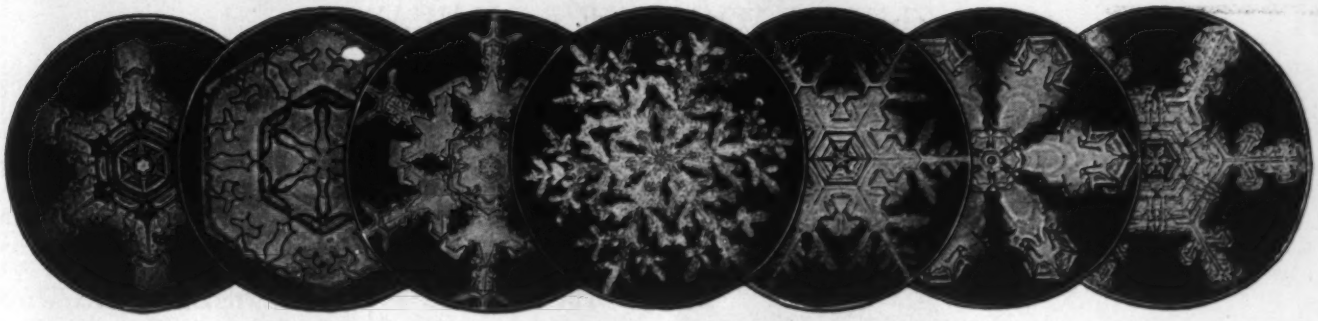
Note.—The authorship of this poem has been made known since its publication in the *Evening Post*. It was written by William Knox, a young Scotchman, a contemporary of Sir Walter Scott—who thought highly of his promise. Knox died young.

Ballade

By F. Z. Heuston

THOUSANDS of years men's feet have trod
The waste, long ways of the world untarrying;
Then they sunk to their still abode,
Mourning, marrying; bearing, burying;
Surely old Charon were tired of his ferrying,
Were he not immortal, a god;
And the same paths echo our swift feet hurrying
Thousands of years men's feet have trod.

Ah love, thine eyes are pure and sweet,
Thy voice is low, and thy smile is tender,
And light as laughter the fall of thy feet,
And thy brown-gold hair is a gleam of splendor;
We'll take life up, and crush her and spend her,
And fear not now the grim, gray god;
Some joy love's light to the road shall render,
Thousands of years men's feet have trod.



Snowflakes

The Most Marvelous Thing About the Millions of Snowflakes Is that No Two Are Alike

By Robert H. Moulton

FOR thirty-five years Wilson A. Bentley of Jericho, Vermont, has devoted his time to a scientific study of snowflakes, raindrops, dew, and clouds. Of the more than four thousand photomicrographs of snowflakes he has made, no two have ever been found to be exactly alike.

Bentley's snow- and frost-crystal photomicrographs are used by metal-workers, art-craft shops, jewelers, textile and lace workers, and in schools for studies in art and designing. Recently a biscuit company bought some of Mr. Bentley's snow-crystal photographs for the purpose of investigating their adaptability for designs. When the decorations now in use fail to tempt the appetite, nature's wonderful snow designs may be transferred to soda crackers and cookies.

"Snow and frost designs," says Mr. Bentley, "would furnish exquisite designs for chinaware, embroideries, metal ceilings, or cathedral windows. Only recently I furnished some snow-crystal photographs for designs in the windows of a Boston church. Some years ago the Boston public schools obtained sets of forty-eight snow photographs for each of the eighty-odd school districts, some four thousand in all."

Putting the Snowflake to Work

AT the Autumn Exposition and Industrial Art Exhibit recently held by Marshall Field & Company in Chicago, there was a remarkable display of fabric designs adapted from Mr. Bentley's snow- and frost-crystal photographs. The snow and frost designs used in the fabrics on page 74 are from the collection of the Phoenix Silk Company of New York City. About two years ago Mr. John B. Taylor, of that firm's designing department, began a study of snow- and frost-crystal photographs. The possibilities of their adaptation for decorations on silk and damasks appealed to him. Several designs were made and sent to the looms. "They met with instant popularity," says Mr. Taylor. "Our goods carrying these designs were widely used, particularly for cloak and suit linings. They are among the most striking and beautiful designs we have."

The snow photographs furnished by Mr. Bentley are enlargements of about sixty diameters, or three thousand times the size of the snowflake. The photographs were enlarged about ten times in the drawings for the looms.

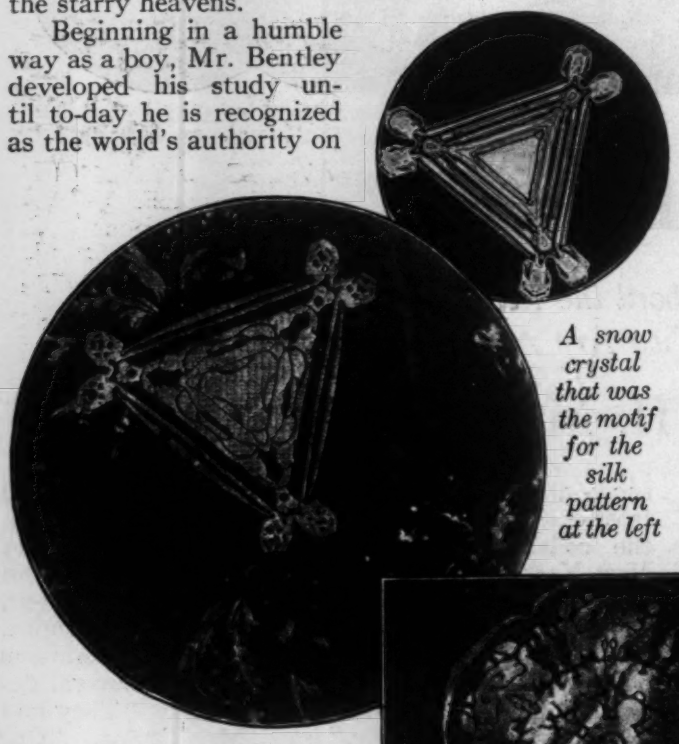
Lace-makers also have begun to realize the possibilities of snow and frost crystals—particularly frost crystals—for designing hints. The lace fan shown on page 75 was inspired by frost crystals on a window-pane. It is not a reproduction of any actual frost-crystal photograph, but rather the impressionistic adaptation of a frosted window to the pattern. The effect is obtained, not in the character of the stitches, but from the arrangement of the bits of lace in a patchwork pattern.

The fairy-like beauty enshrined in a minute particle of frozen moisture that we ruthlessly crush under foot on a winter's walk surpasses in beauty and in variety and delicacy of effect that of any decorative design contrived by man.

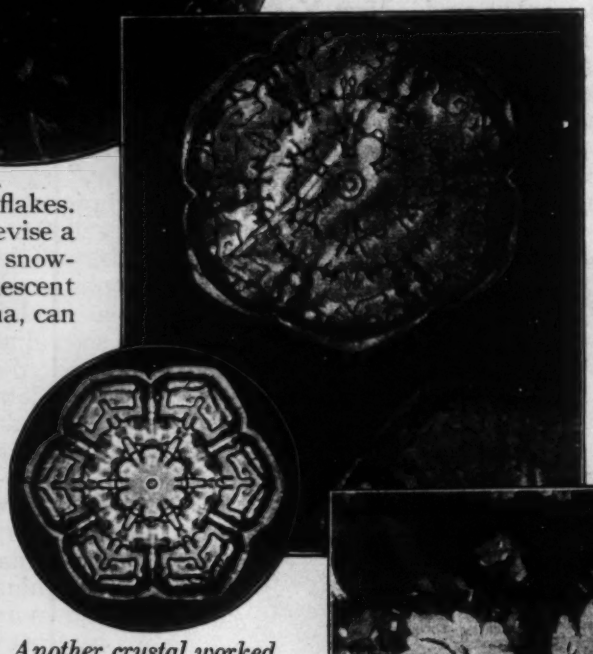
Winter scenery is made up of exquisite snow crystals like those in the circles

Nature's wonderland, Mr. Bentley says, is not more manifested in the infinitely big than in the infinitely small, and if his eyesight were keener man would become as much fascinated in contemplating a snowflake or a dewdrop as he now is in gazing into the starry heavens.

Beginning in a humble way as a boy, Mr. Bentley developed his study until to-day he is recognized as the world's authority on the subject of snowflakes. He was the first to devise a means whereby the snowflake, the most evanescent of nature's phenomena, can be photographed and enlarged with exactness within a moment after the delicate and feathery messenger has wafted its way to earth.



A snow crystal that was the motif for the silk pattern at the left



Another crystal worked out in a beautiful fabric

The rigorous winters of Vermont have been particularly favorable to Mr. Bentley's investigations, for at his home in Jericho the snow falls often and heavily; and in his little laboratory, where his microscopes and photographic apparatuses project through a window, he has been able to show the world, for the first time, that an ordinary snowflake often contains formations more intricate and decorative than any design of the jeweler's art.

Frost crystals,—of which he has made more than five hundred photographs,—clouds, and raindrops all have been a passion with Mr. Bentley; but his hobby has been snowflakes. This is perhaps because the flake, subject to changes by evaporation even in the severest cold and likely to melt as soon as it touches the earth, is a more elusive study. It requires greater preparation and quicker action.

A snowflake may be said to be the most short-lived of all of nature's manifestations, and to photograph even one of them successfully may be considered an achievement. Yet Mr. Bentley has secured perfect negatives of thousands of individual flakes. Naturally, too, during his thirty-five years of work he has lost a large number of pictures because of unfavorable conditions.

The very first money Mr. Bentley ever earned, in his early teens, he invested in a microscope and telescope instead of in guns, watches, and knives.

The marvelous beauty of snowflakes early attracted his attention. He first made about four hundred drawings of them. Drawings proved utterly unsatisfactory. He enjoyed them so intensely, however, that it led to an overmastering desire to have others see and enjoy them too. When he learned that dry-plate photography made the picturing of snowflakes possible, he procured an apparatus, a camera coupled with a microscope, giving from eight to sixty diameters magnification (64 to 3,600 times); and, after many failures and discouragements, he secured his first photomicrograph. He was then (1885) in his nineteenth year. The lure of the snowflakes has compelled him to continue his unique photographic study ever since. Every winter finds him always on duty when good snowflakes are falling. And business, cold, hunger—everything—is forgotten or neglected.

Mr. Bentley says that it is difficult to convey an idea of the extreme fascination of the work. Sometimes the snows are extremely rich in beautiful forms, and one is in despair as to which to select to photograph. Again, one must search all day long, perhaps, to fine a few perfect ones. Favorable snows come from four to fifteen times during a winter at Jericho, falling usually from the western segments of general storms.

Every new snowflake placed under a microscope is a possible "find," and almost surely will be new to science, for infinite variety is the rule. Hence it is an inexhaustible study and ever new. Of course, no one has as yet found the few matchless snowflakes that every storm furnishes.

An oak-leaf might have furnished the idea for this silk pattern, which was worked out in rich shades of blue and gold

The original of the pattern above

"The task of photographing snow crystals, although very delicate, is by no means difficult," says Mr. Bentley. "The utmost haste must be taken; for, once the flakes are separated, evaporation (not melting) rapidly wears them away, even during intense cold. The crystals are usually caught on a blackboard as they fall from the sky, and are picked up by a short, pointed splint, and placed on a

glass slide for observation under a microscope. A brief glimpse, holding one's breath meanwhile in order that the heat of the breath may not reach the flakes, is given them, and if suitable they are pressed down flat upon the glass slide by a feather, and the glass slide containing the flake is placed on the stage of the microscope, centered, focused, and an exposure of from eight seconds to several minutes is given, according to cloudiness and magnification.

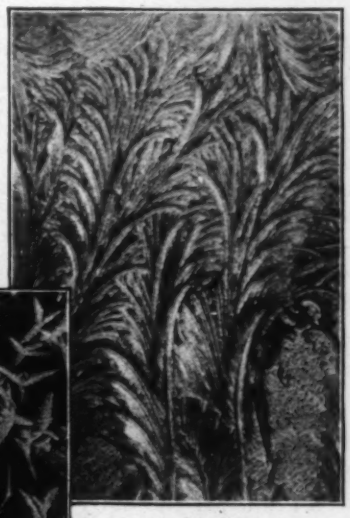
Careful Technique Necessary

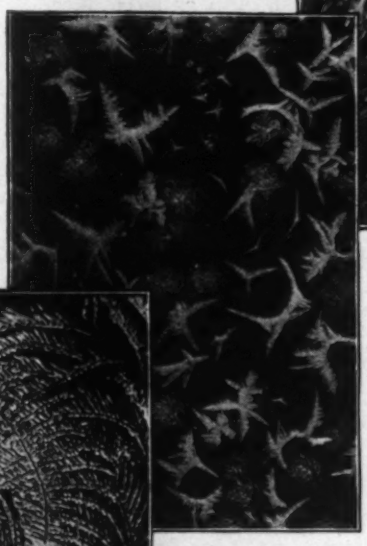
"ORDINARY daylight is used for illumination, the apparatus being pointed through a window for that purpose. Although comparatively easy to photograph, the subsequent processes employed on the negatives to show them up naturally, white on a dark background, are tedious. This consists of removing the film of the negative from around the image of the snowflake by cutting and scraping it away. It takes three or four hours of continuous work on each of the branchy forms to do this, and, all in all, it is a monumental work of great difficulty, demanding all the loving patience of the true scientist."

Snowflakes are perhaps the most exquisite examples of nature's art. Although constructed usually according to the rule of six, every crystal grows in kaleidoscopic fashion from start to finish, and almost every moment in cloudland sees them changing in form. These ever-varying outgrowth shapes, while uniting with the parent crystal, often do so imperfectly, thus imprisoning or bridging over tiny quantities of air, forming tiny air-tubes within them, or diffuse shadings, which outline more or less perfectly the transitionary shapes. These present the appearance of minute lines, rods, dots, and fairy-like geometrical figures in endless variety, and give exquisite beauty, richness, and complexity to their interiors. And no matter how many pictures one makes, it seems as easy as ever to find new designs.

Mr. Bentley's photographs are not only used extensively in educational ways in schools and colleges, but also in the arts and sciences, and as designs in art-craft shops and for jewelry designing.

While snowflakes, among all Mr. Bentley's photographic studies, have always appealed most strongly to him, yet the great beauty and diversity of other water forms, such as frost, ice, dew, rain, clouds, and hail, also have had a strong attraction to both his mind and camera, and he has secured hundreds of wonderful photographs of each of them. After snowflakes, he says, comes the frost, especially window-frost, in beauty and diversity. The frost crystals are easily photographed. The camera is placed indoors and pointed out of a window. A black background is arranged outside of and at varying distances from the window, depending upon the magnification required. The frost crystals are thus illumined by oblique, or incidental, light, and shown white on a dark background.



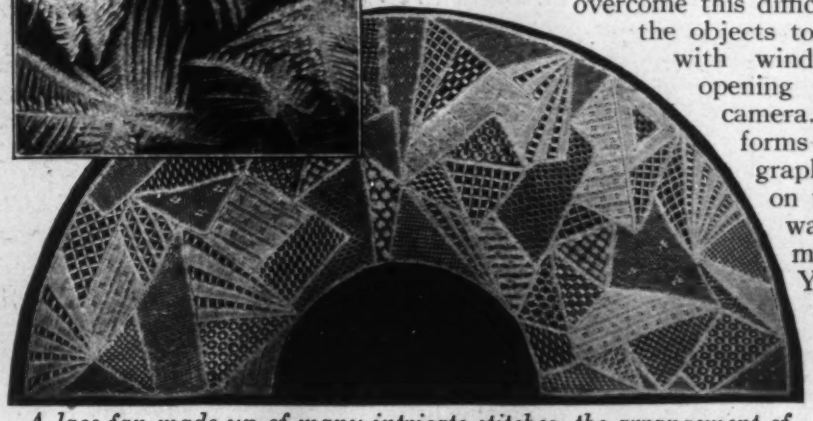


These four photographs are of frost on window-panes; the one above resembles long meadow grass

A Japanese print might be made from this

Exquisitely fernlike and beautifully grouped

A bit that resembles ostrich plumes



A lace fan made up of many intricate stitches, the arrangement of which was suggested by a frosted city window

The windows inside a room always kept cold display the richest specimens. It is an absorbingly fascinating task on a zero morning, says Mr. Bentley, to search out and photograph the tiny crystals on each frosted window.

"As I gained more experience," said Mr. Bentley, "the beauties of dew, raindrops, and clouds each in turn excited my curiosity and admiration. I found dew photography quite easy. One proceeds much as with window-frost—by photographing against a black background. The chief difficulty is the early morning breezes, which sway objects and thus cause blurred likenesses of the dew-drops. I frequently overcome this difficulty by screening the objects to be photographed with windows, leaving an opening only toward the camera. Of all the water forms I have photographed, ice crystals on the surface of the water have been the most unattainable. Yet by a little study and much patience and persistence I have succeeded in getting some fine pictures of these."

An Emergency Operation

By Delia Austrian

Illustrations by Theodore Van Gorp

MISS VAN DORN was on night duty in the Children's Hospital. It was ten o'clock, and she was getting drowsy listening to the noises of the snow-storm.

The telephone rang. Dr. Levin called:

"Hello, is that you, Miss Van Dorn? Will you please get the dressing-room ready for an emergency? I want to insert a tube in an empyema chest."

"Yes, Dr. Levin; what sized tube do you want?"

"It is for a baby about eight months old, but I'll have to use the old-fashioned open method. It is the only one I know anything about. I'll be there in an hour, if the baby lives that long."

Marie rubbed the sand out of her eyes and called the night supervisor.

"We're going to have an operation in our dressing-room. Dr. Levin said he'll be here in an hour."

"Dr. Levin going to do it? He is a medical man."

"He said he would do it—he wants a little tube and a rubber bag for the open method," said Marie Van Dorn.

"I've been here for ten years and I've never seen him take care of a surgical case. I can't understand it. I'll go to the big operating-room for some good instruments. You start the sterilizer and I'll be right back."

MARIE turned on the cluster of lights in the dressing-room, disclosing the startling walls and furnishings. Deftly and with practised hands she laid out bundles of sterile linen and a small tray-ful of instruments. Steam rose from the sterilizer and filled the room.

As the steam rolled away it made a lovely background for Marie, a tall, broad-shouldered girl of twenty who was too active to take on any superfluous flesh. Her soft blue eyes were shaded by long, silky lashes. Her fair skin, touched by pink cheeks, was accentuated by warm, ruddy lips, now serious-looking, but usually laughing. Her oval countenance wore an earnest expression that indicated complete absorption in her work.

Suddenly a cold gust of wind blew in, and with it Dr. Levin with a bundle in his arms. From his own overcoat he unwrapped a little baby whose small, full face was flushed and damp. The child lay quiet, instinctively reserving every bit of strength for the labor of breathing.

Dr. Levin laid the baby on the table, propping its head on a folded pad. Taking off his hat, he rubbed his cold hands and hurriedly began to wash them in warm water. Small strings of ice hung from his choppy beard, but there was determination on his firm lips. The nurse quickly undressed the baby and covered its blue body with a woolen blanket.

"I've had nothing but trouble to-night," said the doctor, taking off his coat and rolling up his sleeves. "I called three surgeons, asking them to do this little operation to save this child's life, and not one was free."

Miss Smith, the supervisor, entered in a fresh white uniform, and said in her usual phlegmatic way, "Cold to-night, Dr. Levin."

"Yes; but, worse still, a sick baby," said the doctor, looking closely at the child and counting its respirations. "We shall have to hurry. I have to depend on your skill for the right instruments. You know what the other men use. You see, I haven't done this since I was a student; but I'll take a chance rather than sit helpless and watch any baby die."

"Everything is ready, Doctor," said the alert Marie Van Dorn, placing the instruments wrapped carefully in a towel on the table, and lowering the spot-light.

"I didn't see the mother in the hall," commented Miss Smith, taking her place by the instrument-jar.

"Mother is sick in bed

Miss Smith took her place by the instrument-jar, while Marie Van Dorn, at the other end of the table, lowered the spot-light

with pneumonia and the baby hasn't a father. I brought the baby myself," said Dr. Levin.

"Poor child!" said Marie, tying the small fat hands with a long towel and turning the baby over on its face with the gentleness of a mother.

Awkward and hesitating, Dr. Levin examined the instruments and planned his procedure.

"Well, everybody ready? Here goes!" he said.

WITHIN ten minutes the operation was over. Miss Van Dorn uncovered the child and turned it over, noting its blue lips and pale cheeks.

"Quick!" called Dr. Levin to Miss Smith. "A little camphor in oil here, please."

After the hypodermic the soft skin cleared and normal color returned to the patient.

Marie wrapped the baby in a blanket and, placing her bundle carefully in a basinette, she banked hot-water bottles on all sides and stood counting pulse and respiration. She heard the voice of Dr. Levin talking over the telephone:

"Tell her mother she is all right. The operation is over and she is doing nicely."

Dr. Levin tiptoed into the nursery and looked into the basinette where the little girl lay half asleep and breathing almost normally.

"My sakes alive! Isn't she a little wonder? Look at her breath—regular as a clock. She had one chance and I'm darn glad she got it."

A FEW minutes later Marie Van Dorn and Miss Smith were making coffee in the pantry, when Dr. Levin came in, carrying a large box of candy and a paper carton of ice-cream.

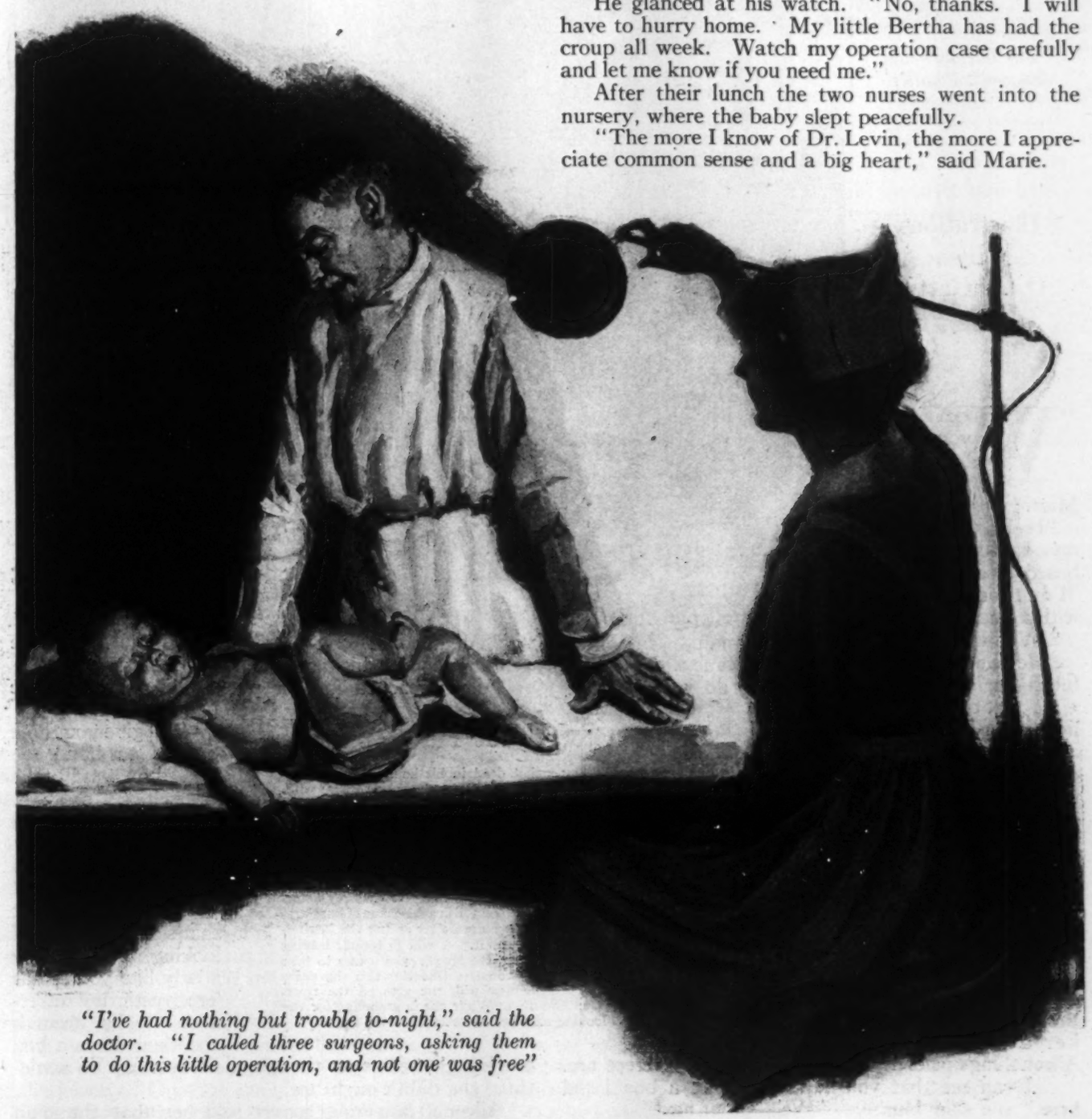
"Just a little celebration, girls," and he put his contribution on the table. "Thanks awfully for your help. It was really you girls that did it, because I would have been totally lost without you. Good night, everybody."

"Oh, Dr. Levin, aren't you going to join us?"

He glanced at his watch. "No, thanks. I will have to hurry home. My little Bertha has had the croup all week. Watch my operation case carefully and let me know if you need me."

After their lunch the two nurses went into the nursery, where the baby slept peacefully.

"The more I know of Dr. Levin, the more I appreciate common sense and a big heart," said Marie.

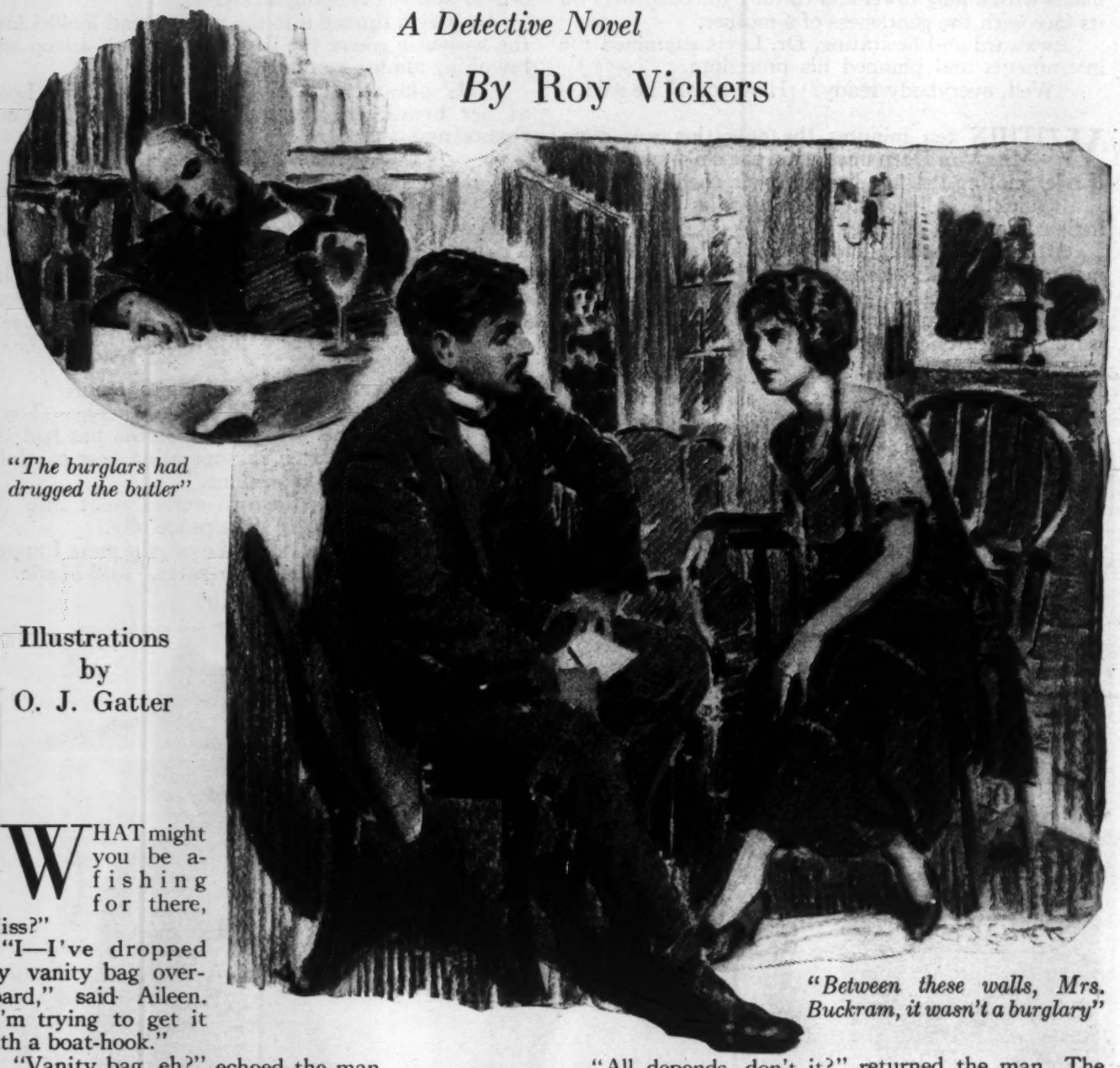


"I've had nothing but trouble to-night," said the doctor. "I called three surgeons, asking them to do this little operation, and not one was free"

The Woman Accused

A Detective Novel

By Roy Vickers



"The burglars had drugged the butler"

"Between these walls, Mrs. Buckram, it wasn't a burglary"

Illustrations by O. J. Gatter

"WHAT might you be a-fishing for there, Miss?"

"I—I've dropped my vanity bag overboard," said Aileen. "I'm trying to get it with a boat-hook."

"Vanity bag, eh?" echoed the man.

He chuckled. "Vanity bag! Blimey! You don't mean an iron box by any chance, do yer, Miss?"

At mention of the iron box, Aileen rose and studied the man on the bank. Shabby, nondescript clothing, stubbly face, and beady, unintelligent eyes! He might be anything from a gamekeeper to a tramp—more probably the latter. And he had recovered the deed-box from the bed of the river, and so held her at his mercy. Aileen flung up her head and into her blue eyes crept fire.

"I can see that you have fished up a box I hid here," she said bluntly. "Well—what next?"

"All depends, don't it?" returned the man. The grin had not left his face.

Aileen reached for her purse. There were three pounds inside.

"I'll give you three pounds to hand me that box and take yourself off," she said.

The man stroked his stubbly chin.

"Three quid is three quid, ain't it!" he remarked. "But that's only one way of looking at it. When a lady like you comes 'ere yesterday afternoon, looks around, and then drops a box overboard—seems as though she's been up to something she didn't ought to."

Aileen's quivering senses told her that the man

The Story Thus Far

Joseph Blenkiron, wealthy, is found shot dead in his house in Rubington. The night before he was in conference with Geoffrey Buckram, whose wife, Aileen, was Blenkiron's secretary before her marriage. Blenkiron had wanted her to marry his son Quentin—had even placed her in a compromising position and obtained a photograph of her breakfasting with Quentin. At the time of her wedding, it is rumored, Quentin committed suicide. But on the night of the murder he comes to Aileen and tells her he has killed his father and fastened the crime on her husband. Aileen, driving to Blenkiron's house, finds Blenkiron dead and her husband unconscious. She gets Geoffrey home, bringing also the contents of the safe, hoping to establish a false clue of burglary.

Geoffrey, who was ill, thinks he killed Blenkiron after seeing the incriminating photograph. Aileen tells him she did it. A will is found, leaving Blenkiron's possessions to Aileen. In Brazier, the lawyer who comes to take her written refusal of the legacy, Aileen recognizes Quentin; this she dares not tell Geoffrey. To recover a possible new will, she goes on the river, where she has sunk the contents of the safe. While she is grappling for the box she looks up to see an evil-looking man leering at her from the shore.

expected a protest—an assurance that the contents of the box were innocent and that the whole thing was some sort of silly joke. Very well, she would startle him with a part of the truth.

"I see you're no fool," she said untruthfully. "If I were to tell you a lie I know you wouldn't believe it. So I'll admit that I *have* been doing something I ought not to—something very dreadful. If that box gets into any hands but mine, I—I shall be arrested."

She saw the man's eyes narrow.

"Blimey! Wotcher been up to, then, Miss?"

"I'm not going to tell you what I've been up to," she answered. "I'll only admit that it's a very serious matter. Now, are you going to take the three pounds and give me the box?"

"You ain't arf in a 'urry!" said the man. "A thing like this wants thinking about."

Aileen cast a hurried glance round.

"There's nothing for you to think about. Either you give me that box and take your three pounds or you take the box to the police and chance their giving you a higher reward. There's no reward offered yet, but I dare say you could bargain with them. Only, of course, if I'm arrested I shall tell them that you refused my reward, as you thought you'd get more from them—and then they'll probably arrest you for blackmailing me and offering to deal with me after I had told you I'd committed the crime."

"'Ere, 'ere, there's no need to get 'uffy, Miss!" said the man. "What's in the box?"

"Papers," said Aileen.

The man drew back behind a clump of nettles as a car approached on the tow-path. When the car had passed he emerged.

"If there's only papers in that there box you can 'ave 'em for three quid," he remarked.

"All right. Get the box."

He shambled off, and Aileen shuddered with sudden cold. Suppose he were to fool her at the last moment! She braced herself. Then he returned, with the deed-box. She could see that it was chipped and battered, and guessed that he had been trying to open it.

She took up her purse.

"Got the key?" demanded the man. "I said I'd take three quid if there's only papers, mind."

"Oh, you can open it!" said Aileen indifferently, and tossed him the key.

A couple of grunting minutes passed, and then he wrenched the lid open. There came a gruff cry of amazement.

"Papers, eh! Call that a fair deal? I took you for a lady."

In his grimy hand glittered a diamond necklace.

Aileen had utterly forgotten the jewelry. Originally, in the score of plans that had flitted into her brain for the disposal of the "loot," she had thought of hiding it separately. The deed-box had betrayed her by accommodating the jewelry as well as the papers.

Quickly she rallied.

"I wouldn't touch that, if I were you," she warned him.

"Three quid, eh!" chuckled the man. "Only goes to show you can't be too careful, don't it?" Rapidly he transferred the jewelry to his person. Then he eyed her with hostility under which she discerned nervousness.

"Wotcher going to do? 'Oller for the police?" he demanded.

The nervousness had given her her cue.

"I sha'n't bother," she laughed. "I want the papers, not the jewelry. Give me the box."

"There's something queer about this," said the man.

"You're quite right," said Aileen. "You'd much better put that jewelry back and hand me the box. What is your name?"

"Never mind my name. Jerry'll do for you."

"Well, Mr. Jerry, I'm not going to wait here and let you play with me. You can please yourself whether you return the jewelry or not. If you don't hand me the box, I'm going to push off."

The man looked at the deed-box as if it were a living thing.

"Well, it ain't no use to me, anyway," he said, and picked it up gingerly.

Aileen took it from him and, laying it in the punt, slipped a couple of cushions over it.

"Wot about the three quid?"

Aileen laughed again.

"You're very greedy, Mr. Jerry," she said. "You've got about a couple of thousand pounds' worth of jewelry on you, and you want more. I'll give you a pound to pay your fare."

She handed him a pound note. The action was deliberately careless, and it misled him accordingly. He took the note with one hand, and with the other caught Aileen's wrist.

"I want all you got there. I can't sell these to-night, nor to-morrer, come to that. Takes time."

"I'm not going to give you any more," said Aileen.

"Wotcher going to do?" demanded the man, his grip on her wrist tightening.

With her free hand Aileen caught the boat-hook and lunged at the man's head. He released her wrist in the nick of time.

"Huh! You're one of them adventuresses, that's what you are!" he shouted disgustedly.

Aileen calmly unfastened the painter, then she raised her hand, and the flood of oaths stopped.

"Before you go, Mr. Jerry," she said, "I'd like to tell you you're a very low specimen. You're a blackmailer and you assault women. But you don't deserve all that will happen to you if that jewelry is found on you. I advise you to be very, very careful with that jewelry, Mr. Jerry! Good-by."

Nodding her head meaningly, Aileen pushed off, picked up the punt-pole, and drove into mid-stream. She could see the man staring after her, and knew that she had frightened him, as she had meant to do.

Chapter 13

FOR a hundred yards or so Aileen punted vigorously. She had had to match her wits against those of a man of the under-world. She supposed that from now onward she would constantly encounter dangerous, unanticipated difficulties of that kind.

With a mixture of good luck and good management she had surmounted that particular one. She had even found a certain zest in the encounter with the tramp. The tears rushed suddenly to her eyes. What kind of woman was she becoming under this cloak of intrigue and falsehood? The kind of woman that Geoffrey could love? Or would she find, when the long fight was over, that it had hardened her, coarsened her, thrust her eternally outside the circle of his adoration? To receive his gratitude and his admiration and nothing else—that, she knew, would be death to her soul.

She punted furiously. Of what use to think of the goal when the race had but just begun? She forced her thoughts back into control. There had been good luck in the man's theft of the jewelry. It would mean that he was now as involved as she, and for his own sake would take the utmost care that the incident should not be known.

In the meantime, there remained the problem of the deed-box.

She slackened speed and finally drove into the bank. She lifted the stone out of the kit-bag and placed the deed-box in the bag instead. The stone went overboard.

THE first grim fact about the deed-box was that it could no longer be hidden in the river. She had thought herself wholly unobserved—and a casual tramp had observed her. She must find another hiding-place—a hiding-place, too, that would enable her to examine the mass of papers in secret.

By the time she reached the boat-house she had made her plans. Instead of turning homeward, she drove the car through the town of Staines and stopped opposite a cottage that advertised apartments to let.

Never in her life had Aileen been so glad of her beauty. Blue eyes, golden hair, slender body, and velvet skin—"I am not the type that is easily suspected," she told herself. "As long as I smile and talk softly, I shall get what I want."

She got what she wanted. The landlady believed her story as a matter of course. Aileen explained, with her pretty laugh, that she was going into training early, in the hope of winning the ladies' punting event in the regatta. The winds were still chilly,—had Mrs. Jarratt noticed that?—and it would be so nice to change from tweeds to a river dress in a warm room instead of a draughty boat-house. Of course, she would pay for it as if she were living in the room, and she would pay in advance. And often she did shopping in Staines, so that parcels could be left there. And after her punting she would often have to lie down for half an hour—it was really very tiring.

Mrs. Jarratt helped her to carry the kit-bag into the room, garrulous and contented in the belief that the golden age for landladies had dawned at last. She took some getting rid of.

Then Aileen locked the door, took precautions against being seen from the window, and took the deed-box out of the kit-bag.

The next moment she was gazing in dismay at the contents. It would take hours to read through all those papers, she told herself. She must not delay too long or Geoffrey might be suspicious. There were a number of small bundles of papers tied with red tape.

Reflection showed that a will would not be tied up with a lot of other papers. She began to search among the single documents. At the end of ten minutes she had found it:

The last will and testament of Joseph Blenkiron.

She placed the will on one side, bundled the other papers together, and then locked them away once more. The deed-box went back into the kit-bag, and the kit-bag she pushed under the bed.

There was the will. She would take it back to Geoffrey, and he would contrive some means of forwarding it anonymously to Mr. Goodamore, the solicitor in charge. She had no further concern about the will. But—

"I think I'd better have a look at it, to be on the safe side," she told herself. "Besides, I must stay up here for half an hour, or the landlady won't believe that I'm resting. It's dishonorable to look at that will. It's dishonorable to lie. But if I were strictly honorable Geoffrey would be—and, besides, I'm going to look through all Mr. Blenkiron's other papers."

She opened the will without more ado.

IT was a disappointing document. There were some half a dozen small bequests to persons whose names she did not know, totaling about five thousand pounds. Blenkiron, she knew, must have been worth about a hundred thousand.

The remainder of my property I bequeath to Mrs. Fairclough of—

Aileen started. Mrs. Fairclough—that wicked, wicked woman. It was Mrs. Fairclough who had been the chief instrument in the dastardly plot against her reputation. It was Mrs. Fairclough who had pretended to be her chaperon, and who had slipped from the bungalow, leaving her alone with Quentin Blenkiron. And now, by the iron of fate, she was compelled by her own hand to make Mrs. Fairclough a wealthy woman.

It was bitter, but there was no help for it. Her own private feelings must have no place in her grim campaign against the forces of guile.

With a shudder of distaste, she thrust the will securely in the folds of her smartly cut coat-frock. It was an uncomfortable place, and it spoiled the lines of the frock to an expert eye, but it was the safest method she could devise.

She drove rapidly home.

As she was backing the car into the little garage she heard the gate being opened.

A superintendent of the police was coming toward her.

CHAPTER 14

AILEEN'S heart leaped wildly and then steadied. The will lay stiffly against her breast.

The superintendent approached and saluted.

"Good afternoon," said Aileen pleasantly. "Do you want to speak to me?"

"I'd be glad if you could spare me a few minutes, Mrs. Buckram," said the superintendent.

"Certainly!" said Aileen. "Do you mind if I finish putting the car back?"

The superintendent obviously did not mind. His manner was courteous, Aileen had time to note, and wholly unsuspicious. Probably he had only come to ask about the telephone message.

"Will you come in?" she invited, and led the way to the morning-room. She gave him an arm-chair, offered him a cigarette, agreed with him that summer would soon be here, and waited.

"Of course you know why I've called, Mrs. Buckram," began the superintendent. "Your husband will have told you of my chat with him last night. The Blenkiron case. You knew the poor gentleman pretty well, I believe?"

Aileen was puzzled at his opening. It was a roundabout way of working to the telephone. But his question was easily answered.

"Yes—in a way," she said. "Some years ago, before my marriage, before Mr. Blenkiron came to London, I used to be his secretary."

"Quite so," said the superintendent, which revealed that he had been aware of that particular fact and was not clever enough to pretend otherwise. "Now, when you were Mr. Blenkiron's secretary, Mrs. Buckram, did you ever happen to meet his son—Mr. Quentin Blenkiron?"

"Oh, yes," replied Aileen; "I saw a great deal of him."

Again wild speculations seethed in her brain. Could it be that suspicion had fastened upon the real culprit? The superintendent was consulting a note-book.

"When did you last see him, may I ask, Mrs. Buckram?"

She got what she wanted; the woman believed her story as a matter of course

She had last seen him some eighteen hours before in her own drawing-room—but it would be useless to tell the superintendent that. She fought back a desire to laugh.

"Some three years ago," she answered. "That would have been about eight or nine months before he committed suicide. As I dare say you know, Mr. Blenkiron wanted me to marry his son. He even made a will leaving me all his money. I'm sure he meant to destroy the will; the solicitor who drew it up—a Mr. Brazier—thinks so too. I am not accepting the money, of course."

The superintendent nodded. Brazier had communicated with the police, then! Aileen thought of the will concealed in her dress. It creaked as she breathed. Could the superintendent hear it? She drummed with her fingers on the arm of her chair to deaden the faint sound.

"When did you first hear about the young man's suicide?" asked the superintendent.

"The first time I met Mr. Blenkiron here in Rubington." That, too, was easily answered. "He himself told me about it."

"Nobody else ever told you about it?" asked the superintendent. "I mean, if Mr. Blenkiron himself hadn't told you, you'd never have known?"

With a woman's quick intuition, which always looks behind a question, Aileen suddenly divined a startling fact. There was doubt in the mind of the police—doubt if nothing more—as to the suicide of Quentin Blenkiron. How amazing! How—providential! Somehow she must get to know more. She leaned forward confidentially.

"No; I have never heard it from any one else—except from persons whom Mr. Blenkiron himself has told, such as my husband," she said with studied eagerness. "And do you know, Mr. Morris, I always had a certain amount of doubt in my mind as to whether Mr. Blenkiron was speaking the truth! That's an odd thing to say, but he and his son—well, their relationship was rather peculiar. Quentin used often to say that one day he would leave his father without a word. And yet—they seemed to get on pretty well together. Tell me—did he really commit suicide?"

"Well, of course I—I'm sure I can't say," said the superintendent, with a shade of embarrassment. "What, exactly, do you mean by their relationship being peculiar, Mrs. Buckram—if you don't mind my asking?"

"Well—they weren't like an ordinary father and son," said Aileen, drawing wildly upon her powers of invention. "They would be very friendly, and then—one would suddenly come upon them muttering angrily at each other. It was as if—it was as if they had some dark secret between them—though, of course, that may merely have been my fancy. I was very inexperienced then."

She was watching the superintendent closely, under cover of her animation. He had very obviously been startled by her reference to a secret. He was writing in his note-book. She wanted to jump up and cry for joy. Clearly, the police suspected that Quentin Blenkiron might have murdered his father!

[*Continued on Page 84*]

She groped for the door-handle—she couldn't see it. "Good-by, Geoffrey"

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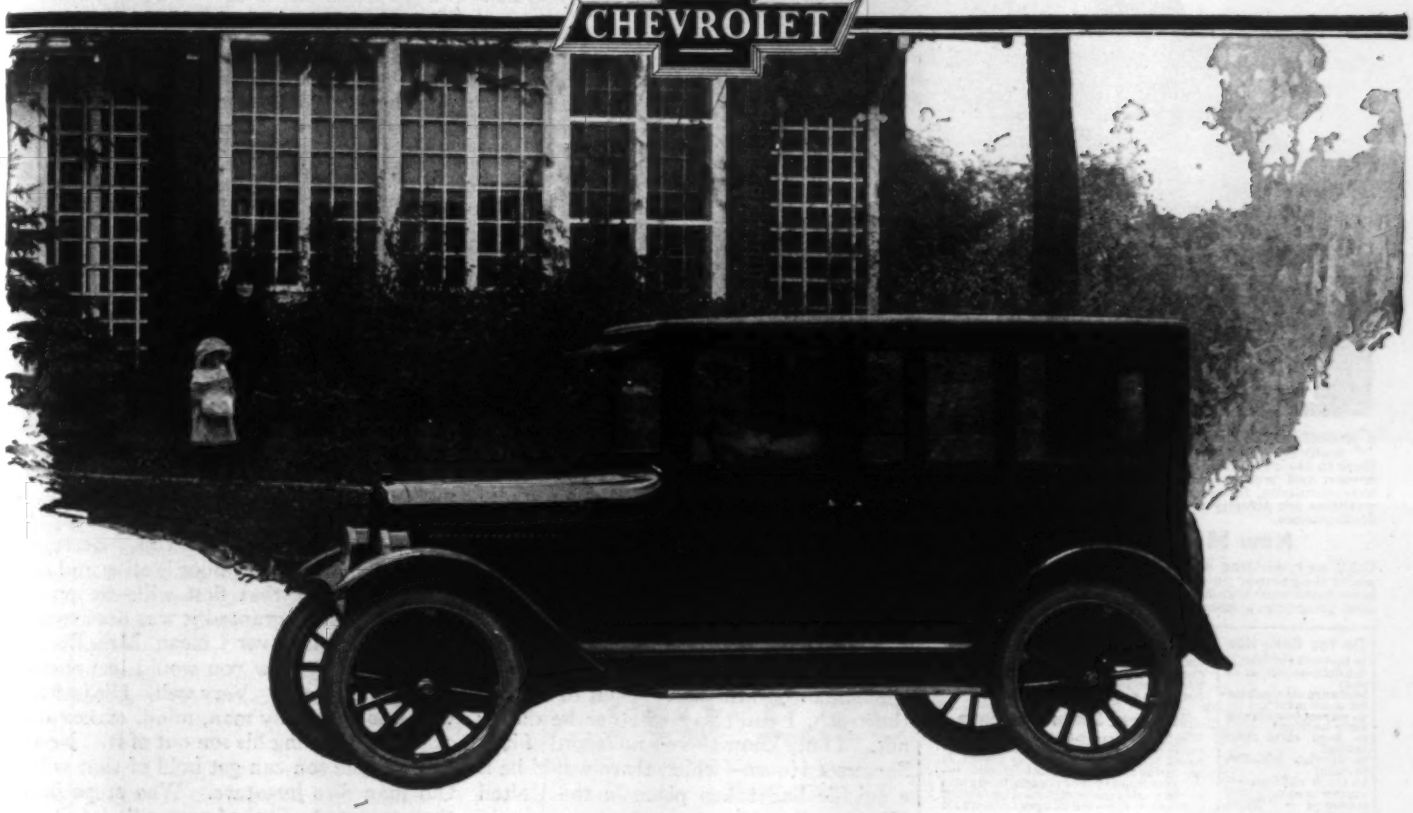

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The Woman Accused

[*Continued from page 82*]

"In your work for Mr. Blenkiron," continued the superintendent ponderously, "did you ever come across anything that would bear out your theory that he and his son had a secret between them?"

"I have put Mr. Blenkiron's affairs altogether out of my mind," said Aileen warily, though she smiled. "I should have to try to remember—"

The superintendent shifted.

"It may be of very great importance," he said. "If you have any old papers of Mr. Blenkiron's—"

"It is all very surprising," said Aileen vaguely. "And yet in a way it doesn't surprise me." She flashed a look up at the officer of the law. "You admit then, Mr. Morris, that Quentin Blenkiron did not commit suicide. You've virtually told me so."

The superintendent essayed a deprecatory laugh.

"I'm afraid you'll be getting me into trouble, Mrs. Buckram—especially if we have to bring the Yard into it in the end." Then he melted further. "But to tell you the truth, I can't say whether he did or not. I only know there's no record of it in Somerset House—which there would be if a suicide had taken place in the United Kingdom."

Aileen caught her breath; the room rocked round her.

Blenkiron had most clearly implied that the suicide had taken place in England. Had he lied? But why—why? Preconceived theories of the case were crashing about her head. When Quentin Blenkiron had come to mock her on that fatal night, she had assumed that the suicide was real in that another man had either committed suicide or been murdered in such circumstances as to enable Quentin Blenkiron to pretend it was himself—that he had subsequently assumed the identity of the dead man. But now that the police were ready to doubt suicide—

"Of course, I don't know whether it's a matter of any importance," the superintendent was saying. "As I dare say you know, Mrs. Buckram, we have to follow every line as thoroughly as we can, and nine tenths of what we follow up comes to nothing."

"Yes—yes," said Aileen. In the recesses of her brain a shrill voice was whispering to her to fan the spark of suspicion against Quentin Blenkiron. "Still, it seems to me that you've very cleverly worked up to something that may solve the whole mystery. I can't imagine Quentin committing murder—but then, he's the sort of man who would always be doing things one couldn't imagine." Her laughter jarred her, yet she couldn't help laughing. "How awful if he did!"

"Well, now, Mrs. Buckram, you're jumping to conclusions, if I may say so," said the superintendent a little uneasily. "I didn't wish to suggest that I thought Quentin Blenkiron murdered his father."

Aileen was recapturing her composure.

"No—but that's what a lot of people will say as soon as they know he didn't commit suicide," she said quickly. "I'm not the only one who knows what a queer pair they were. Every one's bound to say that the police did the right thing in investigating along that line. The only thing against it is—why should a son want to murder his father?"

The superintendent fell into the trap.

"That's just it," he agreed. "It all depends upon a will being found."

It all depended on the will—the will which at that moment was creaking beneath her blouse. She could hear the ominous words without being able to understand their full meaning.

"How does a will affect it?" she demanded. "Suppose, for a moment, that Quentin did kill his father. What would the will have to do with it? Now, a difficult point like that would be *quite* beyond me!"

The superintendent expanded visibly.

"Well, now, put it like this," he said. "S'posing Blenkiron junior is alive and remembers about that first will—he probably takes it for granted it was destroyed, the one in your favor I mean, Mrs. Buckram—knowing how you would feel about taking the money. Very well. His father, who was a wealthy man, mind, makes another will, leaving his son out of it. Now, suppose the son can get hold of that will. Old man dies intestate. Who steps into the property? Son, of course."

"That's very clever!" breathed Aileen. "But then—the son would have to show himself in order to claim the money."

"Oh, he'd show up all right, after he'd covered his tracks," replied the superintendent. "I'm not saying there's anything in it, mind."

"Ah, but wait! What about the burglary?" asked Aileen, as if on second thoughts. "Why should he have committed the burglary?" She shook her head almost gaily. "I'm afraid it all falls down there, doesn't it, superintendent?"

It was a challenge to his professional skill made by a pretty woman. The superintendent was only human.

"Between these four walls, Mrs. Buckram," he said, with slow impressiveness, "it wasn't a burglary."

"Oh!" gasped Aileen.

"It was a fake burglary," said the superintendent. "Look here. They had a car on that job. A Ford—same as your own. They'd got the butler drugged, and the cook away. They could have packed a couple of thousand pounds' worth of silver and pictures into that car. What did they take? Nothing but papers. I saw the solicitor this morning, and he told me that there was nothing in the safe, as a rule, but papers. Well, a burglar would have left them alone. Papers are useless to a burglar—he can't even blackmail with them. I tell you the burglary was a put-up job to get that other will."

The superintendent drew back, waiting for her applause.

AILEEN was gripping the arms of the chair. She saw that her knuckles were showing white, and with iron control loosened her grip.

"Oh, how thrilling!" she managed to say. "I don't see that you will need to consult Scotland Yard, Mr. Morris; you seem to have the case at your finger-tips."

The superintendent beamed, and rose.

"Well, I'm very much obliged to you, Mrs. Buckram, I'm sure. And I'd be still more obliged if you'd try to find anything among any old papers you may have that would throw any light on what you call the secret between the two of them."

"I will certainly do so," said Aileen. Her brain was working—working. "But—er—suppose the will turns up? Your theory will fall to the ground, won't it?"

"If that will turns up I'll own up I'm wrong," said Superintendent Morris emphatically. "And we shall know in a few days, too."

"How?" Her hands clutched each other and went to the bosom of her dress.

"Arrangements have been made at headquarters with the solicitor concerned, and the person who benefits by the will is to offer ten thousand pounds reward for its return—and we're going to get the home office to agree to promise security for the one who returns it, provided he didn't do the murder." The superintendent's thick finger was tapping off the points in his palm. "Now, there was more than one on that game, if it was burglars. Only one of them could have shot him, and—*if* it's burglars—the other will come forward."

"Yes—and if the other doesn't come forward?"

"Then I shall call in the Yard, and they'll search throughout the country—throughout the world, for that matter—for Quentin Blenkiron. I can't do much now, as it's still a local affair. But if that will hasn't turned up in seven days, every police officer in the country will be looking for Quentin Blenkiron. Good afternoon, Mrs. Buckram—and thank you."

Aileen saw the superintendent out and returned to the morning-room.

THE door opened and Geoffrey came in.

With a detachment strange at such a moment, Aileen observed that in the last forty-eight hours he had developed an air almost of furtiveness. He closed the door.

"Did you get the will?" he asked, in a voice little above a whisper.

Aileen closed her eyes.

"No," she answered; "I've failed, Geoffrey. And you can't succeed. The currents have taken the box. I spent an hour prodding the river-bed all about there, and—it's quite hopeless."

Chapter 15

MRS. BUCKRAM had spoken the lie with her eyes closed. She opened them—and met her husband's gaze.

For a moment they stared at each other. She saw that he was amazed but not incredulous.

"You prodded the river-bed for an hour and couldn't find that box he repeated. "The currents have taken it away. What abominable ill fortune! It's—it's—"

"I searched quite systematically. There seemed to me to be a sort of ledge that slopes away into mid-stream—and once anything is in mid-stream only a dredger could find it, as you know."

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Geoffrey flung himself into a chair, his head in his hands.

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"We must go through with it, of course, whatever happens," he said presently. "I thought at first that if our actions were going to do no definite harm to some one else we should have to give ourselves up, but— I wonder where it is going to end, Aileen. There's a sort of horrible fatality about it. You and I have started doing wrong, regretting that we had done wrong and wishing to do no more wrong; and yet, because we are trying to hide ourselves, we're compelled to do more wrong."

"Let's wait a little longer. Something will happen—we can't be made to do wrong if we don't wish to?" urged Aileen desperately. But Geoffrey made a movement of disgust.

"Oh, let's be honest with ourselves, if we're honest with no one else," he exclaimed. "It was one thing when you and I were just fugitives from justice—flying from the consequences of a single mad moment. But now you and I are a couple of cheats, Aileen. To protect ourselves we're cheating somebody of a fortune that is theirs by right. We'll admit that, if nothing else!"

"Not you!" protested Aileen brokenly. "*You* didn't rob the safe—*you* didn't sink the deed-box in the river."

"It's all the same," he answered dully. "You or I—it's all the same."

THERE was something in the words that sent Aileen's hand to her throat in an agony of grief—something in his voice, in his eyes, that stabbed her through and through until she could have writhed in torment. She and her lover-husband, who had been one in happiness, were now one in guilt and fear—and in nothing else.

She tried to control her breathing and again the will crackled beneath her dress. Geoffrey could not hear the faint sound, she felt sure; but it frightened her, for all that. The corners of the stiff parchment pressed against her flesh and hurt her. There was a grim symbolism in the fact. The disappearance of the will had wounded his conscience—yet she must hug it to herself, lest a greater ill befall.

"Don't—don't look at it so hopelessly, Geoffrey," she said with difficulty. "That deed-box was water-tight. In a little time, say a fortnight or a month, if nothing happens we can send an anonymous letter to the proper authorities and they will dredge the river. After all, it isn't a very serious wrong to—the heir—if he or she has to wait only a few weeks."

Geoffrey straightened himself wearily.

"I suppose that's what we shall have to do," he said. "You're right, Aileen. You've been right every time so far. The old idea of a woman losing her head in an emergency—"

The rest of the sentence was lost in a bitter laugh.

"To-morrow," he added presently, "I have to attend the inquest. I wonder if I shall keep my head, Aileen. I suppose it will mean perjury. After dinner perhaps you would just go over the lies with me and see that I have them pat."

Chapter 16

FOLLOWING blindly the domestic routine, Aileen went upstairs to change her dress for dinner. She locked the door and slipped off her coat-frock. It rustled to the floor, the will in its folds.

For a time she held the stiff parchment between thumb and finger, trying to decide what to do with it.

The fact that she was keeping Mrs. Fairclough from the possession of her property by hiding the will did not cause Aileen a moment's misgiving.

If she had an enemy in the world besides Quentin Blenkiron, that enemy was Mrs. Fairclough.

Then why not burn the will? whispered a voice in Aileen's brain—burn it there and then, and permanently deprive an enemy of a fortune?

Almost Aileen was tempted; but she withstood the temptation.

There was the practical difficulty of what to do with the will. Civilization was so complex that it was almost as difficult to hide a will as to hide an iron box. In the end she decided that, waking or sleeping, she would keep it upon her person.

Aileen forced the matter from her mind and dressed for dinner. She chose a frock of soft blues and violets—a misty little creation that gave her the look of a wayside flower. It was as if she pretended to herself that she was too delicate, too gossamer-fine, to have known the havoc of violence and intrigue.

IT was a gloomy meal, rendered the more gloomy by Geoffrey's painful efforts to make bright conversation whenever the parlor-maid was in the room. In the intervals he was sunk in melancholy silence, and, as soon as dinner was over, in the security of the drawing-room, he came to the subject of the impending inquest.

"There really isn't much to discuss," Aileen pointed out. "You can tell the truth—all you need do is to be careful not to mention that you took parradine before you went. They will take it for granted that you left in an ordinary way about the time when—when you did leave."

"And that was about half-past ten, you said?"

"About then," answered Aileen. She could not remember whether she had previously given Geoffrey the real times of her movements on that awful night; it would be fatal if he were to detect a discrepancy now. If only he would leave the subject!

But Geoffrey would not let it rest. With a lawyer's passion for detail, he considered every aspect of the case and examined each of her statements with the utmost minuteness. Aileen felt that she would scream if the ordeal were to last much longer. Then Geoffrey paused to light a pipe, and, letting him think what he would of her, she murmured something about a headache and slipped upstairs.

She went to bed almost at once, telling herself that she must get all the rest she could in order to be the more alert to cope with the difficulties that hourly crowded upon her. But sleep eluded her. She found herself following Geoffrey's lines of thought and applying them to her conversation with the police superintendent.

In fancy she was again in the morning-room with Superintendent Morris.

"If that will hasn't turned up in seven days—every police officer in the country will be looking for Quentin Blenkiron."

This, at least, was clear. The will was not going to turn up in seven days. It

was going to remain on her person until they had sought for and found Quentin Blenkiron.

But when they had caught Quentin Blenkiron—what then?

The superintendent had constructed a careful case against Quentin Blenkiron. Quentin was supposed by the superintendent to have murdered his father and robbed the safe, so that he could destroy the will that left the property to Mrs. Fairclough. Having done so, he would in due course claim his father's property as next of kin—unless the police found him before he left his hiding-place.

It was sensible and convincing—yet Aileen knew it to be wholly untrue.

Her mind ran off at a tangent—ran into the vivid picturization of a scene that appalled her imagination. She was sitting in the gallery of a court of law, and Brazier—discovered to be Quentin Blenkiron—was on trial for his life. It was she who had placed him in the dock. She had done it by anonymously returning the contents of the safe to the police—by letting them find Blenkiron's documents intact, save for the will.

A long shudder seized Aileen as she lay there sleepless in the darkness. Temptation again! Could she bring herself to do such a thing? Yet what did it amount to? Quentin Blenkiron had flung at her the admission that he had killed his father and had laid a trail against her own husband. And then his plans had gone awry. He had not counted upon her being able to get her husband away—he had not counted upon her robbing the safe and indirectly providing a clue to himself. She had only to complete the chain and, by false evidence, secure a just verdict.

HER imagination was driving her to fever heat. She got out of bed and, kneeling by the window, flung the casement open. Below her the garden was drenched in moonlight.

She was clearer-headed now, and was able to see that she had built upon air. The police had not yet found Quentin Blenkiron. It was still open to doubt whether they would.

Also, there was the plain matter of fact that Quentin Blenkiron had not robbed his father's safe.

Why had Quentin Blenkiron not robbed the safe? For the first time, she wondered. She pursued the thought steadily. It led her to the more poignant question, why had Quentin killed his father?

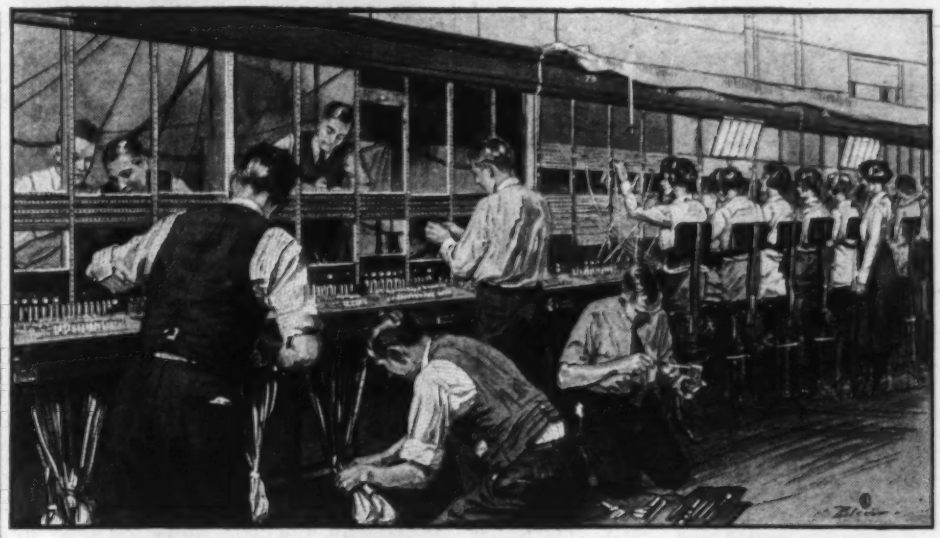
Round again in the tortured circle of doubt and anxiety! Day had dawned before she groped her way back to bed and fell into a troubled sleep.

Chapter 17

THE inquest was not until the afternoon. Geoffrey announced his intention of going to the office as usual and returning at midday.

The morning dragged on interminably. There was nothing that Aileen could safely do. If she were to run over to Staines every time she had a couple of hours to spare, and closet herself in the room she had hired for the purpose of examining the dead man's documents, she would awaken the suspicion of the landlady.

If only the inquest were safely over!



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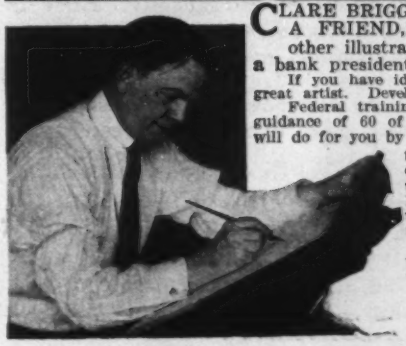

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She was beginning to believe that Geoffrey could not now be charged with murder. In the last twenty-four hours so much had been done to cover the tracks. Yet on her own movements still depended his safety. If the landlady's curiosity should lead her to prying open the lock on the kit-bag, she and Geoffrey within a few hours might stand in the dock together. She turned again restlessly to the morning newspaper and read the law reports. There was a paradoxical satisfaction in learning that there were others in fear of the law besides herself.

She was about to put down the paper when her eye was caught by a paragraph:

A TRAMP'S JEWELRY

A laborer of no fixed occupation was taken in custody by the Staines police last night for being drunk and disorderly. As the man was about to be led away to the cells, the sergeant in charge noticed a suspiciousness about the prisoner's clothing. As the result of a search, a number of valuable articles of jewelry were taken from his person. Asked to account for his possession of them, the man stated that a lady had given them to him. The case will come before the local magistrate to-day.

The newspaper fluttered to the floor.

What a fool she had been—what a wicked fool—to let the tramp make off with the jewelry! Perhaps at that very moment the man was before the magistrate, stammering out his tale that would bring ruin to Geoffrey and herself.

GEOFFREY came home to lunch. Aileen felt him studying her furtively, and knew that her loss of sleep and the suspense had ringed her eyes and taken the color from her cheeks.

"I don't want you to come with me, Aileen," he said abruptly, as they rose from table. "I—couldn't get through with it if you were there. I can act my part all right if there is no one in court who knows that I'm acting."

If there was no one in court who knew that he was acting!

"Will Mr. Brazier be there?" she asked, as if irrelevantly.

"Yes. He came down with me. I asked him to come to lunch, but he had the tact to refuse. It's time I was going."

She went with him into the hall.

"Good-by," she said tentatively.

He did not answer. She knew that his silence was not designed to slight her; his mind was on what was before him.

She watched him go. He did not turn at the gate to look at her. It was unlikely that he would, after all. That kind of thing—that carelesssly sweet side of life—was over and done with. Her own words had killed it and buried it too deeply for tears.

She lifted her head gallantly. Better to lose and lose and *lose* than that he should rush upon a shame, a penalty, that he had not for an instant deserved. She went back to the flower-filled drawing-room and sat down to wait for his return.

CHAPTER 18

HE came before she had dared to hope for him.

"It was all over in less than an hour," he said, answering her unspoken question. "Aileen, you will be glad—I know you will be glad—that I was saved from the necessity of committing perjury."

"Of course I'm glad!" she said softly. "Tell me what happened, Geoffrey."

"Very little, thank heavens! When I had answered the formal questions, I told them that Blenkiron had 'phoned for me, that I went up there about nine and discussed business with him. I said that, although I could not tell the exact time of my leaving, our discussion must have lasted until about ten. I mentioned that he let me in himself, saying that his servant was drunk. That is really all. Technically, everything that I said was completely accurate. No questions were put to me except quite trivial ones. I left the box within five minutes of entering it."

"Did—did you hear the other evidence?" asked Aileen.

"There were only the police and the servants, of course. One doesn't need to be a lawyer to see that the police are keeping a lot back. The coroner had evidently been asked by the police to confine his inquiry as far as possible."

"Oh! Why?"

"It's often done. When the police have a theory of the murder and they don't want to have the results of their investigations published, they're allowed to make certain requests of the coroner. Unless all my reasoning is wrong, the police have a theory—though what it is I haven't the faintest idea."

Aileen had a very good idea. The police had not wished to indicate that Quentin Blenkiron was suspected; they had not wished to state the fact that the record of his suicide did not exist.

"The jury returned a general verdict of murder against person or persons unknown," added Geoffrey. "If the—'person or persons' aren't found within the time you suggested—a month, wasn't it? —I should think it would be quite safe to get them to dredge the river."

"In six months," she said, half to herself, "we may be out of the wood."

The words came so violently that she started, shuddering away from him. Geoffrey's eyes were somber, yet intensely alive.

"I'm not going to be a mill-stone around your neck, Geoffrey," she faltered. "You can't think that I would be a burden to you—now that you've—stopped loving me."

His fingers gripped her wrist, cruel in their insistence.

"Ah! When I can say that I've stopped loving you—then we shall both know where we stand, Aileen.

"This—Blenkiron horror—seems to me a thing of itself—a thing that doesn't touch us, somehow. At this moment I would trust you as readily as I have trusted you in the past. It would be as great a shock to find that you were still cheating me—still lying to me. Perhaps it is that one can understand and—and forgive a big deception so much better than a petty vice."

Aileen's hand went to her heart. Beneath the soft folds of her dress she could feel the outline of Blenkiron's will.

"I'm building on that, Aileen—the belief that there's nothing between us now; that you've laid every card on the table—"

The door opened. "Mr. Brazier, sir."

CHAPTER 19

GEOFFREY rose, thrusting his hands nonchalantly into his pockets. Aileen, still leaning back against her cushions, covered her wrist with the fingers of her other hand. Her eyes were upon Brazier, suave and tall in the doorway.

"I must apologize—" he began.

"Sit down, Brazier," said Geoffrey mechanically. "Have a cigarette."

Aileen made herself smile at Brazier.

"You've come on business, Mr. Brazier?" she asked.

"No; scarcely that, Mrs. Buckram." Brazier's voice was as affable as ever. "A trifling word of shop, that is all. For the rest, you may find yourself interested. May I ask, Buckram, if you ever acted for Blenkiron in respect of a Miss Carfax?"

"Carfax!" repeated Geoffrey. "No, I don't know the name. What's the trouble?"

"A very curious little incident!" said Brazier. His eyes narrowed. He produced a newspaper cutting from his waistcoat pocket. "I snipped this out of the evening paper. May I read it?"

"Please do," said Aileen faintly.

"It's about a tramp who was run in at Staines last night for being drunk and disorderly. When they got him to the station they found a quantity of jewelry on him, supposed to be worth some two or three thousand pounds. Queer thing to find on a tramp, eh? Now, listen.

"H'm, ah! There's a description of the jewelry, which I won't read. But it mentions a diamond bracelet inscribed 'P. L. to H. C.' Now, it's my belief that H. C. stands for Hester Carfax. Some years ago, I know, she borrowed money from old Blenkiron—I handled one of the little deals they had together and in the course of it this same jewelry was produced as security. I remember that bracelet."

Aileen was sitting very still. She was looking at Geoffrey. She wondered wildly why, even for a moment, she had thought that things were going well.

"D'you mean you think this man is—one of the burglars?" demanded Geoffrey. "I thought you said you were pretty sure there was nothing but papers in Blenkiron's safe?"

"Yes, but one can never tell. He may have taken the stuff to his house," said Brazier. He had not ceased to smile. "At first blush it seems quite reasonable to suppose this might be Blenkiron's jewelry. The chap has made a haul—wants to celebrate the fact. But just listen:

"Asked to account for his possession of the jewelry, Mardle" ("that's the name of the tramp," explained Brazier) "Mardle stated that it had been given to him by a lady.

"'*The magistrate:* 'Do you seriously ask me to believe that a lady gave you this very valuable jewelry?'

"'Yes, your worship,' answered the prisoner, and proceeded to tell a remarkable story of his having helped a lady to recover a box from the bed of the river where she had hidden it, and as a reward she had given him the jewelry the box contained. Besides the jewelry, added the man, there were papers in the box, which the lady kept.

"The magistrate ordered the man to be detained in custody while inquiries were made concerning the jewelry."

[*Continued on page 93*]

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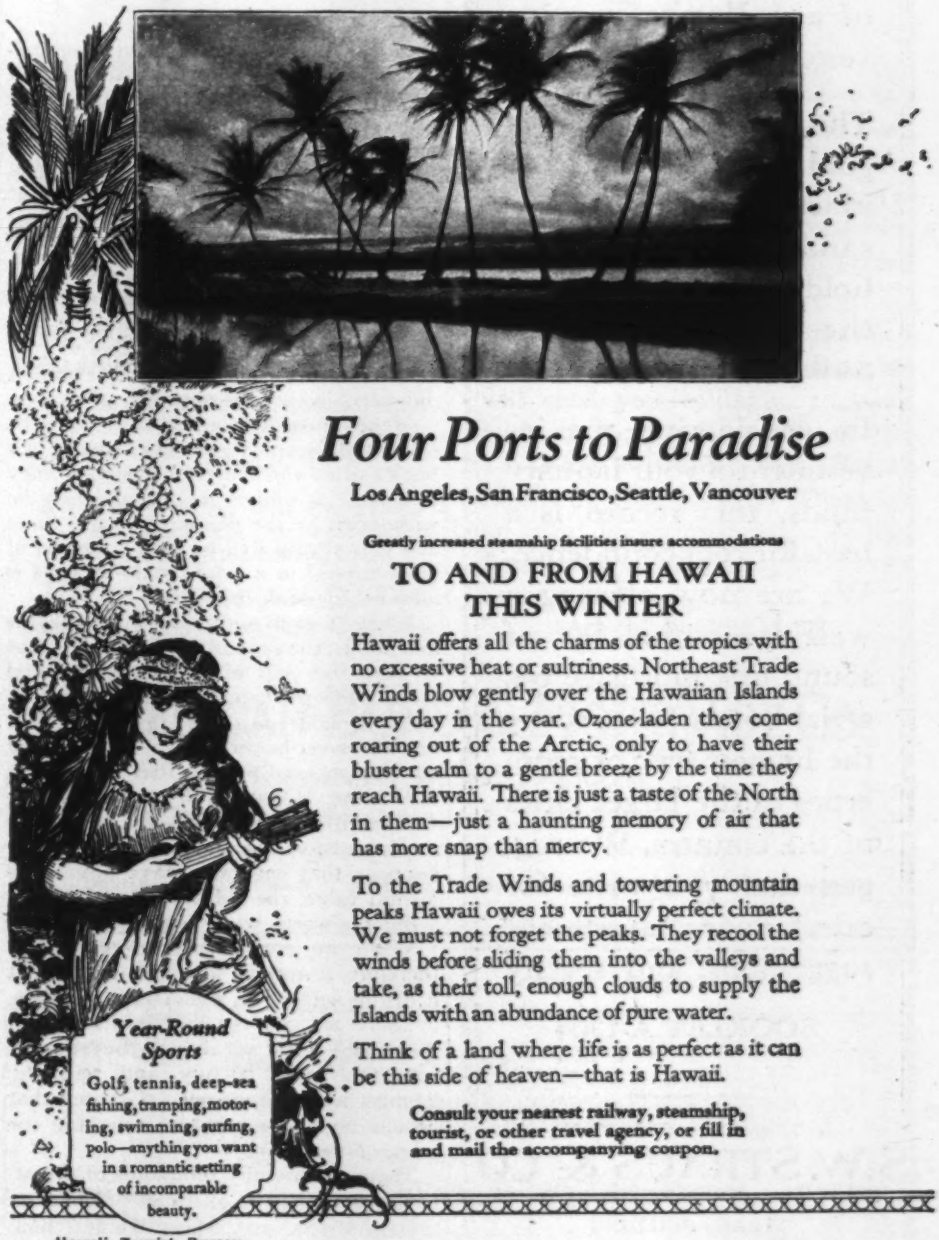

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Marketability

By Paul Tomlinson

IN the business of investing, emphasis is almost always placed upon buying—that is to say, the selecting of the proper security in which to invest one's money. This is natural and proper.

There is a secondary consideration, however. Investing carried to its logical conclusion is not merely a question of buying, but of selling too. The experienced investor, when making his choice of securities, considers not only the safety of his principal and an assured income, but weighs the chances of being able to convert his securities back into cash without difficulty, in case the need for cash arises.

Money invested in securities may be compared, in a way, to money placed in a bank and on which interest is paid. Money in a bank is subject to call, and may be withdrawn by the depositor at any time; and it is always well to keep a portion of one's capital in a liquid state such as is afforded by bank deposits.

When a man puts money into stocks and bonds, the supposition is that he plans to keep this part of his capital invested more or less permanently, and does not intend to make use of the principal. But one can never be certain when the need of ready cash may present itself. When it does come, it may be of inestimable advantage if one's securities can be readily exchanged for money. And as it seldom happens that securities have any sentimental value, the old saying applies that a thing is worth what you can sell it for.

When an investment is considered, therefore, it may be wise to find out what it can be sold for as well as what it costs.

There are two requirements for every purchase. First of all, the buyer must have the desire to buy, and, secondly, he must have the money. Granted that he has both, his problem is to find the proper investment.

There are literally thousands of investments to be had at all times. There are savings banks, real estate, bonds—thousands of them—and thousands and thousands of stocks. Money placed in a savings bank is almost always safe. While the return is usually lower than from other investments, the safety is an important consideration, and the ability to get the cash at any time is another.

Real estate may also prove an excellent investment, and money put into a home is probably the most satisfactory of all investments. Real estate is not always easy to sell, however, and the many astonishing laws recently passed in numerous States have made real estate rather unattractive as an investment for other than home purposes. Bonds, of course, are to be had in all grades. So with stocks.

If an investor wants to make sure he can sell his investments, however, he should remember that, just as he needed the inclination and the money to buy, so he will have to find these same two requirements in somebody else before he can dispose of it. Does he know where he can find such a person?

One of the greatest advantages of buying stocks and bonds that are listed and traded in on the large exchanges is the fact that there is always a ready market for them. This advantage of marketability was one of the attractive features of Liberty bonds. They could—and still can—be sold on a moment's notice, or even used in lieu of cash. Securities that enjoy an active market usually sell for slightly more than those that may be equally safe but that, for some reason or other, are difficult to sell. In other words, the fact that a security is readily salable adds something to its market price.

Keeping the Principal Safe

IT is pretty generally admitted, we believe, that for the man with little capital the prime requirement of an investment should be the safety of his principal. The less he has the less can he afford to take chances with it. Further, we believe that with such a man the ability to convert his investments into cash should be an important consideration. Sickness might come to him, he might need more capital in his business, and he would want cash.

It may be argued that he could arrange for a loan on his securities, whether they were readily marketable or not. This is true. But it is simpler to borrow on easily

salable securities and the terms are always more favorable. This fact is attested to by the practice of brokers who will not accept as collateral securities that have not a ready market value.

A safe general rule for a first investment is to buy something listed on the New York Stock Exchange. This fact in itself assures a ready market. Not that there is an active demand only for securities listed on the New York Stock Exchange; but if the investor is inexperienced he can be certain of being protected on this point if he makes this a requirement of his purchase.

The "Outside" Market

AS the investor increases the number of his holdings and gains experience, he will find that there is a large and active "outside" market in many securities. Public utilities, for instance, are in most cases unlisted, and yet for the best grade public-utility investments there is an exceedingly active demand. The Standard Oil group of securities also are actively traded in; there are certain chemical stocks, sugar stocks, and others that are dealt in every day, and the bid and asked quotations are printed regularly in the financial pages of the leading newspapers.

Real estate bonds are another class of securities that are unlisted, and yet they are growing steadily in favor all the while. Deservedly so, too, for they are excellent investments, provided the issuing company is sound and reliable. With these bonds it is perhaps more important than with any others to be certain of the people from whom one is buying. And the better companies usually maintain a market for their own bonds; that is to say, the purchaser can sell them back to the concern from which he bought in the event that he wishes to cash in on his investment.

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Q. Please give me a list of six bonds that you consider safe and that yield about 5½ per cent.

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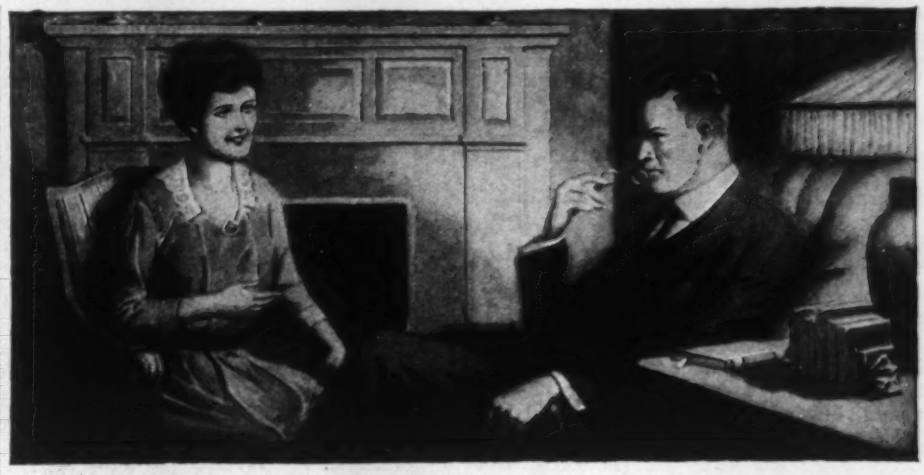
St. Louis Iron Mountain and Southern River and Gulf Division First 4's, due May 1, 1933.

Q. Please give me information about the Argentine Government five-year bonds.

A. These bonds carry 7 per cent. coupons and pay interest semi-annually on February and August 1. The bonds are due February 1, 1927, and are issued in coupon form in the denomination of $1000. Their yield at present prices is nearly 6½ per cent. Principal and interest is payable in United States gold coin in New York, free of Argentine taxes, at the offices of the Chase National Bank and Blair & Company. These bonds are a direct ob-



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Q. I have $20,000 to invest, and wish to put it into bonds. I should appreciate it if you would send me a list of a dozen or so bonds from which I may make a selection, my idea being to put $2000 into ten different bonds.

A. Listed below are twelve bonds. We believe that a selection from this list should prove satisfactory for your purposes. The average yield on these securities would be in the neighborhood of 5 per cent. Many of these bonds are selling somewhat at a discount—that is to say, for less than their face value, and it is possible, therefore, that you can buy twenty-one or perhaps twenty-two bonds with your $20,000. The list follows:

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Brooklyn Edison Co. General 5's, due 1949.

Northern States Power Co. 25-year 5's, due 1941.

Pacific Gas and Electric Co. General and Refunding 5's, due 1942.

General Electric 20-year Debenture 5's, due 1940.

U. S. Rubber First and Refunding 5's, Series A, due 1947.

Bethlehem Steel First and Refunding 5's, due 1942.

New York Telephone Co. First and General Sinking Fund 4½'s, due 1939.

Q. Please give me a report on the Ohio Brass Company and let me have your opinion of its preferred stock.

A. The Ohio Brass Company was incorporated in New Jersey in 1902. It

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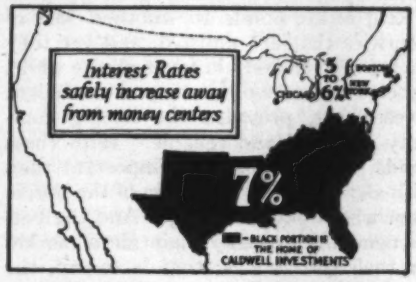

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The Woman Accused

[Continued from page 89]

Very slowly Aileen uncovered her wrist and stared at the marks of Geoffrey's fingers.

"Now, that's a pretty weak tale, if you like," Brazier was saying easily. "The man must be more or less of an imbecile. Of course, one doesn't want to get mixed up personally in matters of this kind—but I feel that, in view of the 'H. C.' bracelet business, I ought to tell the police of my suspicions in the matter. What do you think?"

Silence! In Aileen's head was the sound of rushing waters. She looked up and met the mocking gaze of the man who called himself Brazier.

Then she heard Geoffrey's voice, slow and cold with pain:

"He says he helped a lady to recover a box from the bed of the river. A watertight box, presumably. A deed-box, it would have to be. Do you think it a likely story, Aileen?"

Chapter 20

SHE found herself answering him with an indifference that amounted to genius.

"Oh, yes, I think so," she said. "If Mr. Brazier has the slightest reason to suspect the tramp's jewelry was really stolen from Mr. Blenkiron's safe, surely he is bound to tell the police?"

She saw a gleam in Geoffrey's eyes—the quick light of fear. Not knowing what drove her to goad Brazier forward on his path of destruction, Geoffrey must be dismayed at her foolhardiness. Turning quickly to Brazier, Aileen detected in his expression, for one fleeting second, a reluctant admiration. Then it was gone.

"Thank you, Mrs. Buckram," he said. "You have confirmed my worst suspicion—that it is my duty to come forward. It means they'll probably charge this tramp with the murder, or at least with being an accessory—and I shall have to give evidence."

"The mere possession of the jewelry would surely not be enough to justify a charge of murder?" Geoffrey jerked out.

"Perhaps not," said Brazier indifferently, folding up the newspaper cutting. "They'll probably charge him with being in unlawful possession, but they'll go on adjourning the case until they've got him, one way or the other. Unless, of course, that wonderful story about the lady and the box in the river turns out to be true."

"Do you think they'll try to find the lady—if she exists? asked Aileen.

"Most probably—if the fellow has given a coherent description," answered Brazier.

"And do you think they will succeed?"

Brazier's dark, inscrutable gaze met and held hers.

"It's a toss-up, I should say," he answered. "If she exists—she sounds a pretty resourceful woman. She's protecting her man, I should say—and has probably counted on this development and made her plans. In cases like this it generally depends on whether the woman has any private enemies. But there, Mrs. Buckram, I'm no criminologist. Just a plain, pettifogging solicitor."

He rose to go.

Aileen achieved a laugh as she shook hands.

"Good-by. You're not going to let Mr. Brazier see himself out, Geoffrey?"

As she heard the front door close, a wave of black despair swamped her courage. Geoffrey's words of half an hour ago came back to her: *"I would trust you as readily as I have trusted you in the past. It would be as great a shock to find that you were still cheating me—s'ill lying to me."*

And she had told him that the currents had taken the deed-box.

He was behind her.

"Where is that will, Aileen?"

Chapter 21

IT is one thing to burn your boats out of bravado. It is another to have the torch thrust into your hand by forces that are stronger than yourself, that compel you to do their bidding, though you know that you are destroying your last hope of safety.

"Where is the will, Aileen?" repeated Geoffrey. "I must have an answer, please."

"I'm terribly sorry, Geoffrey, but I can't tell you," she said breathlessly.

She heard him groan. "Let us go carefully with each other, for heaven's sake!"

Her hands went to her throat Geoffrey was going to be terribly fair to her; he was going to give her every possible chance.

"You say you can't tell me where the will is," he began. (Oh, that slow, maddening precision of the lawyer!) "Do you mean that you know where it is, but that you *will* not tell me?"

"Yes, Geoffrey."

"Then—" He had begun on a sharp note, but checked himself. "Wait. You

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know where the will is. So all that you said about the current taking the deed-box was untrue?"

"Please!" whispered Aileen, driven to the very edge of her self-control. "I will tell you as much as I can tell you, but—"

"You will tell me as much as you can tell me!" There was a coldness in his tone that froze the words upon her lips. "It's good of you, but all you can tell me is not what I want to hear. It's the truth—or nothing." For a second he waited. Then —"So it is to be nothing. As you please."

HE moved toward the door, but with a rush she reached it first.

"Geoffrey, this is perhaps the last time you and I will ever speak to each other. I implore you to listen to me. For the sake of our love that's dead—"

"You make it impossible for me to refuse." As if she were a stranger, he drew forward a chair and offered it to her.

"You are mocking me, and I don't care," she cried. "I only care that you shall hear me. Geoffrey, I am sorry I had to lie to you about the deed-box; but I am not sorry that I can't, even now, tell you truth. It wouldn't be right for me to tell you the truth. You're sneering now, Geoffrey, but you'll remember those words after I have gone."

"They will hardly be an exhilarating memory, Aileen."

"That story the tramp told is nearly true." "I did not give him the jewelry, of course; he snatched it. All that doesn't matter. I was going to tell you all about it, but—a little before you came in—I saw that I—must not. When you asked me suddenly about the will, I took what seemed the easiest course and said that the box was lost."

Geoffrey said nothing.

"And so—I am going, Geoffrey. I shall be out of the house by the time you come back to-morrow night."

Geoffrey shrugged his shoulders.

"It seems to me unnecessary," he said.

"Does it?" she echoed. "It seems to me the most necessary thing in the world. I am going because I've injured you and because I must go on injuring you."

That stung him into protest.

"It's fantastic!" rasped Geoffrey. "If this amazing attitude of yours makes it impossible for us to be reasonably friendly, we can at least avoid quarreling. There is no need for you to leave your home."

"My home, Geoffrey!" she repeated, and his face twitched at her laughter. "If I could find my way to my home, I would stay there and never leave it. But—I find it a little undignified to live on in the house that you rent, using the furniture that you have bought— Oh, I don't mean to be sarcastic! It's I who have destroyed our home, not you. Don't let's talk about it, please. I'll just—go."

She went to the door. She mustn't look back, or touch him, or do anything that would seem to him theatrical. She groped for the door-handle. She couldn't see it—things had blurred so; she must be crying.

"Good-by, Geoffrey."

He did not answer. He was leaning with one elbow on the mantelpiece. His face was turned from her and his broad shoulders were oddly hunched.

She shut the door softly behind her.

[To be continued]

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Theodore Roosevelt at Work

[*Continued from page 66*]

"Telephone Senator Hale and ask if he knows of any reason why the letter I wrote him should not be given out."

Mr. Loeb reported shortly:

"Senator Hale will call on the President to-morrow morning in reference to the matter."

At ten o'clock the Senator called; he surrendered unconditionally; more than that, he promised to advocate the new type and to put all of his influence behind it. This he did. On Monday, January 14, 1907, Senator Hale made the following motion in the Senate:

"Mr. President, I present two very strong and well written papers upon the question of the size of battleships. As Congress will be confronted with that question during the session, I ask that the two papers presenting the opposite sides, one by Captain A. T. Mahan, of the United States Navy, and the other by Lieutenant-Commander William S. Sims, United States Navy, be printed as a document and referred to the Committee on Naval Affairs."

Thus the opposition in the Senate was overcome by Theodore Roosevelt's action. The chairman of the House Naval Affairs Committee still ignored the President's letter, so it was given out to the press.

The President's letter was so convincing and displayed such practical sound common sense that I can not forbear quoting extracts from it:

"It has been a waste of money to provide such ships as the single-turret monitors, and while the cruisers, and especially the great armored cruisers, serve some useful purposes, it would, nevertheless, have been infinitely better to have spent the money which actually was spent on them in the construction of first-class battle-ships. Our great armored cruisers are practically as expensive to build and maintain as battle-ships; and yet, taking the battle-ship all round for the purposes for which a navy is really needed, its superiority to the armored cruiser is enormous."

There was enunciated at once a great principle of statecraft and of naval policy: Keeping in mind the *purpose* of a navy, to get the greatest fighting power possible for the least money, not only in construction costs, but in later cost of maintenance. Then the President, full of confidence bred of his wide knowledge, went on to enunciate a policy which, had it been followed, would have enabled us to shorten the World War by a considerable time, with a saving of thousands of lives and billions of dollars:

"I thoroughly believe in developing and building an adequate number of submarines; I believe in building torpedo-boat destroyers; there must be a few fast scouts. But the strength of the Navy rests primarily upon its battle-ships, and in building these it is imperatively necessary, from *the standpoint alike of efficiency and economy, that they should be the very best of their kind.*"

That this implied the all-big-gun ship, the President went on to prove:

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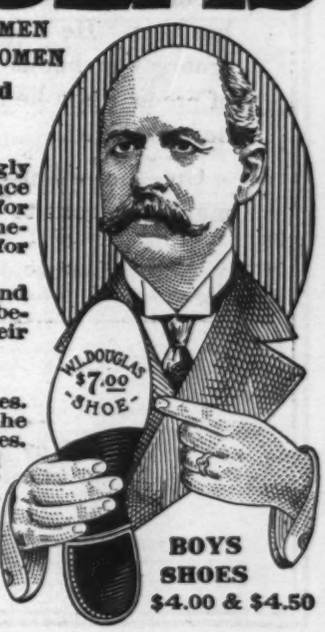

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A Business Motive Power

The time must come when all businesses will consider the advisability of advertising in the same spirit that a manufacturer ponders over the advisability of adopting a new machine. One does not install a piece of labor-saving mechanism because it suits his fancy; but because the efficiency of the business requires it.

He expects the new machine to reduce his cost to operate—perhaps to make a better product—and thus aid him in meeting competition and making larger profits.

Advertising is exactly similar. The man who refuses to consider it as a possible expedient, simply shuts his eyes on one of the problems of his business. He might as well ignore the banks as sources of credit when he has need to borrow capital.

On the other hand, the man who looks to advertising to checkmate all weaknesses and shortcomings of his business and to carry it along to victory despite these, has a childlike faith in the miraculous.

Advertising will not make his product or his service any better than they are; but it will bring him the full benefits of their merits. It will not eliminate wastefulness in his factory or his store; but it will reduce his cost to operate. It will not make illogical selling methods successful; but it will assist good selling methods, and often point the way for improving them.

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"Now that a high degree of skill has been developed in naval marksmanship, especially with heavy guns, future battle ranges will be so great . . . that small guns (6-inch, etc.) will be practically ineffective, especially against large vessels having all of their guns and gun crews in 12-inch turrets behind heavy armor.

"Therefore, the effective offensive power of a battle-ship may now be measured by the number of heavy (12-inch) guns she can fire on either broadside. For the ordinary battle-ship this effective broadside fire consists of four 12-inch guns. It follows, as a matter of course, that a large ship having a broadside fire of ten 12-inch guns could promptly destroy a battle-ship of the usual type having four 12-inch guns; and with the advantage of the greater speed of the larger vessel, which would enable her to choose her own distance, she would be more than a match for two of the smaller vessels."

To these arguments, so clearly and convincingly stated, the President added additional ones, until there was no escape possible from the conclusion that the all-big-gun ship was the type of the future.

The result of this letter of the President's justified the confidence that he reposed in the public, for editorial comment was so genuinely favorable that the building of the new type was assured. Thus the Dreadnought type came to America. Had it not been for the powerful influence of Theodore Roosevelt, we should have remained behind many years in the competition in marksmanship, ship design, and efficiency. Had it not been for the strenuous opposition inside and outside the Navy Department, our progress would not have been delayed so long as it was.

The Newport Conference

THE Senate Naval Committee's investigation had died of neglect and had produced no change in ship design. Meanwhile President Roosevelt's efforts on behalf of the all-big-gun ship had brought about this result, that the *South Carolina* and *Michigan*, then about to be built, were to be remodeled into little Dreadnoughts, and plans were drawn up for the *North Dakota* and *Delaware* to build them as real Dreadnoughts. Commander Key, a brilliant and highly respected officer, saw the plans. They repeated many of the defects of the past. He wrote a letter to the Secretary of the Navy, calling attention to these defects.

The 12-inch guns, the vital weapons of these ships, were inferior in power to the latest foreign guns. The main armor-belt was improperly placed and the upper side armor was too thin. The broadside guns were too near the water to be of use in a seaway. Two of the turrets were placed so close together that a shot disabling one would put the second out of action also.

But the crowning defect of the design was one such as a housewife would not tolerate in her kitchen; for what careful housekeeper would place the ice-box between the stove and the gas-range? If ice were explosive, no sensible housewife would have it in the kitchen at all. In these ships a turret and the adjacent magazines were located between the boilers and the engine-room and were surrounded by steam-pipes! Already in five foreign

ships there had been explosions due to high temperature in their powder magazines, and we had narrowly escaped similar disasters. And yet, it may be said that in these plans for our new ships the arrangement indicated rendered inevitable the overheating of these magazines to a very dangerous degree, though the Chief Constructor had stated in his annual report that "The designs of the *North Dakota* and *Florida* were unanimously approved by the Board on Construction."

This was too much for Commander Key; hence his letter. The Board on Construction, as was to be expected, considered this letter disrespectful and insubordinate. Yet, for some reason, it took no steps to discipline this "insubordinate" officer; it merely refrained from acknowledging the letter and pigeonholed it. Somehow, the attitude of the bureaucrats reminds one of the attitude of the French Court before the Revolution. Like the Bourbons, they never forgot anything and never learned anything. The Senate Investigating Committee had in its possession everwhelming evidence, including official documents from the General Board and from Admiral Evans, showing the terrible dangers to which our Navy was then subject because of the vital defects in design and construction, and still the Department had failed to act. Even the outcry of the public that arose as a result of Henry Reuterdahl's article in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE had failed to disturb the composure or to modify the policies of the principal dignitaries, so firmly did they consider themselves intrenched in power. But the public had a champion in Theodore Roosevelt. He was not unaware of what was going on. When public opinion had failed to budge the conservatives, he decided to take a hand.

The President, as usual, asked his advisers for their opinions. I recommended that he call a conference of naval officers to consider the subject of battle-ship design, and suggested the Naval War College at Newport as the most suitable place. There the College was in session, and there officers from the Fleet could repair to study the problem. It was hoped that, by the time this conference had finished its labors, public opinion, fortified by the possession of official data, would support the President when he came to challenge the efficiency of our ship-designing methods under the bureau system.

Now, in order that the President might do this successfully, it was imperative that the report of the conference be a favorable one—that it confirm the justice of the criticisms in question. But, if he called together only a group of higher officers who owed their appointment to positions of authority mainly to the fact that they had always kept in the shade and never ventured into the sunlight of initiative, the arch-exponents of conservatism would be selected, and it would be calling upon privilege to destroy itself—which privilege is never enthusiastic about doing. Men whose ideas had become fixed by tradition, habit, and prejudice a generation before were not likely suddenly to become liberal. Those who have not seen the operation of military conservatism under conditions favoring its development do not know what conservatism can be.

For this reason, it was necessary to

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make the personnel of the conference representative of the Navy as a whole. Seagoing officers, those who would have to live on the ships and fight them in battle, ought to be represented: Roosevelt agreed to this. In a letter he said:

"You had better send the plans of the *North Dakota* class to the fleet officers to consider during the cruise from Melbourne to Manila; but we may not be able to wait until January first to use them. About that I will determine later

Meanwhile, I think your suggestion of sending the sea-going officers who have had battle-ship experience for temporary duty at the War College is excellent. They can be consulted by the General Board and the War College, and I can talk over the report with any of them, if necessary. I particularly want the benefit of Winslow's experience in the matter. How soon can the sea-going officers be at Newport. I think that I should like to meet them there, and perhaps you could be there too."

The above quotation shows how readily the President's practical mind grasped a rational point of view. But even seagoing officers, all of high rank, would not be sufficient, as the following letter to the President shows:

NAVY DEPARTMENT
WASHINGTON

July 10, 1908.

Dear Sir;

Referring to my recent letters concerning Commander Key's criticisms of the plans of the *North Dakota* class, you will doubtless recall that, in the example I gave of the German method of determining the military characteristics of battle-ships, it was specified that the large board they appoint for the purpose is composed of officers of all grades from Admiral to Lieutenant.

The reason of this is that the younger officers necessarily have a much more intimate acquaintance with the rapidly developing problems of naval marksmanship and fire-control, which is very important, as these problems are very intimately related to the questions of the disposition of both heavy guns and torpedo-defense guns, military masts, fire-control stations, probable battle ranges, etc.; and that all these will influence tactical considerations and general features of design.

You will understand what I mean when I state that the radical departure in the design of the Dreadnought was due exclusively to the recent development (since 1904) of the hitting possibilities of the 12-inch gun at long ranges, and that the opposition to such designs (for example, Captain Mahan's opposition) was due to almost entire lack of personal experience on this subject.

In connection with the above, I beg to inform you that I understand it is the intention, in connection with the proposed discussion at the War College, to order Admirals and Captains only to assist therein. Those proposed are Staunton, Ingersol, Fletcher, Rodgers, McLean, Heilner, Badger, Cowles, Couden, Ward, Barnette, Barry, Niles, and Winslow.

It is not probable that quite all these will be ordered; but, in view of the reasons given above, I have the honor to suggest that you direct that the officers ordered to the College be of all grades from Rear-Admiral to Lieutenant, inclusive, ining a considerable number of Commanders, Lieutenant-Commanders, and Lieutenants selected for their special knowledge of the practical problems of long-range gun fire and fire-control.

I am, Sir,
Very respectfully,
(*Signed*) WM. S. SIMS,
Commander, U.S. Navy.

The President.

This was no new idea. The method of selecting a board of officers having all of the information and experience necessary to a thorough consideration of the essential military charcteristics of a fighting-ship was the main feature of one of my early reports from the China Station in 1901. It was, as the letter shows, the usual German method, and therefore it had a precedent. Nevertheless, notwithstanding that it was the only sensible method, that to fill up the conference with stand-patters would have been not only quixotic, but treason to the best interests of the country, the President had to face the charge that, because he had seemingly broken with tradition, he had "packed" the conference. The trepidation with which we, the younger progressives, awaited the day, my letter quoted above and the reading of the minutes of the conference are the best answers to that slander.

And there is much more evidence of Roosevelt's sincerity, as the following incident will show: The reactionaries were now no longer certain that they had the matter well in hand. The President had before proved a hard man to handle, and the bureaucrats had been given more than one sharp lesson. They became disquieted. They resorted to unfair methods. Naval officers were forbidden to discuss publicly any of the matters connected with the controversy. Nevertheless, taking advantage of their position, those high officers whose work had been subjected to criticism resorted to public addresses and to articles in the magazines to attack their critics, and this in direct defiance of the stringent order of the Secretary of the Navy. In a letter to the President, Commander Key stated that "it will be a great temptation . . . to establish the facts and the truth."

President Roosevelt answered promptly in a vigorous warning as follows:

In this voluntary statement on your part you leave me in doubt whether you do or do not intend to obey my caution. I am not competent to speak on certain questions of naval construction, but I am entirely competent to say that backbiting, and attacks, and counter-attacks in connection with the Newport matters and the Navy generally, including equally those of the champions of the side you champion and those who are against you, are to the last degree detrimental to the public service, and cause more detriment than can be offset by any good obtained by either style of attack. I cautioned you and Sims because I am attached to you both; but I need hardly say to you that if you or any one else disobeys the order I have issued I shall take the action I deem necessary as Commander-in-Chief, without regard to questions of personal friendships.

On the whole, it was a vigorous and plain-spoken but friendly warning in case Commander Key actually had any intention of resorting to the method which the President did not realize was being followed by Key's superiors. The reply of

the latter, while entirely respectful, was outspoken and courageous. After narrating in detail the number of cases in which the other side had resorted to unfair and unjust methods in violation of the Secretary's order, he said:

I had about made up my mind, when I wrote you on the 6th instant, if I could not, through you and the Department, establish the facts and the truth, that I would find some means of placing my side of the case before the public, even if it entails a court-martial; for I have no fear of the results of a court-martial as long as I am able to show that the results I seek to attain are legitimate and proper, that I am supported by the facts, and that I am simply acting in self-defense against other naval officers who have been permitted to publicly attack me and attempt to discredit my official testimony given in the open and in good faith and in support of a good cause, while I am ordered to keep absolutely silent.

Moreover, Mr. President, I think I know your character sufficiently well to warrant the opinion that if you were in my place you would feel as strongly in these matters as I do, and that you, placed as I am, would have hit straight from the shoulder long before this.

The letter of Commander Key is of great interest throughout, because therein repeatedly he staked his high professional reputation and personal honor upon the absolute integrity of Theodore Roosevelt.

The Newport Conference, of course, gave Commander Key the opportunity which he sought of obtaining an official hearing of his criticisms; and, the President having been made aware of the situation, it followed naturally that there was no necessity for having recourse to defiance of orders; so there the matter dropped.

The fact that the conservatives were stoutly represented, and were even in the majority, was in itself a cause for apprehension to the younger progressives. That which was more so was the fact that the senior officers would naturally preside and prescribe the rules for conducting the sessions. This was a serious danger. However, they counted without Roosevelt. The President himself came to Newport to show his interest and formally to open the conference.

Before the ceremony, however, he took measures to discover what the trend of affairs was likely to be, and to search for some means of circumventing the high-handed and under-handed tendencies of those whose interest it was to obscure or delay the work of the conference. Accordingly, when he entered the conference room of the Naval War College and arose to inaugurate the proceedings, it was also to drop a most disconcerting bomb in the midst of the complacent conservatives. He announced that the conference would be required to take a record vote upon every individual subject for discussion; that these votes be made a part of the permanent record; and that nobody should be excused from voting. By this method there was avoided any tendency to confuse or obscure the issue, or to avoid responsibility for one's action. The result was that every one was at great pains to explain fully his reasons for voting as he did, which enabled the re-

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viewer of the evidence not only to weigh the value of the vote, but to form an estimate regarding the character of the voter. It also modified the reactionary tendencies of the conservatives and moderated their radical methods; while it toned down the radical attitude of the liberals and heartened them to speak out in meeting. Thus it was a very wise provision, and its effects upon the future value of the conference were, as we shall see, marked. But for it there is a reasonable doubt whether the conference could have succeeded.

The Bureaucrats

ON July 8, 1908, a further step in the direction of recording the acts of the conference was made possible when a telegram from Acting Secretary Newberry authorized the employment of stenographers. But the motion to utilize their services was lost by a vote of 28 to 22. This indicated clearly that the conference was not "packed," as did some of the other non-technical votes. However, as far as the votes on the actual technical defects were concerned, except where prejudice or passion had blinded a narrow minority, they expressed the honest professional opinions of the majority. This resulted in some concern on the part of the bureaucrats and their friends, and so a blanket resolution was introduced in order to spare their feelings and to preserve their prestige. This proposition read:

"The conference deems the design of the *North Dakota*, made two years ago, a very good one," etc.

This resolution was lost by a vote of 29 to 20.

Undaunted, the losers returned to the attack with a substitute resolution coupling the *North Dakota* with the *Delaware*, and less crudely worded. This passed by a vote of 30 to 19.

There was grave danger that such a resolution, becoming public, would create the impression, or be used to create the impression, that the criticisms were unfounded and thus discredit those who had forced an official discussion of the alleged defects and thereby destroy any future incentive to criticism, as, in part and for a short time, it actually did. Therefore a dramatic battle was entered upon to amend this resolution. The chairman turned over the chair to Admiral Goodrich and spoke against the amendment. When he resumed the chair, Admiral Goodrich arose and read a paper alike remarkable for its logic and for the vigor of its language. Among his statements the following are of special interest:

"In the *North Dakota* it may be confidently affirmed, therefore, that armor has been deliberately sacrificed to speed. I say *deliberately*, for I wish to cast no reflections upon the intelligence of those responsible for her design. I should be loath to say that this vital (possibly in the day of battle this fatal) error was committed by those gentlemen in *ignorance*.

"Yet one horn of the dilemma they must accept. It is a matter of perfect indifference which horn they choose, the result is the same—a design that ought never to have come into being.

"The evidences are unmistakable of the manner in which this design was reached. Its object is as plain as a pike-staff; to see John Bull, for example, and go him one better. This is the method which has been the curse and bane of our naval shipbuilding program for the past twenty-five years—a clog that has hampered us at every step.

"What an opportunity has been lost to our Navy! Had those to whom was committed the planning of this great ship cut adrift from this vicious practice of imitation and treated the subject in a logical way after the manner of Captain Fletcher, the voice of criticism would never have been raised, and this conference never have been called together. On the contrary, they preferred to ignore the plain teachings of naval history, they built along narrow and preconceived lines, they failed to deal with their task in a broad and enlightened manner, and, behold, we are invited to approve their work 'as a whole.' 'As a whole' I condemn it utterly and without reserve. A woman may have the finest hair and eyes in the world, but if her nose is crooked and her mouth awry we can not pronounce her fair. . . .

"I admit that the *North Dakota* can run away from the *Michigan*——but——might be forced to make use of her superior speed in an ignoble way.

"Let us not commit the folly of approving poor work merely because the workmen are good fellows whom we all like. If the work is really good, then let us say so heartily, but if the work is not really good, let us have the courage of our convictions and condemn it."

Effect of Plain Talk

THIS plain sailor talk was, perhaps, too plain for the swivel-chair sailors, for the amendment was rejected. Perhaps it was just as well that the bureaucrats won this victory, for it put them in a good humor, and toward the end of the conference a resolution was unanimously passed stating that Commander Key, by his criticisms and arguments, based on facts and figures, had furthered the cause of free discussion and "rendered a great and invaluable service to the Navy, one for which he should receive the thanks of his brother officers."

But this restoration of peace on earth and good will toward men was the least of the benefits of the Newport Conference. On August 15 the following order was received from the President of the United States:

I desire the Newport Conference to submit to me as a whole their recommendations concerning the *Utah* and *Florida*, the next battleships to be built after the *North Dakota* and *Delaware*, these recommendations covering plans to remove all defects found in *North Dakota* and *Delaware*, without regard to delay to any existing plans or arrangements relative to the *Utah* or *Florida*, their armor or armament; also to state how much delay there will be if the recommendations for the changes are adopted. Also submit recommendations for these two ships that will involve practically no delay in their plans. I desire to have the whole matter before me for my judgment.

(*Signed*) Theodore Roosevelt.

This order is important, not alone because it shows how the President took every opportunity to get the best available profes-

sional information on naval matters that might affect his naval policy, but it was even more important because it declared the work of the conference a success, expressed his confidence in it and his satisfaction with it, and it confirmed the precedent which the conference had already established, the custom of having practical sea-going officers establish the fundamental military characteristics of our ships-of-war, a vital step forward in the history of our naval efficiency. A resolution urging this was introduced by Captain Badger, who said:

"I do not want to see this conference close its labors without placing on record what I consider the most valuable general lesson which may be drawn from its deliberations, continuing as they have through many weeks.

"I believe that no member present has not had many of his opinions which he brought with him completely reversed or at least modified by the arguments he has heard upon this floor. There is no man, it is safe to say, who has not been astonished at the collective information upon all subjects presented to this conference. It has taught us that it is good to exchange our views upon the subjects in which we are all vitally interested, and it has also taught us that all jealousies, if such exist, upon professional subjects may well be obliterated in order that we may work together for the common good and produce the best results to the Country and to the Service."

This resolution, urging a permanent special board of officers to recommend the military characteristics of all future naval vessels, was adopted.

Captain Badger's remarks are quoted because they indicate how Roosevelt's intelligent interest, requiring no further appropriation from Congress and no additional outlay in money, merely by stimulating a healthy morale in the Navy and thereby bringing out the best efforts of individuals, greatly increased the efficiency of our Navy. As great as were his other contributions, in gunnery, in ship design, and in building up a great Navy, none were nearly so important as his stimulating the training of the seamen to a high pitch of efficiency and his bringing out the best that there was in our naval officers. Physical fitness, mental alertness, and professional study and ability increased tremendously. Uncle Sam had few "hard bargains" in his naval service under Theodore Roosevelt; and in the Newport Conference we see the processes at work of stimulating professional education, of improving morale and of developing the efficiency of the Navy through knowledge and coöperation. Efficiency is the only real economy. Roosevelt not only knew it, but had the courage to practise it; and that is one of the outstanding lessons of the Newport Conference.

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A "Jack of All Trades" is usually Master of None

DEFINITION
The practice of Chiropractic consists of the adjustment, with the hands, of the movable segments of the spinal column to normal position for the purpose of releasing the prisoned impulse

Ask Your Chiropractor for "The Last Word"

A chiropractor is not a "Jack-of-all-trades." He is master of one.

All that the properly trained chiropractor pretends to know is how to adjust the spine.

He doesn't know much, but what he does know is true. What he does know works so well that Chiropractic has been built upon the failures of those who know so much that isn't true.

It takes three years of constant application in a first-class resident school to train a chiropractor to properly adjust the spine, providing he has the ability to learn. All the schools in the world, however, cannot train a person who lacks in faculty or desire to learn. Such incompetents invariably attempt to hide their lack of ability behind a mass of adjuncts, such as electrical devices, dietetics, baths, etc.

The competent Chiropractor uses nothing but his hands, and does nothing but adjust the misaligned vertebræ.

If you are thinking of trying Chiropractic, select a competent Chiropractor.

Employ none but a competent chiropractor.

Write for information regarding Chiropractors or Schools to the

Universal Chiropractors' Association, Davenport, Iowa, U.S.A.

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Hotel Fort Shelby

DETROIT

Lafayette Blvd. at First St.

Close to Detroit's busiest corner

Winning for Detroit fame for hospitality

Fireproof
400 pleasant rooms

In the front rank of Detroit's finest hotels, the Fort Shelby offers you uncommon advantages in location, environment, equipment and service. Excellence of accommodations and a genuine spirit of hospitality have made this the preferred hotel of tourists, business men and family parties.

The Fort Shelby Café is famed as "Detroit's finest restaurant." Moderate prices in café and coffee shop.

The Fort Shelby Garage provides perfect accommodations for motorists.

Convenient to rail and water transportation.

Michigan Central depot cars stop close by.

Rates per day: $2 and up
Double, $3.50 and up

E. H. LERCHEN, Jr., Secretary-Treasurer
SETH E. FRYMIRE.....Manager

SERVIDOR SERVICE

The Fort Shelby is the only Detroit hotel that has thoughtfully protected the privacy of guests by means of Servidor Service. The Servidor is a compartment built into the guest-room door, through which merchandise, clothing for pressing, shoes for cleaning, etc., are delivered to and from your room without intrusion of employes. It protects from excessive tipping. This feature alone is evidence of the fact that the Fort Shelby is pre-eminently suited to the requirements of feminine guests.

Would You Like to Earn

29 MILLIONS A YEAR?

The Truth About Henry Ford Told by Himself

How he made the Ford Car
Why he launched the Peace Ship
How he handles men
Why he pays his men six dollars a day
His rules for success
His attitude toward the Jews

All told in this great book

MY LIFE AND WORK

By HENRY FORD in collaboration with SAMUEL CROWTHER

Read these Opinions— then Read the Book

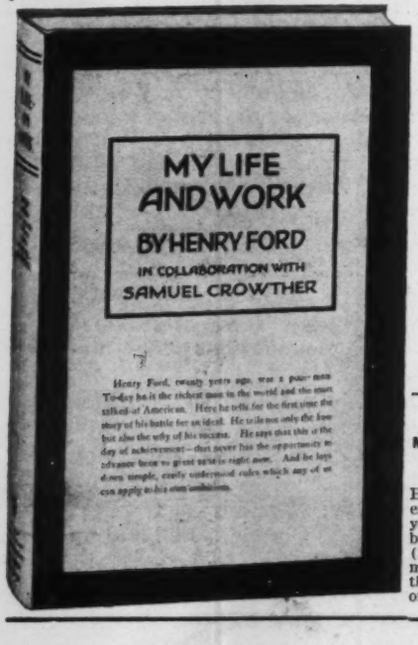
It looks as if Henry Ford, who makes the best-selling motorcar, has made the best selling non-fiction book of the season. It is called "My Life and Work."—Evening Public Ledger, October 17, 1922.

The story of his business—of the beginning and the working out of the Ford car—that's the part of the book that makes it worth while. A lot of people are going to read this book, and very few of them are going to be disappointed in it. It is a part of the permanent archives of the great Yankee ideal, success.

—Cleveland Plain Dealer, October 14, 1922.

The bulk of the book, by far the greater part of it, is taken up with details in the epic of the Ford car, from its beginning as a "gasoline buggy" to its present high state of efficiency. And it is, throughout, a definitely human narrative. The dominant impression left upon reading this selection of episodes in a long life, and the moralizations and visions imbedded in it, is that of a poet who has wreaked himself in action instead of upon expression. For, beyond question, Mr. Ford has visions; if some of them seem illusive they are none the less visions, often of true grandeur. Indeed, it would be a rash prophet who should dare assert that none of his economic and social rainbows are capable of solidification. His last word is, characteristically—"Everything is possible."

—N. Y. Evening Post, October 21, 1922.



I. THE BEGINNING OF BUSINESS
Ford's Object—Ford's youth. A steam roller turns his interest to self-propelled vehicles, and he designs a steam tractor. In 1885 he repairs one of the first gasoline engines, designs one of his own, and in his spare time finally constructs the first Ford in 1893.

II. WHAT I LEARNED ABOUT BUSINESS
Three Principles of Success—Ford rejects offer of a General Superintendency in order to develop his car. The necessity for financing and the desire for large profits retarded the growth of the company. From this experience, Ford formulated his three rules for success in business.

III. STARTING THE REAL BUSINESS
Principles Universal, says Ford—Ninety-five people out of a hundred don't know what they want and will accept what the manufacturer offers.

IV. THE SECRET OF MANUFACTURING
Profits of the Ford Motor Co.—The accidental discovery of vanadium steel. Ford decides to manufacture only one model, painted "any color the customer wants provided it is black." Within three years the sales increased from slightly over 6,000 to nearly 35,000.

V. QUANTITY PRODUCTION
Ford's Solution of the Housing Shortage—How Ford manufactures and how his plant is organized. The skill is in the machine; 90 per cent. of his men can learn their jobs in a few days or hours. The first assembly line made one man do the work of three.

VI. MACHINES AND MEN
Charity No Longer Necessary—Too much organization is bad for output, and "good feeling" between individuals is unnecessary. How all red tape is eliminated—no titles and no specified jobs at Highland Park. Every one begins on the machines and soon finds himself taking care of as big a job as his industry and intelligence will permit.

VII. THE TERROR OF THE MACHINE
No Coddling in Ford Plants—Repetitive labor does not injure the workman mentally or physically. Men prefer to remain at seemingly monotonous tasks. Subdivided operations make blind and crippled men very efficient workers.

VIII. WAGES
Don't Save—Improve Yourself—The highest possible wage is best possible business. Men who find results of harder work in their pay envelopes will do their best. High wages begin in the shop with greater and more economical production the first step. The truth about the "$5. a day minimum" announcement.

IX. HOW CHEAPLY CAN THINGS BE MADE?
Fear Chief Cause of Business Failure—An industrial depression is a challenge to the manager to put more brains in his business, and by intelligent planning cycles of bad business can be eliminated. Examples of savings—$600,000 from sweepings.

X. ON THINGS IN GENERAL
What We May Expect—Edison advised Ford to leave electricity for the automobile. Impressions of John Burroughs, Pacifism and Foreign Trade. The Peace Ship. "The fact it failed is not, to me, conclusive proof it was not worth trying."

This is a Book every American can Read with Profit

Whatever else Mr. Ford may be, no one can deny that he is a successful business man.

No one can question his fundamental honesty or accuse him of building his fortune by the destruction of his competitors.

Henry Ford's shadow, like his output of automobiles, reaches around the world, and you owe it to yourself to really know the man.

He says: "It is perfectly silly to begin to damn us before it is shown that our statements are baseless or reckless."

* * * * *

To McClure's Magazine fell the signal honor of presenting to its readers, in serial form, the true story of this dominant figure in public life. By some he is hailed as a superman, by others he is heartily condemned. Mr. Ford, with true Yankee grit, says: "Everything is possible!" Whether you agree with him or not you must admit that he has demonstrated that success—big success is possible in America today.

You will profit by reading this wonderful story and you need not send us any money before you have had an opportunity to inspect the book which explains, step by step, what he has done and the motives behind his actions. He writes as he talks, and as he lives, simply, forcefully and absorbingly. He holds your attention from cover to cover.

Use the coupon below and the book will be sent to you, all charges prepaid, for a free five-day inspection. If you wish to retain it, pay us six dollars ($6.00) on receipt of our bill which will be sent later. The six dollars pays for a two-year subscription for McClure's Magazine and the book will cost you nothing. If, after you have inspected the book, you do not wish to retain it, return it to us and you will be under no obligation. **But be sure to send the coupon today.** The edition is limited.

FREE INSPECTION COUPON

HF 123.

McClure's Magazine, Book Dept.,
80 Lafayette Street, New York, N. Y.

You may send me a copy of "My Life and Work" by Henry Ford in collaboration with Samuel Crowther, and enter my subscription for McClure's Magazine for two years. If after a five-day inspection I decide to keep the book, I agree, on receipt of your bill, to pay six dollars ($6.00) for the two-year subscription and the book will be mine without additional cost. If I decide I do not want the book I will return it to you and you will cancel my order.

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City .....

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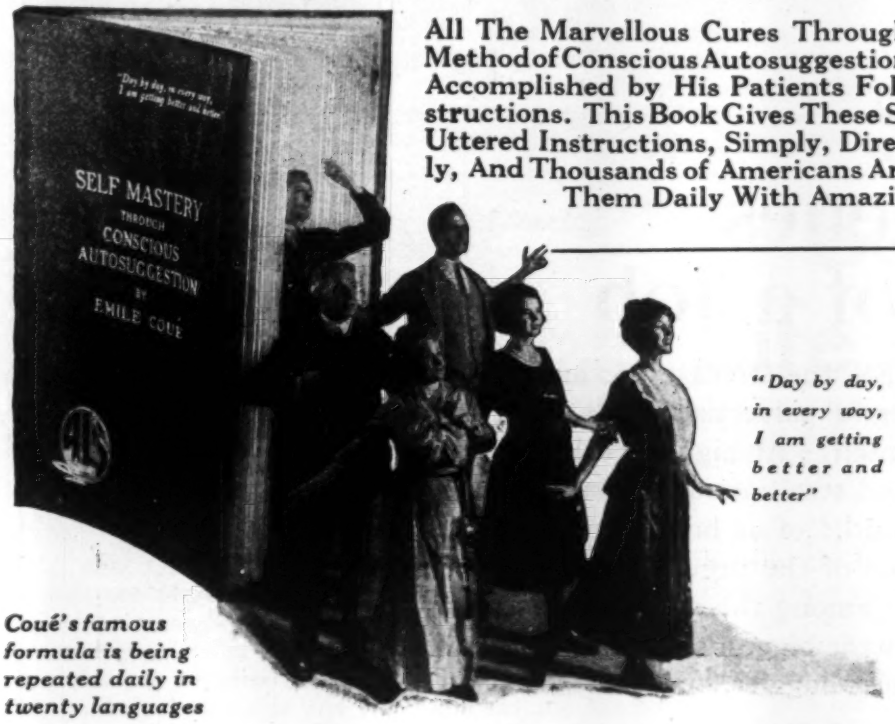
100,000 People in America

Have Been Benefited by Reading Coué's Book

All The Marvellous Cures Through Emile Coué's Method of Conscious Autosuggestion in Europe were Accomplished by His Patients Following His Instructions. This Book Gives These Same Personally Uttered Instructions, Simply, Directly And Clearly, And Thousands of Americans Are Now Applying Them Daily With Amazing Results.



Coué's famous formula is being repeated daily in twenty languages

THE world today is ringing with the name of a modest little Frenchman who has given glorious health, vital strength and abiding happiness to more people than perhaps any other living man—*and for all his remarkable service he has taken no fees.*

Many who were unconvinced and skeptical have tried Coué's methods at first as an experiment. Then, conscious of its good effects upon their physical and mental well-being, they have persisted in their efforts and gained complete freedom from many ills and disorders which had been troubling them for a long time. The letters printed here are from people who had been greatly helped by this book and who have insisted upon expressing their appreciation and joy. These are only a few from the scores that have come to us unsolicited.

Why Coué Wrote This Book

Crowds of people daily besiege Coué's home in Nancy, France, where he gives free treatment to all. But, realizing that he could expect to see personally only a comparative few of the millions all over the world, who can be helped by his methods, Coué has, at our request, with infinite care written out in detail his complete instructions, showing just how anyone can apply his methods for regaining or preserving health. The remarkable quality of these instructions, upon which everyone comments, is the fact that they are so plainly given that one reading gives a complete understanding of his method and opens the door to a new life for thousands of people.

THERE IS LITERALLY NO MAN OR WOMAN LIVING THAT THIS BOOK CANNOT HELP.

You can accomplish for yourself what thousands of others have by following the simple instructions in Coué's own book:

SELF-MASTERY
Through Conscious
AUTOSUGGESTION

This Book not only contains a complete exposition of his theories and methods with thorough instructions, but also gives in detail some of his amazing cures which he has achieved for many people.

The leading newspapers throughout the country are giving first pages to comment on Coué's book and his work. Read the daily press.

YOU Can Do What These People Have Done

"I have been troubled with stomach and bowel trouble for four years, sometimes incapacitating me from my daily avocation until I began to understand and practice the formula given by Emile Coué. I am well now and gaining weight and happiness all the time. For four years I ate only certain kinds of food. Now I eat any kind that I crave."
Mr. A. M. D., Ft. Smith, Ark.

"Words cannot explain my happiness and joy. The doctors have been wanting to operate on me for nine years for a growth in the neck of my bladder . . . . after receiving Emile Coué's book and applying his method, all the inflammation is gone and the growth is also going away. I was having serious trouble with my eyes, which has also almost gone."
Mrs. A. B. C., Quincy, Ill.

"For years I had a spinal curvature and I had given up hope of a cure, two or three bones being misplaced, making a hollow in the back. I hardly know how to explain it. I am very thankful to Dr. Coué to find that my spine is straightening and the hollow has filled out." Mrs. F. C. D., Poplar Hill, Md.

"I have had an almost complete healing from a chest pain that for years has given me the most terrible suffering—almost a death agony—whenever I would go up steps or walk hurriedly. I began to use the mental suggestion of the great scientist, Dr. Coué, as soon as your book came to me."
Mrs. C. H. W., Mansfield, O.

"Emile Coué's method is the most effective of any I have tried. In its simplicity it works wonders. I cannot begin to express the torture of my body and mind which I suffered. Now, I am happy to say I am well and at peace."
Mrs. J. D. T., Charleston, W. Va.

"Emile Coué's book has meant to me a source of Inspiration, a living fountain of Light and Life."
Mr. L. J. F., Pittsburgh, Pa.

"It is the most remarkable and wonderful book I know of. It has not only cured my many physical ills, but better still, it has given me an understanding of myself. I am deeply indebted to Dr. Coué for the knowledge of the conditions necessary to Self-Mastery, for I have apparently doubled my mental and physical efficiency." Mr. L. P. D., Lyme, Conn.

"The benefits I have derived from this book have simply been marvellous. Before reading Dr. Coué's book I was constantly brooding and very melancholy. Now everything again seems bright and I am enjoying life as I haven't before in thirty years."
Mr. H. G. S., Oconomowoc, Wis.

**"That little book is a revelation even to one who has spent the best part of his 77 years in psychology and it opens a new era of great possibilities."
Mr. G. J. O., Los Angeles, Cal.**

"Emile Coué's book is a godsend to suffering humanity, especially for nervous people. I have cured myself of worry and hurry and nerves of all kinds, until today, thanks to God and M. Coué I am a well and happy woman."
Mrs. C. A. B., Marshall, Texas.

***The Remarkable Effectiveness* of Coué's method lies in its complete simplicity. It does not advocate any complicated system of diet, medicines, exercise, straining of the mind or forcing of the will. It reduces to simple formulas the great and powerful laws of mental action in such a way that everybody can understand and use his method with immediate results in curing bodily ills, correcting nervous disorders, strengthening character, eliminating fear and in building up in general an abundant reserve of physical and mental health.**

Autosuggestion is an instrument that all of us possess at birth. Its use as taught by Coué is based on the power of the sub-conscious mind. The subconscious is a force which has too long been neglected in its possibilities for physical and mental health. Physicians and others have long recognized its importance but it has remained for Coué, the modest French scientist, to simplify its principles and laws making them practical and vitally effective so that anyone can use them. Coué shows definitely how you can command the forces of the sub-conscious to work for you according to your individual requirements.

The Secret of Coué's Method

is just that it helps to lull the conscious mind into a drowsy state and allows the suggestion of improving health and power to sink its roots deeply into the unconscious, getting it to accept ideas of health and success. All the forces of your being will then be directed to achieving these ideas without ordeal or effort but merely with the pleasurable sensation of good work being well done.

Science has only lately discovered some of the truths about the unconscious mind. Coué stands out today as the man who has invented an ingenious method of putting its secrets at the disposal of us all. He has presented men with a new key to the inner storehouse of vast powers of vitality. The practicability of this method is being attested to by an ever increasing host of believers.

Lord Curzon, Foreign Minister of Great Britain and **Lady Beatty,** foremost English hostess, were the first world prominent people to be cured by Coué. Lord Curzon suffered from a particularly serious case of insomnia of long standing which the best physicians of England could not cure or relieve. Both of these important personages made public acknowledgments of their cures, giving Coué full credit. There are hundreds of other prominent people who have been cured by Coué but who have no wish to make the matter public.

Luther Burbank, the famous botanist, has written the following tribute, which is impressive: "Emile Coué merits our joyous admiration, universal love and immortal thanks for his wonderful emancipation proclamation contained in his book."

Dr. Frank Crane, whose famous editorials reach millions of people daily and who is one of the most important forces of public opinion, said recently: "Emile Coué helps people to get well by Autosuggestion."

Henry Ford, the hard-headed apostle of common sense, said in a recent interview: "I have read Coué's philosophy; he has the right idea."

Chauncey M. DePew says: "There is truth in the Coué gospel."

Just $1.00 (no other payment) will bring you this book, giving complete information how to use Coué methods. Whether you are sick or not you can benefit by this information as it will contribute in many ways to making your life richer and happier.

Send for this book TODAY! Mail the coupon below

AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE

500 Fifth Ave. Dept. 30B. New York City

You may send me Coué's Method. "Self Mastery Through Conscious Autosuggestion" postpaid. I enclose $1.00 in full payment

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

☐ (Check here if you wish genuine leather, gold stamped and photographically illustrated, for which send $1.75.)

Diogenes Out of a Job

DIOGENES, the Greek cynic and philosopher, was a successful advertiser. He lived in a barrel to advertise himself. At high noon he was wont to light his lantern and stroll about the streets of Athens, "In search," he said, "of an honest man." In this way he advertised one of the prevailing failings of the classic Greeks. For among the ancients, the most successful merchant was the biggest skinflint. The cleverest buyer was the loudest haggler.

There's no room for a cynic in *modern* advertising. Advertising, today, calls attention to the open-faced *honesty* of business. It has standardized almost every article you can buy. You know what to expect and what to pay. You don't have to dicker, bargain and haggle to know that you are getting as good as you give.

That is why it *pays* to *read advertisements* and buy advertised goods. A product's advertising is the best guarantee of its faithful performance, its lasting usefulness or its definite quality.

If you value constant satisfaction—if you want to get your full money's worth every time—*read the advertisements.*

To take advantage of an advertisement is to get full value

The Shadow Behind the Life of O. Henry

WHEN he had known her first, he had been one of a group of young men in New Orleans in the Spring. She lived in an old house in a dark garden, and he, with other light-hearted young men, had stood in that garden scented with magnolia, and serenaded her in the old-fashioned Southern way.

And now O. Henry was at the height of his fame. She was one of the few who knew that he had spent nearly four years in prison in Ohio, that he had won convict stripes.

For this was his bitter secret, the secret whose shadow stalked always by his side and made him sad and humble though he was courted by all. He never stepped into a restaurant, into a strange room, into a public gathering but that the fear caught him that there might be someone there who would recognize him.

Poor glorious genius! To be a prisoner to such a pitiful past! For there seems no doubt that he was innocent, and that he need not have feared this apparent humiliation. Now that the story has come out in all its truth, there is nothing but greater love for O. Henry. The full story is told with passionate intensity by his famous fellow-prisoner

Al Jennings, in "Through the Shadows with O. Henry"

Al Jennings was probably the most picturesque train robber that ever lived. He came of a good Southern family ruined by the Civil War, went to a fine military academy, was a runaway boy, broncho buster, lawyer, adventurer, train robber, prisoner, sheriff, and author. He killed his first man at fourteen. He robbed his first train when he was about twenty-five. When he came out of prison, he walked up to the first man he met and said, "I am an ex-con—just got out of the pen. If you don't like it, go to Hell!"

He was pardoned by McKinley, he was restored to citizenship by Roosevelt, he was a friend of General Miles, and he was perhaps the most devoted friend O. Henry ever had.

274 Complete Stories

O. HENRY

One Long Novel

Out of the trials and struggles of his own life, O. Henry wrote these stories of the people. He was one of the disinherited—and he knew their problems.

He picked out with deft, yet gentle hand, the little hidden things we all strive to conceal, held them up to the light of day, let the sun shine on them, and then tucked them back again—warmed and heartened, or cleansed and sterilized.

You love his stories because you see yourself in them—your real hidden self which no one else ever sees. Other men write so that you read and sagely nod your head and say—"That is so. This man writes of people such as I know." But O. Henry writes, and you read, and with sudden laughing insight cry—*"This is I!"*

A Few Autographed Copies— *If You Hurry!*

Al Jennings, devoted friend and companion of O. Henry through his shadowed years, has autographed a few hundred copies of "Through the Shadows with O. Henry."

While they last, you can get one of these autographed copies FREE.

Tear off the attached coupon, and mail it for your copy. You can get but one—and even that only if you are prompt. If it isn't the most interesting, the most thrilling tale you've ever read—*send it back!* There'll be no cost—no questions asked.

But mail the coupon *now*—don't delay! There are only a few hundred of these autographed copies, and those few won't last long. Act now—*before it is too late!*

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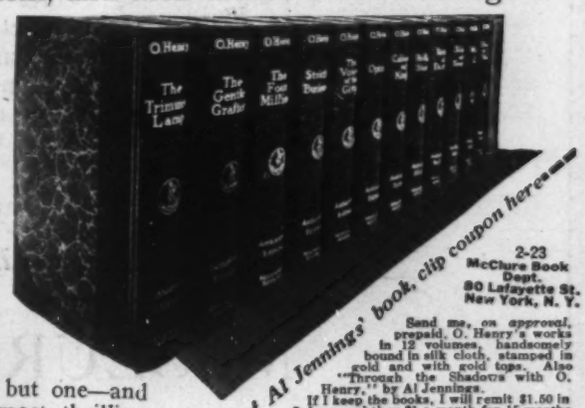

For FREE copy of Al Jennings' book, clip coupon here

2-23
McClure Book Dept.
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New York, N. Y.

Send me, *on approval*, prepaid, O. Henry's works in 12 volumes, handsomely bound in silk cloth, stamped in gold and with gold tops. Also "Through the Shadows with O. Henry," by Al Jennings.

If I keep the books, I will remit $1.50 in 5 days, and then $1 a month for 15 months for the O. Henry set only, and keep the Jennings' volume FREE. Otherwise, I will, within 10 days, return both at your expense.

Name_____

Address_____

Occupation_____

For those who want a De Luxe edition with seal-grain, elegant, full leather binding, just change the terms to $2 in 5 days and $2 a month for 9 months.

More Evidence from our Mail-bag as to the Progress of the New McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

I have been following McClure's with increasing interest from month to month, but this story, "Pioneering in the Berkshire's," is so striking that I cannot refrain from extending hearty congratulations and best wishes for a successful continuance along the lines which you have laid out for your magazine.

NATHAN STRAUS, JR.,
New York.

The stories that have appealed to me particularly have been those of the American Secret Service, but I can truthfully say that almost without exception the stories contained in the new McClure's Magazine have had a human appeal which has been uniformly good.

ROBERT FISH,
New York.

I have been very much interested in the improvements and the greater attractiveness of McClure's Magazine under its present administration.

ROY A. SEARS,
East Moline, Ill.

The new McClure's has appealed to me because of its dramatic features which are based on truth but which are almost stranger than fiction. In other words, Sims, Edison and the Secret Service series are features I don't expect to find in quantity in other magazines and they give McClure's an individual appeal.

L. W. ELLIS,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Please allow me to congratulate you on the great stride your publication has made and on the real interest it holds.

VINCENT D. ELY,
Chicago, Ill.

I must say it is better than ever and that I have actually found myself reading one of your serials, a thing I rarely do.

J. ALAN FLETCHER,
New York.

I can think of no other magazine so well edited and generally interesting as the one which you publish.

ETHEL M. TRYTHALL,
Philadelphia, Pa.

I have been reading McClure's, and have found it most interesting and entertaining. It has appealed to me on account of its general interest.

G. B. HOOPER,
Trenton, N. J.

I think McClure's Magazine has come back stronger than ever.

It seems to me that you are publishing a magazine which is not only interesting but instructive, and is sufficiently different from the present-day magazines so that if you continue making improvements as they occur to you, without changing the main fundamental principle of the publication, you are going to build a large circulation.

ERNEST I. MITCHELL,
Chicago, Ill.

Wholesome American life in all of its interesting phases is reflected monthly in

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

S. S. McCLURE, Editor
NEW YORK

PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

The Winter Paradise of America

Nature's lavish hand has most richly endowed Pasadena as the "Garden Spot of the World." The climate is ideal, the roads wonderful, and the surroundings delightful.

Here motoring, golfing, horseback riding, polo, tennis, mountain climbing, yachting, fishing, aeroplaning, and similar out-door sports, can be enjoyed every day of the year.

VISTA DEL ARROYO BRIDGE

ORANGE GROVES

OLD SAN GABRIEL MISSION

DEVIL'S GATE DAM

THERE is a network of over 3000 miles of paved boulevards encircling Pasadena, reaching into the mountains, through the valleys and along the beaches, radiating to San Francisco, San Diego and other points of interest in California.

Pasadena is well named "The Golfing Capitol of America," as it is surrounded by twenty magnificent golf courses with grass greens.

For over a quarter of a century the famous Tournament of Roses has been held in the Crown City on New Year's Day.

These hotels have been accepted by the discriminating traveling public as giving the utmost in luxurious comfort at reasonable rates commensurate with their quality and location.

THE MARYLAND
THE HUNTINGTON - THE GREEN
THE VISTA DEL ARROYO
PASADENA

THE FAIRMONT - THE WHITCOMB
SAN FRANCISCO
UNDER SAME MANAGEMENT

D. M. LINNARD
PRESIDENT & MANAGING DIRECTOR

C. E. W. MOORE
DIRECTOR OF OPERATIONS

THE LINNARD SERVICE
OF CALIFORNIA

YACHTING

VIEW FROM MT. WILSON

TYPICAL BOULEVARD

HORSEBACK RIDING

New York City Its Own Exposition: Three Hundredth Anniversary of the Founding of the Metropolis

IN 1926 New York City will celebrate its three hundredth anniversary. McCLURE'S MAGAZINE suggests that this anniversary be marked by the greatest exposition in the world. All the elements for this exposition exist in New York City itself. No new buildings will be required. No fresh collection of the wonders of human achievement need be assembled. They are all here, for use.

©Major Hamilton Maxwell

The airman flying over New York Harbor sees Bedloe's Island rising out of the sea, a rich setting for the Statue of Liberty

The celebration of New York's three hundredth anniversary that McCLURE'S MAGAZINE proposes has an added significance because it comes at the identical time of the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence.

New York City has the highest towers, the highest buildings, of any city in the world. From the top of one of these high buildings one can see the homes of almost one fourteenth of the people of the United States—a people that produces about 9 per cent of all the manufactures of the United States. A city that beyond all other cities is a microcosm of the globe. Its peoples come from all the continents. Almost all races and nations and tribes are represented within its walls. It is not only the cosmos of all the world, but the cosmos of its own country. Many states and regions maintain great societies of their people in New York City. It is the gateway to a great nation—the richest nation on the globe—a nation that contains one half of all the coal of the globe and that is rich in all other minerals.

©Major Hamilton Maxwell

The Woolworth Tower

The harbor of New York, thirty square miles, utterly protected from storms, gives it an unrivaled commercial advantage.

New York disputes with London the financial leadership of the world. As a marvel of engineering and railroad operation its subway system is unrivaled. In 1921 its passengers numbered all the people of the earth—and a billion more.

The inhabitants of New York City are mainly hard-working and industrious people. They have made a city that is among the foremost in the world in its great museums and art collections. No exposition could possibly furnish such buildings as the great railway stations of the Pennsylvania and the New York Central.

The Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the Signing of the Declaration of Independence

WHILE New York is celebrating this double anniversary, what of America herself?

In 1926, one hundred and fifty years will have elapsed since this nation was founded. This gives every state, city, and community an occasion for celebration. Let there be historical programs and pageants, but let there also be expositions of the books, inventions, merchandise, and industries contributed by the people of each section to the national life. Here is an occasion for a sifting of character and works so that the worthy of the past and to-day may receive their due meed of praise, and so that the ideals of the coming generations may be molded by the ideals and accomplishments of great men and women, past and present.

The Washington Monument at the capital of the United States a symbol of national aspiration

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE welcomes the coming of the hundred and fiftieth milestone of American history because, since the first number of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, it has consistently been a recorder of American progress. In preparation for this event, the magazine is planning to print, from month to month, the noteworthy achievements of American men and women, in all professions and callings, who have contributed greatly to the advancement of America along the ideals of its founders.

The coming numbers of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE will form a pageant of American progress that includes not only statesmanship and diplomacy but also the history of great inventions, discoveries, enterprises, and movements for social betterment.

These McCLURE features will reach their culmination in interest and inspiration when the nation celebrates its hundred and fiftieth birthday, so that for the next three years, and beyond, the magazine will be not only a magazine highly entertaining in fiction and features but also a periodical as thrilling as fiction in its month-to-month story of the romance of America.

We invite Governors, Mayors, Chambers of Commerce, advertising clubs, women's societies, educators, writers, public speakers, and private citizens to take part in linking each locality into a national celebration of vast significance; we invite them to organize committees to prepare suitable celebrations. We suggest that they look to the pages of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE for historical material for use in their celebrations. McCLURE'S will be glad to consider for publication letters, articles, or items that will contribute to this story of America's making and development.

THE GREATEST AMERICANS

IN projecting this series of historical documents, the publishers of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE design to link with the enterprise the plan already announced of determining who are the greatest Americans, living and dead.

S. S. McCLURE, *Editor*.